OCT. 21, 1939

Liberty

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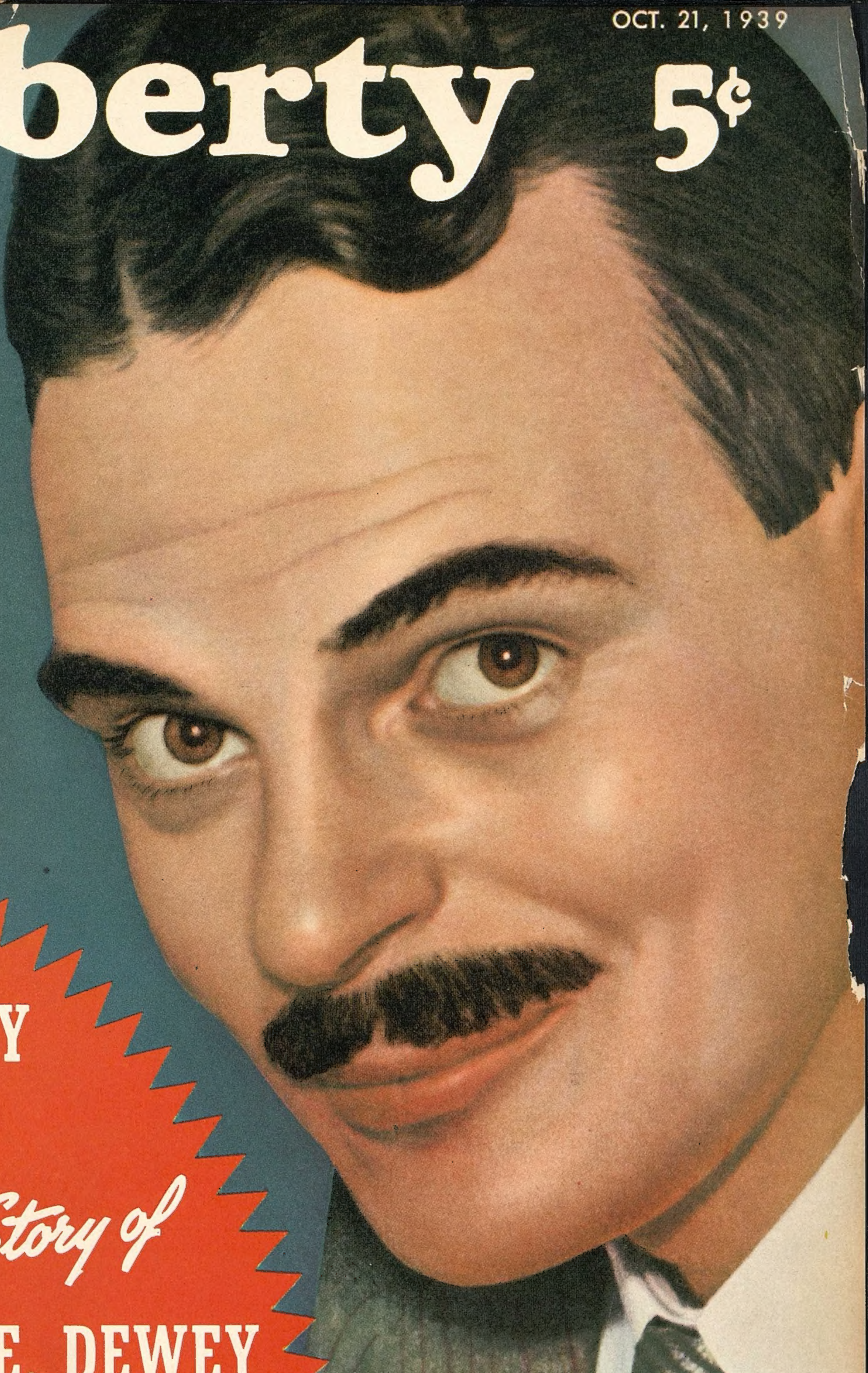


ATTORNEY
FOR THE
PEOPLE

The Life Story of
HOMAS E. DEWEY

ld by George Washington's Great Biographer **RUPERT HUGHES**

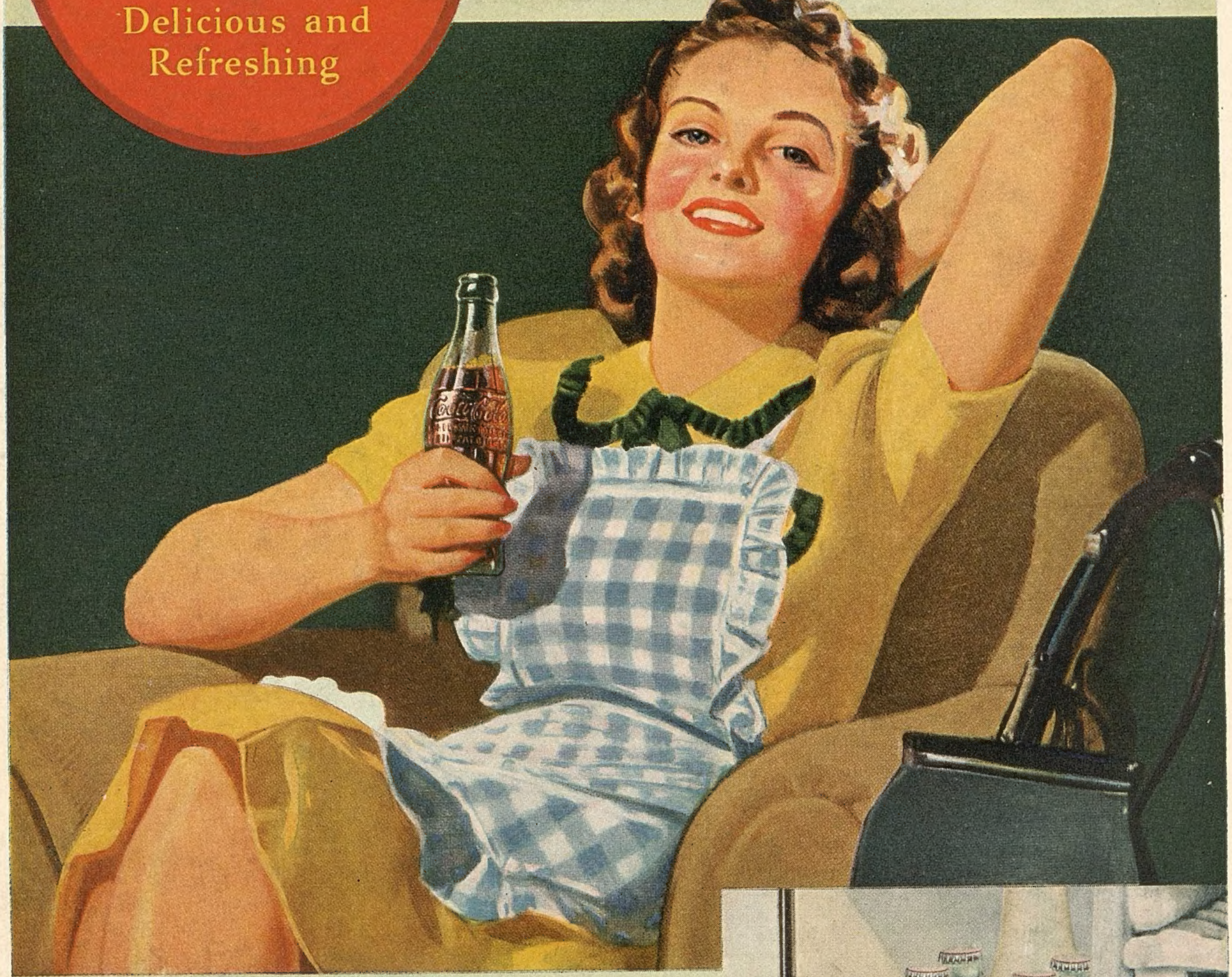
Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

The pause that refreshes

...at home



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Housework brings that urge to pause and relax in an easy chair. Do it...with ice-cold Coca-Cola. It adds to relaxation what relaxation always needs ...pure, wholesome refreshment.

REFRESH YOURSELF WITH ICE-COLD COCA-COLA ... FROM YOUR OWN REFRIGERATOR

"ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL—SUCH A BIG CAR, TOO AND BE SURE YOU TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE!"

Plymouth for 1940 is Longer, Wider, Roomier—with much Greater Vision ...Running Boards Optional...New Luxury and Beauty throughout!

IT'S THE HOTTEST car news of the year—Plymouth for 1940—the low-priced beauty with the *Luxury Ride!* Front seats are 4 inches wider . . . wheelbase is now 117 inches! This great Plymouth doesn't look, ride or handle like *any* previous low-priced car!

You'll discover luxurious new smoothness in the big Floating Power engine, *Superfinished* in vital parts for long-life economy. There's much brighter road lighting; running boards are optional; oil filter on all models.

In engineering as well as appearance, it's the most *luxurious* car a low price ever bought. See Plymouth today!

EASY TO BUY. Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

NEW LUXURY INSIDE, OUTSIDE

1. **MAGNIFICENT STYLING**—new grace, luxury, distinction.
2. **BIGGER CAR** throughout—117″ wheelbase—wider seats.
3. **INCREASED VISION** through bigger windows and windshield.
4. **THE LUXURY RIDE**—incredibly smooth, soft, restful!
5. **SUPERFINISH** of all vital engine parts assures longer life.
6. **STEERING POST GEAR SHIFT** standard on all models.

1940 PLYMOUTH

The Low-Priced Beauty with the LUXURY RIDE

OCTOBER 21, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 42

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

GOOD NEWS FOR TUBERCULOSIS VICTIMS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Everybody knows that health-building is my hobby. I climbed back to health supreme from an emaciated weakling—that is a record that has made me such an enthusiastic believer in the physical-culture measures for vitalizing the body.

For years I had a difficult fight against tuberculosis; and when you have a tendency toward that complaint athletic health must be continuously maintained.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, has been treating this disease for nearly seventy years. It is a beautifully constructed million-dollar plant with 750 acres of land.

This great institution was about to close its doors, admitting failure, and I saw here a great opportunity to demonstrate to the world the comparatively simple measure that could be effectively used for remedying this complaint.

I arranged with the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation a beneficent trust to take over the management of Loomis. We have been conducting this institution, at this writing, for little more than four months, and the day before these words were written I visited the sanatorium and personally conferred with each of the patients. They had been in Loomis for a period ranging from two to four months and the extraordinary improvements reported astonished me. I had expected unusual vital benefits when changing from bed rest and the stuffing diet to the vital health-building measures now used at Loomis, but I did not expect so many reports of fifteen-, twenty-, and even thirty-pound gains in healthy tissue, and a universal report by almost every patient of extraordinary improvement in strength and general vitality.

More than fifty years have elapsed since I first became interested in the treatment of this disease. First because of my own personal difficulties. Previous to my entering the general publishing field about twenty years ago, I had personally conducted health resorts in which I had contacted literally thousands of tuberculosis cases, either directly or indirectly, personally or through my literature.

Nearly every specialist will tell you that the cure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon increasing the vitality of the patient. The methods used in some of the sanatoriums at the present time do not build strength. What they term "bed rest," where a patient is confined to bed twenty-four hours a day, is popular in many institutions; and when a patient is vigorous enough to endure such an abnormal measure there is a chance for recovery.

But it is not possible to gain strength while lying in bed. The strongest man, if compelled to remain in bed for a long period, would get up a weakling. And how we can expect a weak patient to gain strength is beyond my understanding.

The "stuffing" treatment adopted almost universally is open to similar caustic criticism. You cannot gain strength by eating more than you need to nourish the body. A certain amount of energy is wasted in passing this unnecessary surplus through the alimentary canal. Some patients may gain weight but will lose strength through such a procedure. And it is my belief that surgery is used in many cases unnecessarily; that the patient would have a better chance to recover without adopting these drastic measures.

For years I have been convinced that the methods used in treating this disease in a large number of institutions could be greatly improved; that many patients are confined to a lifetime of invalidism or go to a premature grave unnecessarily. My object in inducing the directors of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation to take over the management of Loomis Sanatorium was for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the thousands of institutions treating this disease the value of the simple measures we are now using at Loomis.

This sanatorium cannot become a money-making enterprise. No financial benefit can possibly accrue to any one.

As a sufferer from this disease for years, I have a feeling of profound sympathy for the victims who are struggling in the throes of this dreadful ailment, and knowing as I do that a definite remedy is in their reach, my sole desire is to publicize, make known to every one, that fresh vitalizing air, scientific dieting, exercise that does not in any way agitate or irritate inflamed surfaces of the lungs, and the general care of the body will bring about definite recovery.

It is not at all necessary to spend years to accomplish satisfactory results. Sufficient improvement should be made in from two or four months to enable the average patient to go back to his ordinary duties. Though thereafter, and in fact through his entire life, very careful attention is necessary to health-building procedures to guarantee the patient against the return of the symptoms of this alarming ailment.

Bernarr Macfadden

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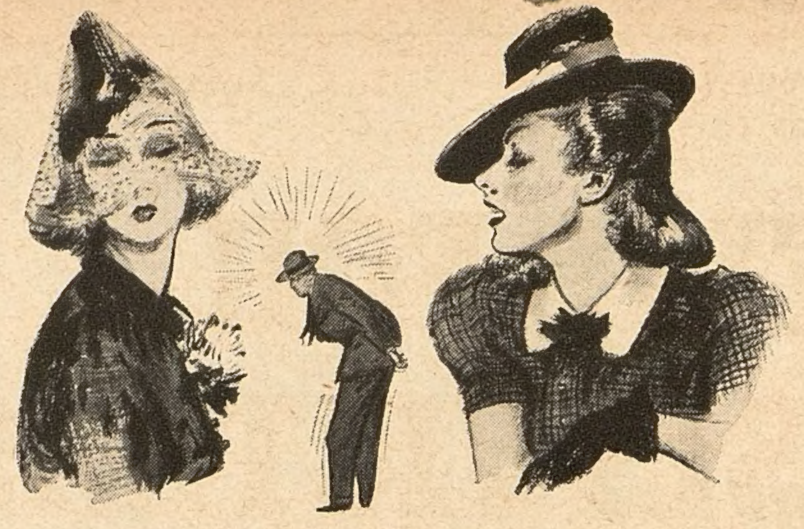
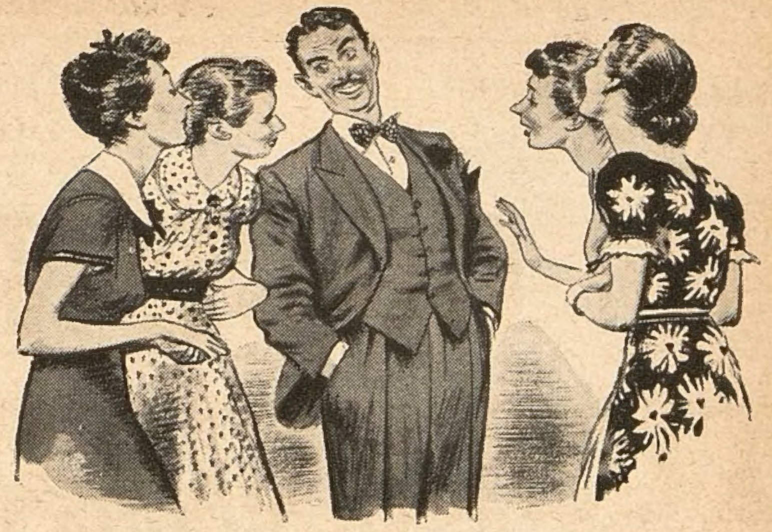
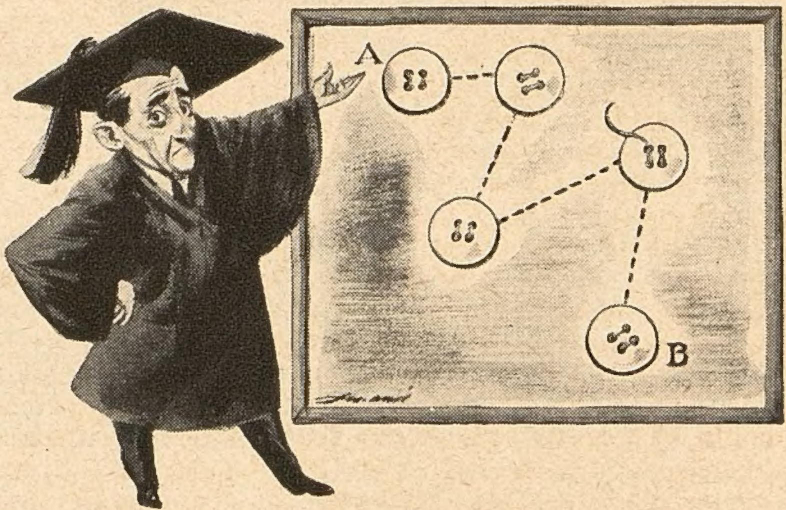
Why buy "Dated" Pants?



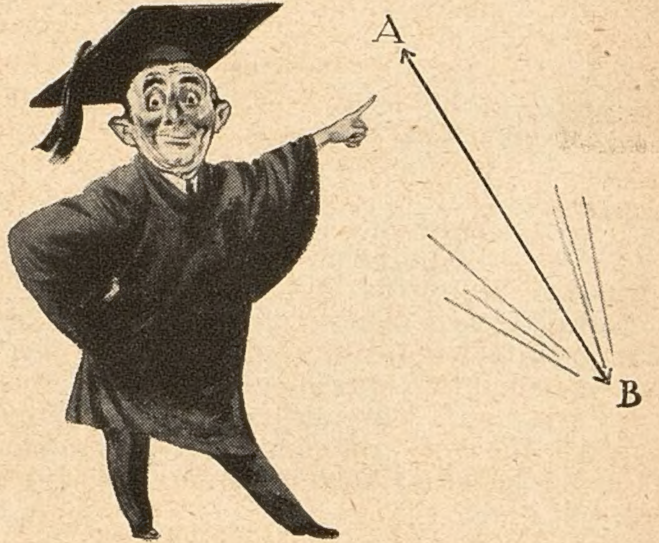
1. Why expose yourself to "mortifying moments" by accepting trousers with fastenings that frequently come open by accident—and sometimes break off entirely?



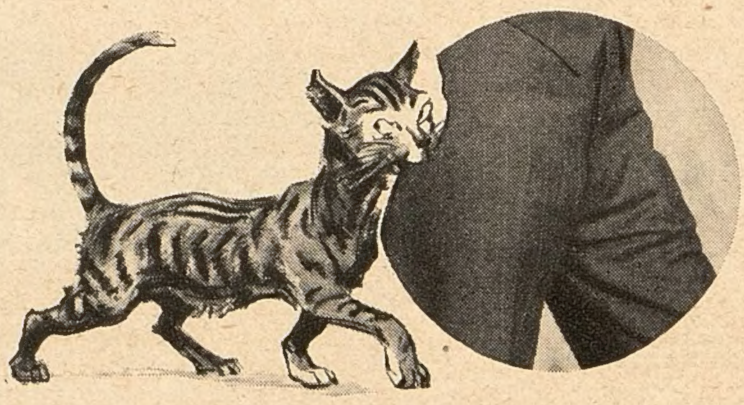
2. This Fall, most better-made suits have the Talon fastener. You never have to "check up" to be *sure* you're okay. For the Talon fastener *locks* securely when you close it.



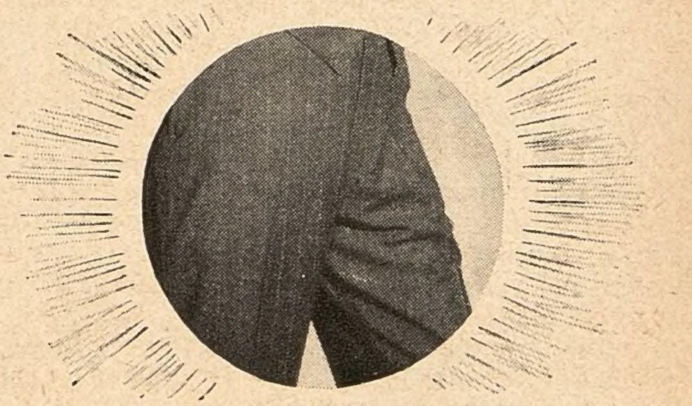
1. Why complicate your life by wearing pants closed with *five* fastenings? It's awkward, annoying . . . unnecessary.



2. This Fall, you can have the ease of the Talon fastener in every new suit you buy. *One* fastening instead of five!



1. Why make yourself conspicuous by wearing trousers that look like something the cat dragged in?



2. This Fall, if you select a suit that's *really new*, you'll get the seam-smooth Talon slide fastener.

HERE *is a word of caution to the millions of men who have already enjoyed Talon fasteners on their trousers...*

Because of the popularity of the Talon slide fastener—unreliable imitations have appeared on the market.

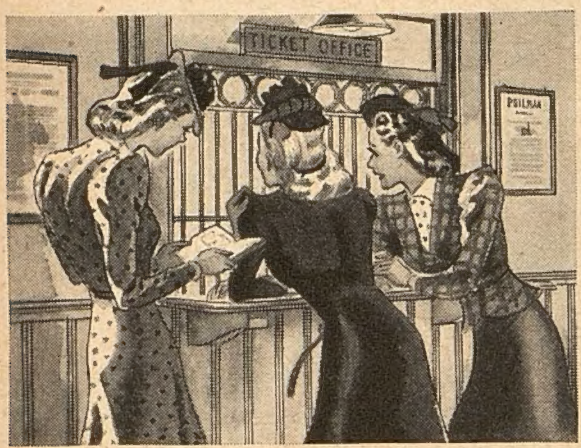
When you buy clothing, it's important to "take a second look" for the word "Talon" on the slide fastener. Then you'll be *sure* of getting a fastener that will give the same dependable service you've enjoyed in the past.

Be sure your next new suit has the modern TALON TROUSER Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. **FASTENER**

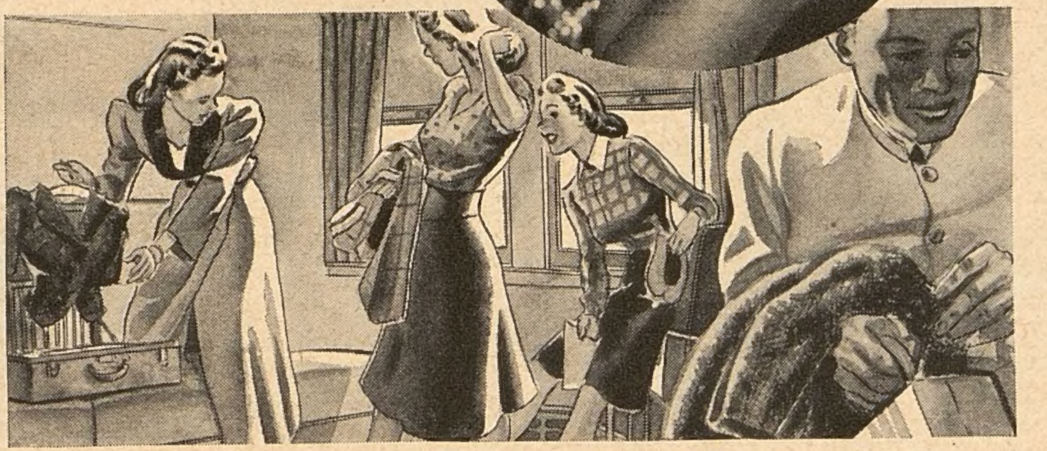
TALON SLIDE FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"..It turned out we were 3 Smart Girls to travel this way!"

"When we were making plans for going back East to college," writes Miss Nancy Wolcott, of Winnetka, Illinois, "my two friends and I decided it would be loads of fun to travel together in a drawing room—*if we could manage the expense* . . .

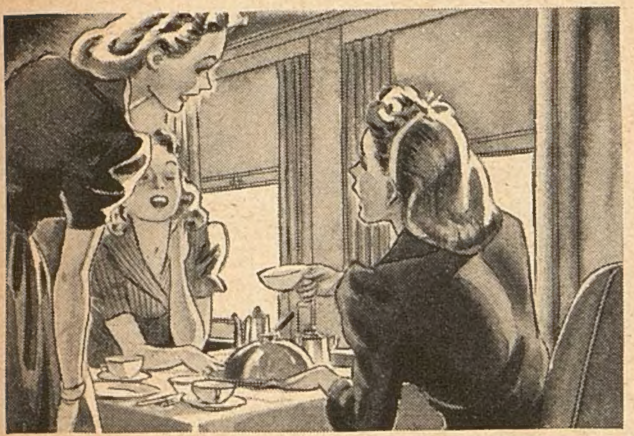


"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE when I found out it would cost but very little more for us to have a drawing room than to buy three lower berths! I never dreamed it could be so inexpensive!

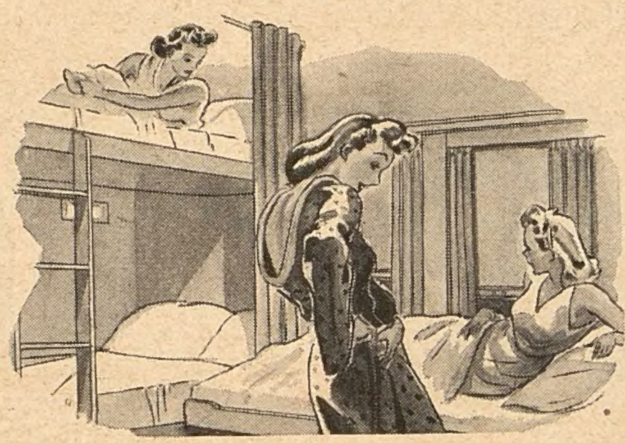


"I KNEW we could look forward to a marvelously comfortable trip as soon as we were settled in our room.* It was so spacious and home-like! And with all our luggage, you can imagine what a blessing the big wardrobe was!

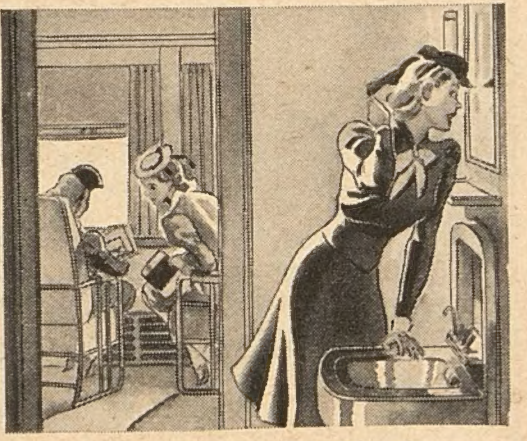
*(This latest type of drawing room now available on certain Eastern and Western lines.)



"IT WAS SUCH FUN lounging around, we decided to have dinner served right in the room. Our porter put up a table for us. It was delightfully informal and comfortable to sit there eating, as the miles slipped by!



"WE ALL AGREED that our rooms at college would be tame after this! And the sleeping couldn't compare, either—what with those soft mattresses and pillows, and the air-conditioning! In fact, we were beginning to get spoiled by all this convenience!



"HAVING OUR OWN WASHROOM made dressing a pleasure! When you consider all the comfort and service we had for so little money, it turned out we were *three smart girls to travel this way!"*

You'll feel "at home" traveling this friendly way that offers you the greatest travel value money can buy!

Like Miss Nancy Wolcott, thousands write to us each year in appreciation of the amazing amount of comfort, convenience, service, and all-weather dependability offered by Pullman travel.

And thousands, too, are surprised to learn that this *extra* travel value can now be had for so modest a sum of money.

For example, on most overnight trips of 250 and 300 miles, you can rent a "3-room apartment"—consisting of a roomy, comfortable lower berth accommodation, and the use of a spacious dressing room and beautifully furnished lounge parlor for only $2.65*! Ask your ticket agent for details on the low cost of going the friendly, convenient Pullman way!

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GO Rail and PULLMAN

The comfortable and sure way to get there . . with all the speed that's safe!

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*Plus, of course, first class fare for rail transportation.

"STAY *OUT*, AMERICA!"

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FEW Americans know so much about what war must mean as those American correspondents who reported the last war. For these men saw that conflict more humanly than generals behind the lines, more vividly than our industrialists and workers at home, our diplomats abroad; even more fully than the A. E. F. doughboy.

The following opinions come from some of our country's most prominent foreign correspondents, members of the recently organized Overseas Press Club of America:

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN—

Accredited correspondent with American, French, British, and Belgian armies and United States Navy, for North American Syndicate. Covered peace conferences. Established and for four years headed New York Herald Tribune's League of Nations news bureau at Geneva——

TWENTY-ODD years ago Europe's " democracies " charmed the United States into winning a World War for them, to save democracy. Our share: over 132,000 killed, about 200,000 wounded, God knows how many permanently diseased. Today those " democracies " are asking us to fight persecutors, dictatorships, totalitarians.

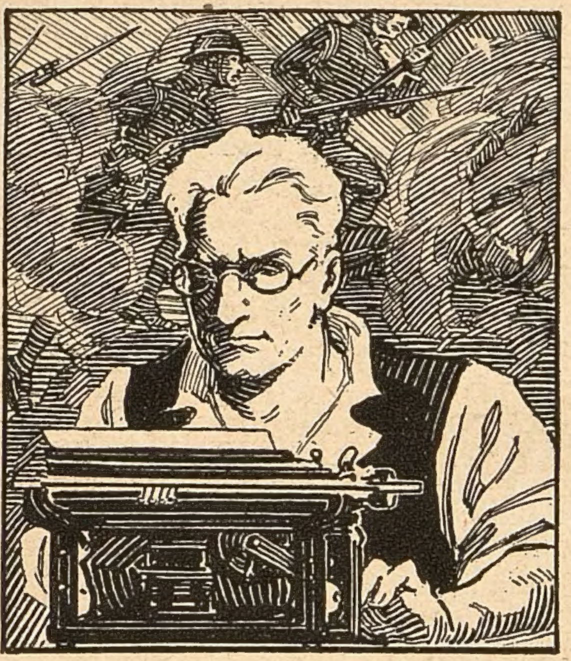
Well, Germany is certainly not a democracy. But who are these anti-persecutors, anti-dictatorships, anti-totalitarians who want us to join them, and what have they lined up? Great Britain, who has surrendered Palestinian Jews to Palestinian Mohammedans. France, who has sky-bombed the citizens of her Syrian mandate. And Poland, a triumvirate. And how are we to play our part? With money and boys. Also by cementing our alliance to the Latin-American republics. Twenty-one " republics "—fourteen of them frank dictatorships. Also by becoming totalitarian ourselves.

Do you want to go on?

HENRY WALES—

Served abroad for New York World, Chicago Tribune, International News Service; attached to A. E. F.'s G. H. Q.; reported peace conferences, League of Nations, Mussolini's march on Rome, Hitler's putsch, etc.——

LET America refuse to be " drawn into " a European war by emotion or misconception. Let America realize she is an " economic empire " committed by her vast interests to protect her foreign trade. If in so doing she joins a coalition to defend her commerce from a raiding aggressor, let America take a firm stand for justice in the resulting peace negotiations. Let the American plenipotentiaries then remember the bitter lessons of the Paris conferences of 1919. Delegates, technical advisers, " experts " of all nations warned Lloyd George and Clemenceau that the unjust conditions would sow dragon's teeth. They are ready now for the reaping.



Shall we fight again?—A grim word from some who know what it would mean

WYTHE WILLIAMS—

Paris correspondent of the New York Times during World War, later representing Philadelphia Ledger and Paris Temps. Reported on entire western front, all peace conferences, all subsequent reparations and debt negotiations, to 1936. Now editor of Greenwich (Connecticut) Time——

"WE do not repudiate, neither do we pay."

This might be taken as the wall motto of our former European associates in regard to cash and kind advanced by the United States for the promotion of the World War.

It was in evidence almost immediately after the signing of the Versailles Treaty, but a few " token " payments—about a dime's worth in relation to the whole—were sufficient to blind us. And so we permitted a postwar debt to more than double the amount already due.

Today the European hand already is outstretched, hopeful that our vision is not yet restored.

HERBERT COREY—

World War correspondent for Cincinnati Times-Star and the Associated Newspapers on all western fronts, including Serbian. Now a Washington correspondent and magazine writer——

SHORTLY after the armistice I interviewed General Wilhelm Groener, who had succeeded Ludendorff as Quartermaster General of the German Army. He said:

" When you Americans came in, the war had reached a stalemate. We could not have moved forward. Neither could the Allies have moved us back. The Americans broke every rule of tactics and strategy. But they were young, enthusiastic, fearless, and they broke our lines. They lost ten men where one veteran would have been lost. But—they won the war."

Our American participation in that war was a growing pain of a great nation. We were fooled into it. We paid a good part of the bill. Every promise made to us was broken. But that growing pain may have matured us nationally. Perhaps this time we will not be coaxed into being the sucker in the game of Power politics.

LELAND STOWE—

Former chief of the Paris Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune; covered the western front, all important conferences, Spanish Revolution, rise to power of both Mussolini and Hitler. Author of Nazi Means War——

I COULD write about the horrors of the bombings in Spain; about the red pulp of women's and children's bodies. But no human being will ever conceive these things until he's seen and smelled and felt them. Few people believe in hell until they get there.

So what? So *who* blew to bits thousands of Spanish and Chinese civilians? *Who* put 10,000,000 Czechoslovakians under Hitler's heel? *Who* intends to draft millions of America's youth for another World War? *Who?*

Not merely Hitler and Mussolini and Franco and the Japanese. What about their accessories in the crime of war? The list is long. It includes Neville Chamberlain, and Daladier and Bonnet of France at its very top. But it also includes plenty of Americans—all those in democratic lands who knife democracy in somebody else's country. If we don't want Hitlerism, we must stand united against *everything* that Hitlerism represents.

Sentimentalism won't keep America out of war. Adherence to the principles of human freedom, integrity, courage to face facts—these *might!*

EUGENE LYONS—

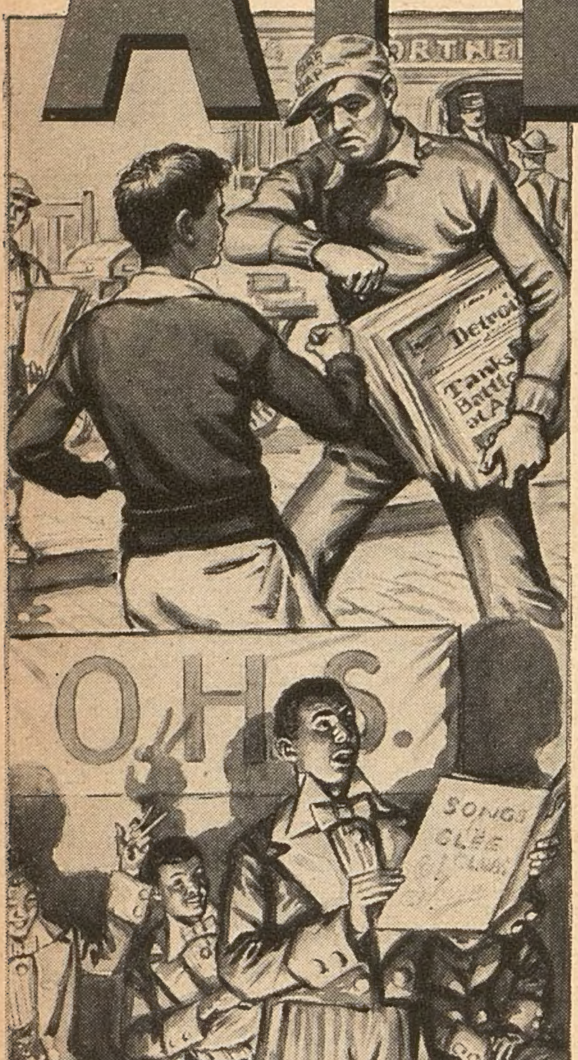
United Press war correspondent and representative at peace and subsequent conferences. Sent to Russia, he wrote, after firsthand experience, Assignment in Utopia. Now editor of the American Mercury——

SURELY no one in his senses can miss the horrible irony of the slogans under which the World War of 1914-18 was fought. It looks, indeed, as if those slogans were badly mixed—so that it became a war to end all democracy and make the world safe for war. When the history of our times is summed up, that World War will mark the boundary of democratic development, after which it declined disastrously. Let us not flatter ourselves that we have escaped the general decline. Movements and philosophies of suppression—antidemocratic, whatever their pretensions—have been flourishing throughout the United States.

When the first World War so definitely retarded democracy, it would be folly to suppose that a second World War could reverse the process.

THE END

ATTORNEY



Three steps in Dewey's early life: as a newsboy, a schoolboy soloist, a Bachelor of Arts at Michigan University.

FOREWORD BY

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 47 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

ATTORNEY for the people!

That is a proud title for any man to bear; and certainly in our day, perhaps in any day, no man has so deserved to bear it as Thomas Edmund Dewey.

Nation-wide recognition of this fact has had nation-wide consequences. Where, voters are asking, do we so sorely need a great attorney for the people as in the White House at Washington?

For months the Presidential polls have indicated that a great many people are asking this question—that more people are thinking of Tom Dewey than of any other man in either of the great parties as the next President.

Yet, on the personal side, very little has been told about him. Everybody knows the things he has done. Few know how he has done them. Still fewer know the kind of man he is today.

A good lawyer? Of course. A relentless prosecutor? The facts speak. But a President? That's different. Or is it? What do his friends say about him? What do his enemies say?

Let's take the enemies first.

They say he is too young, and therefore too arrogant, too impulsive, too inexperienced; he is a publicity seeker, a grandstand player. Or, conversely, he is too matter-of-fact, not politically minded; too liberal, too conservative. Too, too, too. They make a bit of fun of him along the way. They call him "St. George," "Galahad in Shining Armor," "Republican Glamour Boy No. 1."

On the St. George and Dragon side the evidence is fairly clear. When Dewey took his New York City Special Prosecutor's job, the most optimistic newspaper estimate gave him a 40-60 chance of success.

Arthur Brisbane, dean of American journalists, asked the young prosecutor to lunch. Present also was Bernard Gimbel, a big department-store man. When Dewey left, Brisbane said:

"A nice fellow, but he won't last three months."

"I'll give him six," said Gimbel. "Bet you a hundred."

So they bet. Brisbane lived to pay. It is too bad he couldn't have lived to see where Dewey is today.

The underworld was even surer than the upper world that Dewey's racket investigation would fail.

"They'll never pull the broom from under that bed," one racketeer boasted, "because there's too much dirt that would spill all over."

So convinced were New Yorkers that Tammany-appointed officials would protect the racketeers—that, as the saying was, "Jimmy Hines owns the Criminal Courts Building"—that victims of rackets avoided legal proceedings far more assiduously than the racketeers themselves.

When Dewey went beyond the racketeers to the politicians who protected them, he encountered obstacles which would have sunk any but the most courageous of men.

Month after month for nearly three years Tom Dewey had painstakingly accumulated the evidence to convict the Tammany chieftain, Jimmy Hines. Day after day he had as painstakingly presented that evidence to a blue-ribbon jury sitting in Judge Pecora's court. Then, suddenly, September 12, 1938, the judge declared a mistrial.

Looking back, the whole thing seems absurd. Dewey had asked a fourteen-word question, to which no answer had been given. One juror said afterward that he hadn't heard it. Eleven said that it would not have remained in their minds, would not have influenced them.

But at the moment, as he and his little group of loyal assistants, all sore-eyed and weary from months of sleepless labor, filed out of that courtroom—where Jimmy Hines and his Tammany pals were staging a jollification which resembled an old-time election-night jamboree—it looked like the end of the road for the fight for civic decency in New York City and for Thomas Edmund Dewey.

Silently the tired men marched across burning pavements, through jeering Tammany crowds, to the

BY RUPERT HUGHES

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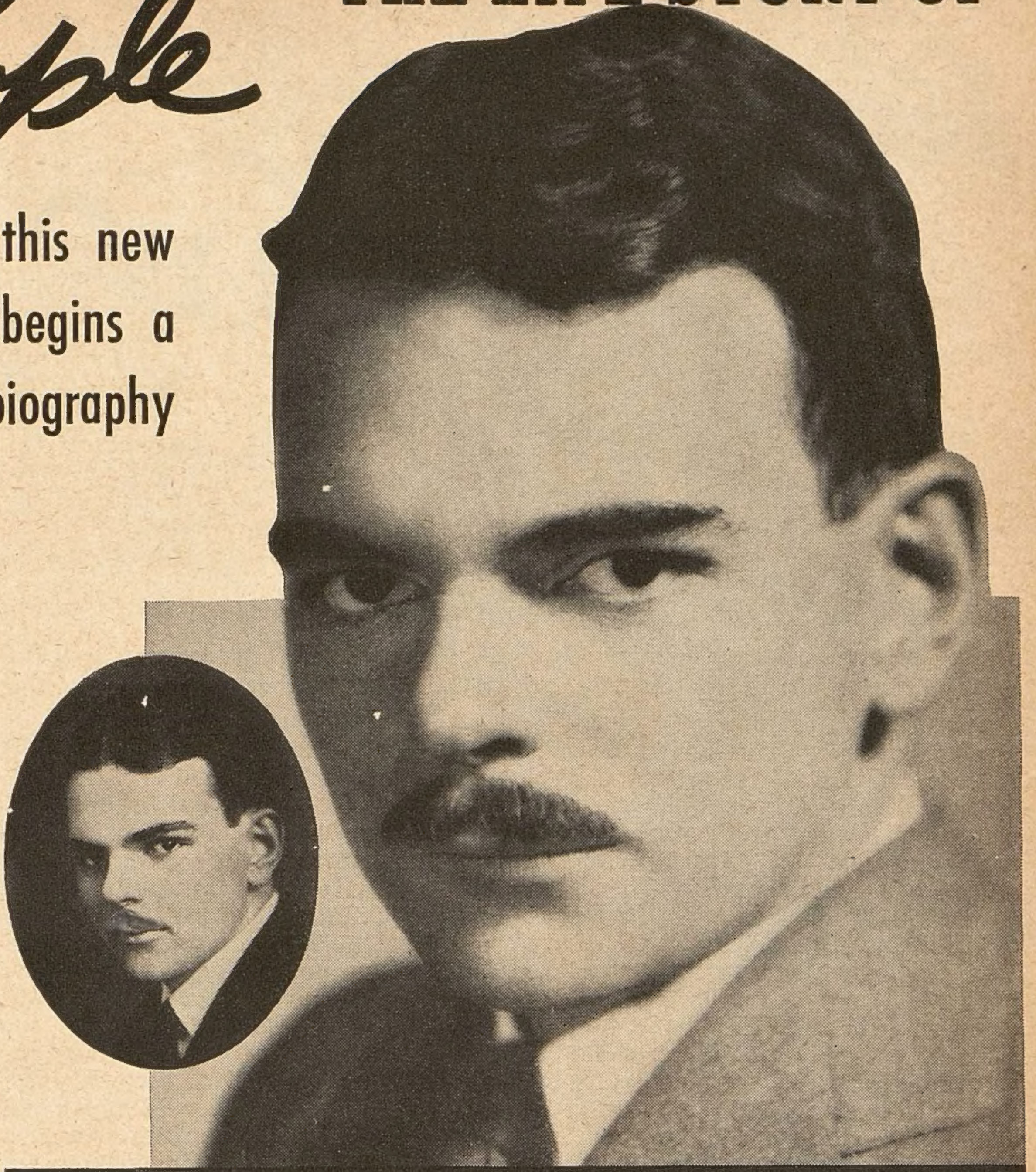
for the People

THE LIFE STORY OF

What kind of man is this new political giant? Here begins a notable and revealing biography



THOMAS E. DEWEY

—a photo taken when he was Chief Assistant United States Attorney: and, in the oval, as a student in high school, about sixteen.

hulking old barracks in which is housed the greatest prosecuting office in the world. Still silently, they ascended to the Chief's private office on the sixth floor.

Two offices, really—a big bare one and a little bare one. Conventional flat-topped mahogany desks, conventional big mahogany conference table, conventional hard mahogany chairs. No law-school parchment, richly framed, conspicuously placed; no benignly smiling judges' portraits ostentatiously autographed; no candid-camera Deweys addressing multitudes, shaking hands with Joe Glutz. Business offices—two of them.

The boys stopped in the big room, slumped into the hard chairs, studied their boots. The Chief went into the little room. He was gone perhaps thirty seconds. What happened in there, only he knows. But when he came back he wore a grin that split his face. Going up to the nearest aide, he hit him between his shoulders.

"Don't worry, boys," he said. "There'll be another trial, and we'll win this case."

Eventually, as the world knows, Dewey *did* win the case, and Hines' appeal from the conviction is now pending.

In the months before the Hines trial, party leaders had been beseeching him to run for governor. Frankly, in his own mind, he had been undecided—at least, he was before the Hines mistrial.

The afternoon papers on mistrial day were full of speculation as to how the District Attorney's "humiliation" at the hands of a judge who was himself a potential gubernatorial candidate would affect the coming campaign. The predominance of opinion was that Dewey was out of the running. But only a few nights later, on the eve of the Republican state convention, one of his younger assistants rode down in the elevator with him.

"How about it, Chief?" he asked, pointing to a headline about the governorship.

Slowly the bushy-browed, bushy-mustached face broke into that wide smile—so gay and yet so grim. The compact, athletic figure drew itself up to its full five feet eight, which on occasion looks like seven two.

"I'm going to run," he said.

The greater the pressure, the greater the response. That is Tom Dewey's way in games as well as in life. Squash, tennis, golf. Doctors have cautioned him about the first two. That ball, forever coming back at him from wall or racket, is a continual challenge to his innate combativeness. He goes after it as if it were a Lucky Luciano or a Jimmy Hines.

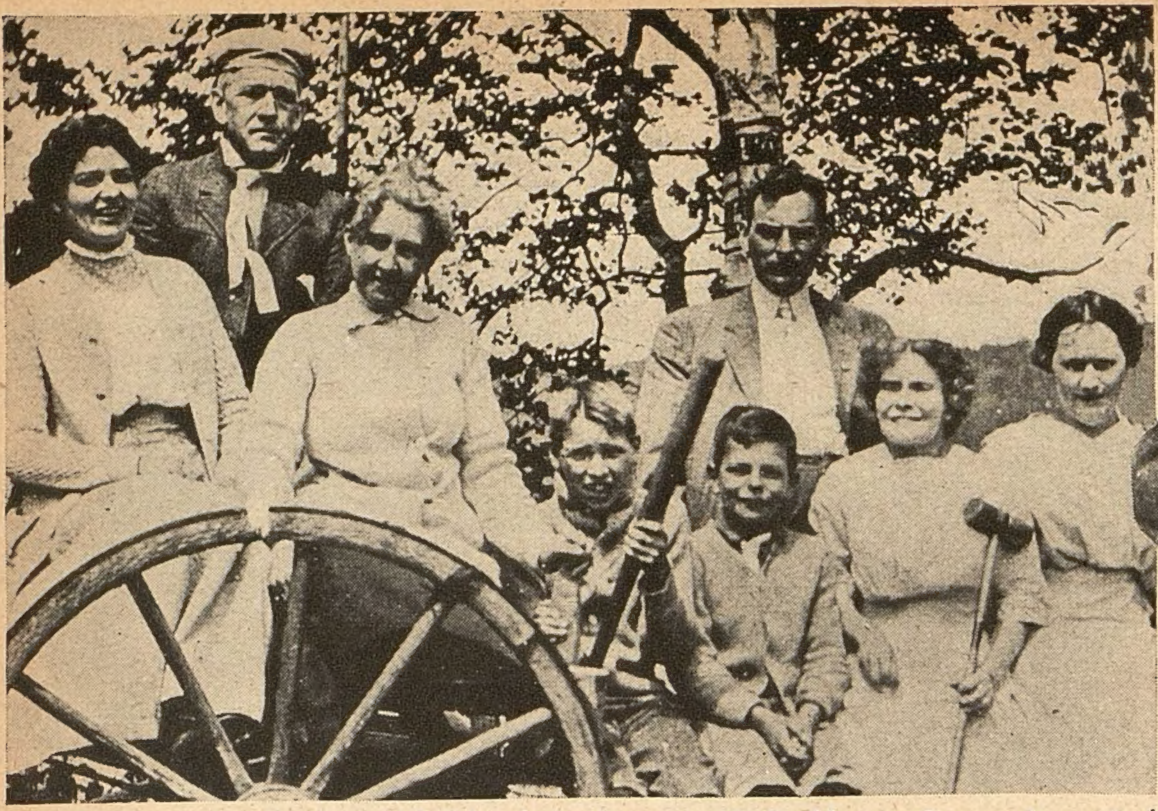
On a Sunday afternoon during the second Hines trial, Dewey and his assistants were working on an epochal letter to Chairman Hatton Sumners of the House Judiciary Committee—that letter about Manton, the borrowing judge. The letter was the result of more than a year of painstaking investigation. It would blast the reputation of the highest judicial officer in the land outside the Supreme Court. It had to be right.

The telephone—which Dewey keeps in a drawer; he hates things on the top of his desk—broke the Sabbath stillness. The District Attorney raised the receiver, listened a moment, covered the transmitter with his hand.

"Boys," he said, "George Weinberg has killed himself."

Weinberg had been the key witness at the abortive first Hines trial; he

George Washington's Great Biographer



The Deweys vacationing with friends in August, 1912. Young Dewey is seated, hands in lap; his father directly behind him; his mother at extreme left.

Sixteen, and rabbit time. The bulging pocket indicates he had some success.

was to have been the key witness at the second. He it was who had paid Jimmy Hines Dutch Schultz' contribution toward the campaign expenses of District Attorney Dodge, and had testified that Hines had said to Dodge, "This is one of Dutch Schultz' boys. . . . This is where I am getting my money for your campaign."

Turning back to the phone, Dewey gave his detectives instructions to call the local police for a complete investigation. He then phoned his two assistants, Grimes and Hogan, instructing them to go immediately to White Plains. Turning to the men with him, Dewey said: "Heaven knows what this will do to the case!"

For another one of those thirty-second interludes so important in his life, the young District Attorney stood, eyes on the painted wall. Weinberg, his principal witness, dead? What could he do now? Then, without another word, he turned back to the Manton letter and worked on that until it was finished. That was self-discipline, a special kind of courage.

Mind you, there is nothing violet-shrunk about this man of courage. He knows he is about as good as he is. He might even give you an argument about it. But he isn't conceited, even about his looks, which are considerable.

The man in the street is apt to get a cartoonist's-eye view of his popular heroes. Dewey's features lend themselves notably to such exaggeration. The heavy brows above those great round wide-apart eyes are just the same size and just the same shape as the right and left mustachios above white shining teeth. Like the late great T. R., he is the caricaturist's delight. But in the flesh—and not too much of it, either—he is a handsome man. Yet he doesn't like to see his pictures around the office.

Not long ago, one of his assistants talked him into getting a new picture taken. The boys in the office would appreciate them, the aide told him. The pictures came, and they were pretty good. After office hours his secretary brought in a great pile of them, and Dewey started in on the autographing ordeal. But he couldn't stand seeing himself so many times, let alone forcing his face on others. Soon he was overheard talking to himself—not a Dewey habit.

"Kinda stuffy!" he was saying. "Kinda stuffy!" But, nevertheless, the boys in the office who had made a personal request got the pictures.

Seven days a week in winter, six days a week in summer, Dewey lives in a modest but beautiful apartment in New York City. There is about it the air of fine simplicity which one would expect to find in any home in which so forthright a character made his abode. Not so severe, of course, as those offices downtown. Mrs. Dewey's artistry—she is a musician of high and acknowledged attainments, but her gifts extend far outside the musical field—is all-pervading. There is a delicate, almost formal beauty to the rooms—but the colored maid is jolly and the fried chicken is invariably good.

Summers, Mrs. Dewey—of whom much more later—commutes between Pawling and New York. Thomas Edmund, Jr., age seven or thereabouts, who looks more like old Tom Dewey than old Tom does himself, and John Martin, age four, who will be a typical Dewey too as soon as he is old enough to grow a mustache, stay in Pawling, which is a long over-twilight ride from New York. Dewey sees them Saturday nights and Sundays and on his vacations, which have since 1935 occurred once.

The farm is where Tom Dewey shows at his best. He farmed as a boy, and, between telephone calls and homicides, he farms as a man. Nights there are picnics in what Frances Dewey calls the back yard, with hamburgers and talks and sings—such sings because both the Deweys were trained for a concert career, and such talks because they have learned about things as they have gone along—and occasionally a highball and then to bed. Dress at the farm is for use only—not for looks.

I caught Dewey one night reading a history of agriculture, from which he quoted at some length and with great unction, to my complete mystification.

"The farm problem concerns me more than any other," he told me. "I don't know the solution, but a solution must be found."

Dewey boils over, as we all do, at injustice of the haves to the have-nots. He paces the floor when he talks about it. He paces up and down anyhow, in his office or out. His assistants get up and walk with him; their best talks, his best decisions have come that way. But Dewey walks faster and harder when he thinks about these obvious inequalities.

Yet, when it comes to action, he takes time out to ask if things would be any better if the have-nots became haves and the haves became have-nots. He frets when labor doesn't get a square deal. Yet he also has a deep-dug respect for the rights of the man who has to meet a pay roll. In short, there is a curious unexpected balance about the man.

That balance is manifested in various ways. Station WMCA used to be Father Coughlin's radio outlet in the metropolitan area. When the radio priest began what is generally regarded as his anti-Semitic campaign, picket lines attended every one of his performances, to the great inconvenience of studio employees and visitors. Later, when WMCA took him off the air, Father Coughlin's followers took up the picketing. Whatever Mr. Dewey may have thought of this situation, he kept hands off. Each side, according to our accepted modern view of things, was within its rights.

Then, suddenly, word came to him that the self-appointed leader of the picketers, the impresario of the supposedly religious demonstration, had offered to sell out his followers for a piece of silver. Not a small piece; a piece that would make it worth his while. Twenty-five hundred dollars—and the picket line would cease to picket!

This was the kind of thing that was calculated to get under Thomas Dewey's skin; and did. He broke all records, previously held exclusively by him, for digging ruts in the D. A.'s office floor. His faithful assistants panted after him. Do this—do that, commanded the Chief, his head thrust forward, his eyes burning. Then he stopped and took a sip of water.

"But remember," he said—and he looked each man of the appointed mission in the eye—"no entrapment!"

The man's analytical gifts had caught up with his emotional reactions.

Lord Chesterfield once said, "Have a real reserve with everybody and a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, but dangerous not to be so." I do not know whether Tom Dewey is a conscious follower of his Lordship, but he is certainly an unconscious one. The side of his nature that most people see is the boiling-over side. He seems to be in a continual state of mental and moral eruption. People love that. There is nothing the average human likes better than a row.

Put two Slapsie Maxies in a squared ring, let them spar ten rounds with strict adherence to Hoyle and Queensberry. Along about the sixth round the paying customers start oozing through the gates and looking for excitement in a bar. Put Jack Dempsey and Luis Firpo in that ring, let Firpo knock the Mauler over the ropes into the laps of the bald-headed row, only to have the champion climb back in the ring and jolt the Wild Bull of the Pampas until he's bouncing around on the floor like a mastodonic flea—and the next time out you have a million-dollar gate.

So it is with Dewey. Whenever he enters the ring, even when that ring is a solemn courtroom, there's a show. He doesn't put it on himself, at least not consciously. His courtroom manner is matter-of-fact, confidential, conversational, low-voiced. But before he has been in the place five minutes some one is shouting, "Robber!" "Stop, thief!" "Why does he grin?"

At the Hines trial, the atmosphere got so tense that one man so far forgot the rules of courtroom etiquette as to light a cigarette. Pecora had him thrown out. Even veteran Max Steuer inadvertently put on his hat and kept it on until a court attendant respectfully asked him to remove it. If Pecora had seen *that,* he might have declared a mistrial earlier than he did.

As Uncle Sam, 1912. Is this symbolic of 1940?

If you have heard Dewey on the radio, you know what I mean. The man has a rousing radio voice, not so dulcet sweet as the President's, but far more dramatic. If the two should run against each other next fall, or ever, commercial sponsors might as well get off the air!

Straight talk—that's Dewey's line. When he was prosecuting big banker Charles E. Mitchell on income-tax charges, and the Wall Street man's high-priced legal staff began clouding the issue with technicalities, he cut right in with a sentence which everybody could understand.

"What I know," he said, "is that he had an income and that no tax was paid on it."

In action he is just as direct, just as sure, as in words. While bewildered state authorities, overawed by the spectacle of the great Richard Whitney being brought to account for his sins, were apparently waiting for Emily Post to tell them what they should do, Dewey stepped in and proved that Whitney had appropriated over $100,000 of his wife's money.

"We won't fight over the body," squawked the Attorney General's office.

They didn't have a chance. Dewey sent the body up to Sing Sing for five-to-ten.

Sometimes he is wrong in his first decisions, but when he is, he usually knows it before any one else, and is a big enough man to acknowledge it before he acts. When he found the racket trail leading into vice, he experienced a wholly understandable revulsion.

"I didn't leave a good practice," he said, "to chase after prostitutes."

But when he found that he could not reach Luciano, the big boss of almost all the rackets, by any other means, he did not hesitate to mix with such unsavory characters as Jenny the Factory, Sadie the Chink, Cokey Flo, and Cold Potato Annie.

He meets his personal problems the same way. He knows that his opponents are saying he is too young to be President. They said he was too young to be governor. And how did he meet the accusation? By powdering his hair and walking with a crutch? No. He said:

"I stand before you accused of one crime: I was born in the twentieth century. To that charge I plead guilty. I am of the twentieth century. We look forward, not backward."

Dewey is accustomed to having that youth charge hurled at him. But age is experience—and if one man can crowd as much experience into thirty-seven years as another can into seventy-four, who is to begrudge him the fruits of his achievement?

The same cry was raised against Theodore Roosevelt. Teddy was forty when he became Governor of New York. Dewey will be thirty-eight, within two months of thirty-nine, when and if he takes the oath of office as President of the United States in January, 1941. Roosevelt the First's experience in public life had been confined chiefly to two years as a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City. Yet he made a good governor—and there are those who feel that three years later he made a fairly good President.

Dewey's recent exploits have been so attention-gripping that we forget that he has been at his present and similar tasks for a long time.

A year and a half in a big downtown law office doing grueling research and preparation. Five years as a trial attorney for a smaller but very active firm, in which he was about to become a partner when the call came to enter the federal service. Practically three years as Chief Assistant and as United States Attorney in the largest federal prosecuting office. (In Dewey's time the office disposed of forty cases a day!) A year and a half of private practice—his retainers totaling $50,000 a year. Two years as Special Prosecutor. Two years as District Attorney.

That's more law than any septuagenarian occupant of a Senatorial or Cabinet chair has practiced since Elihu Root went back to private life and Charles Evans Hughes went to the bench of the Supreme Court.

As Federal Attorney, Dewey operated a staff of sixty-four attorneys; as Special Prosecutor, forty; as District Attorney, eighty, with clerical and other assistants who bring the total to two hundred and twenty. In his present position he spends each year more than three quarters of a million dollars of the people's money—and each year he balances his budget.

In 1936, for example, the Dodge administration spent $899,000 on the regular work of its office and more than $400,000 for outside legal work. Last year the Dewey administration spent a total of $893,000, and did the whole job without outside help. This was a saving of close to a half million dollars, while at the same time the record shows far more work accomplished.

That is administration, Dewey style. It is understandable that some people think it is about time to try something on the same general lines in Washington.

A book could and should be written about Dewey's selection of his assistants and the relations he maintains with them. If one of them goes home before seven o'clock in the evening, he talks of having put in only half a day.

But "however hard we work," one of them told me, "we know the Boss is working harder."

And here is a tip-off on this man of many gifts: the boys in the office love him. In the dark hours of mistrial, as we have seen, they took his setback harder than he did. Once, when he was in an airplane which was reported battling with head winds, the office took on the aspect of a Wednesday-night prayer meeting. When the message of safety finally reached them, it was characteristically Deweyish. He was feeling fine, "and there will be a staff meeting tomorrow night."

"God help *us!*" exclaimed a wit, the tension broken.

But after the staff meeting was over he took them all up to a private dining room in the old Brevoort, where they told stories and sang until early morning.

The Boss knows the number of years each of his men has been out of law school, the number of children if any and their ages and sex, all the surrounding family circumstances. One young chap had mentioned, when he was applying for his job, that he was worried about his father, who was getting too old to keep on working; he hoped, he had said, that he would soon earn enough money to let the old man take his ease.

Six months later, when he had proved himself, Dewey gave him a raise.

"That'll help with the old folks, won't it?" he said.

Big as the Dewey brain is, the Dewey heart is bigger. I was talking with him one hot night last summer about how much he had crowded into the eight years since he first entered the public service.

"What one event in those eight years stands out?" I asked.

"The birth of my first son," he said.

Well, there's your man as he is today.

Mr. Hughes will now tell how he got that way!

BY RUPERT HUGHES

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Part One—The Early Days

IN most biographies one sees nearly everything as a preparation for the climax; the hero's progress becomes a ladder and the subject of the biography climbs rung by rung straight up to his goal.

But in Thomas Dewey's life no tomorrow seems to be implied in a yesterday. His character has unity, honesty, energy. He always does with all his might what his hands find to do. He faces the fact in front of him and conquers it.

Freedom and rebellion against oppression are an ancient heritage of Dewey's, part of his very blood. Far back in the 1500s his people were Huguenots who left France to escape from tyranny. The name they carried to England they spelled "Douai."

It soon became "Duee." When Thomas of that ilk found England too oppressive, and crossed the sea to Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1631, he changed the spelling to "Dewey."

Finding too little freedom among the Puritans, this man, the first Thomas Dewey, moved on to New Hampshire, where he raised varied crops, including many stalwart sons, one of whom, Josiah, was a sergeant in King Philip's War. Among his unnumbered descendants was that Admiral George Dewey who won immortality at Manila Bay in 1898. A third cousin of Admiral Dewey was George Martin Dewey, whose son's son is our Thomas E. Dewey.

While the first ancestor in America was also a Thomas Dewey, the living Thomas was named after his mother's family. She was Anne Thomas, born in Owosso, Michigan, in July, 1876. Her people came to the United States only a generation ago. Her father was Alfred Thomas, a Canadian of English descent, who married an Irish girl, Augusta Corrigan, born in the County Cork, and daughter of a professor in the University of Dublin, who had later moved to Canada.

Thomas E. Dewey once said of his grandfather Alfred Thomas:

"He was one of the decentest, gentlest men I ever knew. He was the finest gardener in Owosso and a pillar of the Episcopal Church. He ran a general store in Owosso, and thought advertising undignified—never allowed his name to appear in an advertisement. He had a two-story store on Main Street and a seven-room apartment over it. I was born there."

Dewey's paternal grandfather, George Martin Dewey, spent three years at Harvard, but, instead of graduating, spent his fourth year in South America with a Harvard scientific expedition. Returning, he settled in Hastings, Michigan, where he established a newspaper, the Banner. Later he founded another at Niles, and ran them both for many years. He was a delegate to that famous convention in Jackson, Michigan, where, in 1854, the new Republican Party was born—the old "Republican" Party founded by Jefferson having changed its name to "Democratic."

This grandfather Dewey was an ardent worker in the political field. Every four years he stumped several states for his party, always returning in time to vote. Various Republican Presidents offered him embassies to Spain or Turkey, but he did not feel that he could afford to accept.

A few years before his death he sold his two newspapers and moved to Owosso, where he established the Times.

He had six children, of whom one daughter died young; one of the five sons was George Martin Dewey, Jr., who was Thomas Dewey's father. He was six feet tall and very handsome. He went to West Point and was close to the head of his class in his junior year; but while taking exercise in the gymnasium suffered injuries that did not disable him yet reduced his physical efficiency below the rigid demands of the regular army. So after a year as a reporter on the Ledger in Tacoma, Washington, he settled in Owosso and worked on his father's paper, the Times.

To him, the prettiest girl in Owosso was Anne Thomas, half English, half Irish, but altogether American. She was just out of high school when at last he proposed, and she did not keep him waiting. After the honeymoon they moved to the great city of Lansing, the capital of the state, where he had been offered a post in the auditor general's office. He remained there until 1905, then returned to Owosso to edit the Times and manage its printing shop.

A remarkable woman is Dewey's aunt, Emma Grace Dewey. She was graduated from Wellesley and taught in college for many years. Suddenly at forty-five she decided to qualify as a certified public accountant, and practiced that profession. In her middle years she became an examiner of corporate income-tax returns. When she was forced to "retire" at seventy-two, she took up private practice. She never married. She lives in Los Angeles.

She informed her nephew when he was six that he was to be a lawyer. Her counsel haunted him throughout his strong temptation to devote his life to a lyric career.

He had another aunt, the youngest of her father's family, Mary Hannah Dewey, who was graduated from the University of Michigan and married another graduate, Dr. Howard Sprague Reed. He taught at the University of Virginia for seven years, and has since been connected with the University of California at Berkeley.

These are the nearest relatives of Thomas Dewey. Of his father and mother he says:

" I never heard them quarrel once in all my life. They never attempted to tell me what to do. They indulged me in letting me have singing lessons, in going to college, in studying law. They gave me a summer in Europe.

" My father's income was about $1,800 a year. We lived on the best street in town, but we never had much money. My father had an extraordinary intellect and was a fine editor. My mother was, and is, a good business woman.

" Both had great charm, and my father would probably have been a fine writer if he had taken that direction. He never spanked me in his life. My mother did that for me. I try to be stern with my own children, but I spoil them just as I was spoiled.

" There was nothing interesting about my youth except that I was working all the time."

Dewey's mother, widowed these twelve years, is gay and laughter-loving and plays a good game of golf.

AS well as his mother can remember, it was at eight o'clock in the morning of March 24, 1902, that her only child began his first investigation of affairs in Owosso.

Being born over a general store might seem a trifle lacking in charm, but this was different. The long, low red-brick building rose sheer from the edge of the river. The back windows looked out on the open country, green fields and dark groves.

Anne Dewey's brother-in-law, Edmund, was almost mystically devoted to her husband. They were like twins. Edmund had always wanted a son, and he had a daughter instead. He was doubly happy now for his brother's sake.

When they laid Anne Dewey's baby in her arms and she looked past " the little squaller " through the window, she could hear the Shiawassee rivulet chuckling just below and see it curling in the distant meadows. She turned from that vision to find her big handsome husband beaming on her and his tall brother Edmund standing at his side, almost hidden by an armload of red roses, his grateful tribute to her for giving his brother a sturdy son. Her eyes still glisten with sudden tears whenever she recalls that hour.

And so the child was christened Thomas Edmund: Thomas after his mother's maiden name; Edmund after the one his father held next dearest.

For his christening, Thomas Edmund Dewey was taken to the altar of his parents' Episcopal church, which stands like a bit of old England in its wide lawn among trees and shrubs. As the child grew up he developed a remarkable voice that gave him an early place in the surpliced choir.

In due course his celestial soprano descended to an alto, and finally settled into a baritone of such power and richness that he seemed to be destined, or doomed, to fame in concert and opera.

DEWEY once said to his mother jokingly: " There are two things I'll never forgive you for denying me: one is my father's height and the other is his nose."

But she gave him his father's eyes. They are almost a mark of the Dewey clan—a brown so deep and intense as to dominate the face and dominate the beholder. They are not piercing, yet they exert a kind of pressure, and a penetration that must have been very useful to the famous prosecutor he became. His own complete honesty demands and searches through the eyes of others for the truth in them.

His own children resemble him remarkably, and a photograph of him at the age of five might serve as a perfect portrait of his own son Thomas. That picture was taken with his cousin Harriet, now Mrs. Welch, who was like a sister to him. From their childhood together she chiefly remembers their juvenile battles. They wrestled and pulled hair under the piano. So Harriet remembers him as fairly bellicose, but her mother always said even then, as some member of nearly everybody's family is sure to prophesy:

" He will be President of the United States some day."

A family friend, E. H. Stannard, a mail carrier retired after forty years, remembers that as a boy Tom was always whistling and singing on his way to or from school. He played hard, laughed hard, but was studious and versatile in industry and from the first was resolved to pay his own way through the world.

A neighbor told him he was a fool to mow his mother's lawn for nothing. So he went to her with his ultimatum:

" From now on, I'm charging you a quarter for every time I cut the grass."

" I can't afford to pay it," his mother said. " I don't think you ought to do things for people just for what you can get out of them. And you ought not to do them favors merely for charity, either. You ought to do them for the joy of helping others; and you'll find they'll do favors for you, in the long run. People are always paying or getting paid for things that ought to be done for nothing.

That training seems to have had its influence, for he has never felt that money was at all important. When in the first flush of his fame he became the inspiration of many motion pictures and was offered $100,000 to act in one, supervise one, or even permit the use of his name in one, he refused it.

At a very early date he revealed already a grasp of finance and bookkeeping that was in later years to inspire in him a habit of stealing up on criminals high and low by way of their bank deposits.

His mother permitted him, at the age of eleven, to sell various weeklies and monthlies. Two years later, at thirteen, he had nine or ten boys working as his agents. Next he added the local distribution of the Detroit daily News. Every morning he met the six fifteen train, divided a bundle of papers among his employees.

This business brought about his only fight, so far as the neighbors can recall. When the time came for him to give up his newspaper distribution, he sold the business to another boy. But he went to the station the next morning to show his successor the ropes. The new distributor was late in arriving, and one of the subordinates decided to take a bundle, dash off to the waiting markets, and skim the cream off the business. When Tom Dewey insisted that he wait till his new boss arrived, this lad snarled that Dewey was no longer in control and had better mind his own business. He was much bigger than Tom and did not hesitate to tear the smaller boy's hands from the bundle and knock him down. Tom did not hesitate to get up and fly back in defense of his trust. He was knocked down again and again, but kept coming back till the new owner of the route arrived.

As one of the neighbors said, telling of the fight: " That was Tom for you. He'd always fight, whether he could win or not."

WHEN he was sixteen he worked many months in a drugstore. When he was ready to enter the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor he had saved up eight hundred dollars. He insisted on paying all his own expenses and carried himself through the first year. After that he consented to let his parents provide for him, but furnished an account so carefully itemized that they had to laugh at the first one. Henceforth he simply wrote them what he needed.

One of Thomas Dewey's very earliest counselors and most ardent admirers was George Valentine, now of Detroit. It is interesting to note that the Owossans who have known Dewey longest are the most convinced of his ability to go to the very heights of the heights.

George Valentine went to live with the Deweys when Tom was about five years old. He made kites for the child and shared his solemn early problems. He still remembers vividly how the manager of the Detroit

News, impressed by the fourteen-year-old boy's success in its circulation, invited him to come to Detroit as the guest of the paper. He went, and was ushered through the plant. With his inveterate curiosity he asked questions and stored up information which he later applied in his father's much smaller plant. Of the child, the lad, and the young man, Mr. Valentine says:

"Tom was always busy. He played with all his might; but then, while other boys loafed between games, Tom kept right on working. His mind was a sponge for absorbing everything. He was always very popular with young people and with grown-ups, though he always stood out above the others as a boy—and as a man.

"From the very first he felt that his youthful appearance was always against him. It may have driven him to a rather dominating manner which strangers sometimes misunderstand as self-satisfaction. But that was never a fault of his.

"School work was so easy it seemed a side issue, though he almost never missed a day. He had no special genius for music, but when he took it up he mastered it."

A YEAR or two ago, as District Attorney of New York County, and guest of honor at the annual dinner of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, Dewey remembered aloud these early days:

"Many of you, I suppose, have set type by hand, made ready on a pony press, or fed by hand, circulars announcing an auction of cows or a bargain sale at a clothing store on Main Street.

"Perhaps some of you kept your waistline down by jumping on the arm of an old-fashioned paper cutter. And I wonder whether anybody here has ever sat at a foot-operated stamping machine, pushing with the left hand the worn and thinning galley containing the names and addresses of the subscribers, while feeding in the wrappers with the right hand.

"I well remember the boiler plate from New York with which we filled up the inside pages. Some of it included editorial material, but in those days we could not quite bring ourselves to use such canned opinion, however busy the shop.

"The acts of the City Commissioners and the debates of the Board of Supervisors were of more vital interest to the 15,000 people in our town. National and state events filled out the editorial column only after local affairs had been given their full attention.

"The heat of argument over the new sewer on Ball Street seemed to me more intense and more important than the struggle over the passage of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill. I think this, too, was true with many older and wiser readers. Today I can no longer claim to know the problem of the small newspaper, much less that of the large one. But in thousands of communities in this country I believe it is still true that their own local affairs are to them the most important news of all. They should be. Local government still controls every basic necessity of modern life. It is the cornerstone of democracy.

"To the end that local government shall be successful, a free and vigorous press is an absolute necessity."

During his college years Dewey continued to work at times in his father's printing plant, and was greatly tempted to carry on his father's profession. But he has never had much opportunity for writing, except legal briefs and his speeches.

He has always loved conflict, but when the nation called its millions to arms in 1917, he, the son of a West Pointer, was too young to be accepted. He was just turned fifteen when we went in, and he fumed in vain. Still, he cast about for something to do for his country, and the hardest and most useful task he could find was replacing one of the young farmers who had been called away to dig in the soil of France. As George Valentine tells it:

"That was his first taste of being a farm hand, and it came mighty hard in the beginning. People said, 'You'll never make a go of it.' But he did. His mother and father and I motored out to see him one day, and found him brown as an Indian, sitting on a cultivator and cultivating beans. It was a boiling hot day and he was sweating like a trooper, but he knew his beans."

His mother has consented to a few quotations from his brief reports of rural life on the Putnam farm outside Ovid, Michigan, in the summer of 1918. The boy of sixteen wrote:

Dear Folks: It's 8:00 P. M. & am thru chores. He has 3 cows, 4 horses & 18 pigs—large & small. Rode a roller this P. M. & the woman who went to the M. D. for a corn cure after riding 500 miles in a Henry had nothing on me now. Tomorrow I do it all day. We get up at 5:00 & get thru at about 7:00 or 7:30 P. M. Can have most of my Sundays off. Lots of eats & pretty good but not like home however. Tried to milk a bossy tonight & got milk. (That's all I can say.) Can hitch & unhitch a team of horses. Putnam drilled beans in the ground. I rolled & have to roll it all over again Fri. & some more too. Bed has plenty blankets. You win on the napkins but they have tablecloth. His wife is quite nice & kind all right. Will write again next week. Great stuff—this farming. T. E. D.

And after the first night:

Dear Folks: Time same—Fri. P. M. Last night I found out how hard one bed could be. My mattress is straw and immediately on sitting on the bed we find how hard the slats are. The springs might just as well be in Hong Kong. Slept well, however, as long as they sleep out here. Rode the roller all day today, that is, all the time I was not in the air directly above it. Farm machinery has sometimes a seat which is iron. I found out today that iron is the hardest metal on earth. I am sitting down very carefully this P. M. I also renewed my previous acquaintance with old Sol. My hands are a glorious red & the wind & heat decorated my mug some, too. I didn't know so many big rocks could collect on one plot of ground. I did 16 acres today. Out here I am, Mr. Dewey, Ovid R F D No. 1.

The third shows that life is still strenuous.

Dear Folks:—The weather is something fierce. Monday I cultivated all day. Yesterday I hoed thistles out of beans, after bringing the sheep up from the pasture (a mile away) & letting them drink & putting them in another one & fixing fences around it. Lost watch somewhere in operations in about 5 min. Have looked all over & couldn't find it. Wasn't much good anyhow. This a. m. I hoed rest of thistles out & then potatoes. This P. M. we hauled barley from field. It's awful, the whiskers. Thurs. & Fri. wheat not so bad. Am going to bathe & have a change in A. M. of everything but shoes. T. E. D.

THE last of the only available examples of his early literary work indicated that he had not yet learned to keep out from under the big hoofs of the farm horses!

Dear Folks:—Went last night to hear an Australian Artillery officer who is just out of a British hospital. He has been wounded nine times & his right arm is gone. He is on his way home. He was very interesting. Their Chautaqua is quite good. I have been cultivating all week so far and expect to keep it up. Beans are fine. I got stepped on again Monday but it didn't hurt much. Today I hit a large rock too suddenly and the laws of gravity & two or three other things sent me off, scraping my leg some but it doesn't hurt now hardly at all. Very thrilling, this farm work. See you with the eggs Sat. P. M. T. E. D.

It is an unusual child, or man, that minimizes his misfortunes and his achievements. Anne Dewey says that her son was always doing that.

When he returned from the farm to his last year in high school he edited the school magazine. He played on the high-school football team but was not heavy enough to make the team at the University of Michigan, though he loved the game.

While in high school he took part in the Junior and Senior plays, and the minstrel shows of 1918 and '19. He was on the debating teams. He rose to be a lieutenant in the cadet corps. In the High School Graduation Year Book this legend was printed under his photograph:

First in the Council Hall to steer
the state
And ever foremost in a tongue
debate.

At the age of seventeen he entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He was a reporter and telegraph editor for a Michigan daily, and occasionally played chess and bridge. He sang in the glee club and was a leading member in the musical fraternity, Pi Mu Alpha. He studied voice with William Wheeler, head of the music department. He also taught singing and was a soloist in the Ann Arbor Methodist Church at $7.50 a Sunday. When his father was appointed postmaster he went home and edited the Owosso Times for a time.

Of his college years he says:

"I was a B plus student. I never tried for Phi Beta Kappa or worked especially hard."

Suddenly his apparent motto, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," impelled him to devote his senior year to legal studies.

But he continued to study with William Wheeler, played the star role in the annual college opera, and won first prize in the Michigan State Singing Contest. This success determined him to give his voice its chance and he decided to study that summer in Chicago.

His fame as a singer was already great enough to carry him to Nashville, Tennessee, where he represented his state in a national singing contest. He won third prize there, and returned to Ann Arbor barely in time to be soloist at Commencement.

On the same day in June, 1923, he received his diploma as Bachelor of Arts. George Valentine was present, and still remembers that "when Tom's name was called, and he marched up the aisle for his sheepskin, the applause was deafening."

He had then, as always since, that mysterious gift of winning admiration and stirring enthusiasm.

With the approval and support of his parents, he took off for Chicago, where he won a scholarship, and free tuition thereby, in the summer classes conducted at the Chicago Musical College by the New York vocal teacher, Percy Rector Stephens. At the same time his mother's cousin, Leonard Reid, gave him a job reading law and doing legal chores in the office of Litzinger, Healy and Reid.

The secretary and studio manager for Stephens was an exceedingly beautiful and gifted young mezzo-soprano, Frances Eileen Hutt, who had come West to continue her studies and would go back to New York in the fall.

This fact had its influence on Dewey's heart as well as his history. Stephens advised him to go on to New York with him and continue singing lessons. Dewey had dallied with the thought of studying law at Harvard, but that university did not accept Michigan credits. The law department of Columbia University did. He figured it out with his usual thoroughness: he would combine his vocal lessons with legal studies in New York, and at the same time keep an eye on Miss Frances Eileen Hutt.

WHETHER history was trying to imitate fiction or not, it is a highly romantic fact that when Thomas Dewey fell in love with Frances Eileen Hutt, it meant that the grandson of one of the founders of the Republican Party had chosen for his mate a descendant of the Confederacy.

While Frances Hutt was born on February 7, 1903, in the Texas town of Sherman, her parents moved when she was eleven to Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where they still live. Her father is O. T. Hutt, a railroad man. She has one brother, Dr. Harold Davis Hutt, now living in Holly, Michigan.

Born in our southernmost state, Frances Hutt has all the traditional graciousness and charm of a Southern woman, and a beauty that is perfection. She is even more beautiful than her beautiful photographs indicate—for she seems to have a shy fear of looking as well as she could or of attracting anybody's attention. Yet behind her exquisite mask her soul simmers with quiet amusement and glows with deep feeling. Her heart is like a hearth of warm devotion to her husband and her two little sons. She extracts all the joy from life, takes it with bravery, spices it with a quick wit, and has, as Dewey says, "plenty of horse sense."

"We get up at 5 & get thru at 8," he wrote from the farm—and he still keeps about the same working hours!

She went to the public school in Sherman and in Sapulpa. She led her class and was valedictorian of her junior high school class at fifteen; and valedictorian again of her senior high school class at eighteen. Her thesis was titled Self-Adjustment, and it was, she says, "a very practical essay on getting on in life, and ended with a political and religious peroration." She has been one who practiced what she preached.

She was an ardent player of tennis and loved to swim, but always toiled at music. She started piano lessons at an early age, and formal singing lessons at fifteen. At seventeen she won a prize in the voice division of the State Fine Arts Contests at Norman, Oklahoma. About the same time Dewey was winning a state contest in the North. According to Sapulpan testimony, Frances Hutt was the "shining member" of the Tsianini Music Club in high school and took the leading role in an operetta, The Gypsy Rover.

Like Thomas Dewey she was always eager to pay her own way, and she acted as practice teacher for her piano teacher, and later had piano pupils of her own, and "sang at countless home festivals, conventions, and benefits." She was church organist and directed the choir.

HER first voice teacher was Mrs. Beth McLennan Hughes, who gave her a solid foundation in harmony and theory. Later in New York she took private lessons in the languages that a singer must cope with. Her vocal teacher in Sapulpa had such confidence in the future, if it could be followed through, that she proposed a concert. With the proceeds the girl moved on New York, her father helping her on her pilgrimage by securing a railroad pass.

She was eighteen then, and had money enough for only a limited stay, unless she could somehow replenish her scant purse. But she had courage as well as talent and she knew how to get along on little, or even less.

She went first to the studio of Percy Rector Stephens. When he heard her sing, he was impressed. To help her pay her way he engaged her as assistant secretary and manager of his studio.

Summer came and she went back to Sapulpa for a brief visit, and then took up her battle for life again in New York. She found choir positions in various churches in and about the city, and the next summer, when Stephens transferred his work to the Chicago College of Music, she went along as his secretary and pupil.

And there she met Thomas Dewey. But both were so earnest about their careers that it took them a year to fall in love. She says, when asked:

"I can't remember when I began to like him. I think it was long before he began to like me."

As pupils of Stephens they both returned to New York, where Dewey was combining a full course at Columbia Law School with weekly vocal lessons at the studio. They had little time for getting acquainted and have probably had as little of each other's company as any imaginable pair of equal devotion. Even on Sundays she had to get up "at the crack of dawn" and go over to Plainfield, New Jersey, for choir rehearsal before the morning service, while Dewey had his own choir in town to attend.

Her beauty was a great help, but there are mobs of beautiful girls in New York.

She was just twenty-one when she was offered a straight singing role as leading woman in a touring company of George White's musical institution called the Scandals. She was featured under her stage name, "Eileen Hoyt." This was a most propitious beginning for the brilliant concert career her beauty, her art, her hard work and self-sacrifice seemed to hold in store for her.

When the company played Tulsa, Oklahoma, for two nights, the Sapulpans "turned out en masse" and traveled the ten miles to see and hear their most illustrious and exquisite citizen. They found her still the "beautiful lovely girl" they had known.

At the end of the season she returned to New York. Later she sang in two of John Murray Anderson's productions, after which she again kept herself alive with church and concert engagements.

"We lived in the same town," Dewey says, "for four years before we were married, and, as a matter of fact, most of that time was spent in waiting till my income was sufficient to warrant marriage."

Whenever and wherever he did propose, she doubtless accepted his earnest solemnity then, as since, with the same amused and adoring despair she smothers now behind her laughing eyes when he grows too grim. It is safe to say that she had no grandiose ideas of what constituted an income big enough and safe enough to support a wife, even a wife who was so used to economy and could do so well on so little as she so blithely, bravely could, and would—and did.

WHEN Thomas Dewey first set foot on New York City soil—or rather, on its pavement—gangsterism was just burgeoning out into the lush tropical growth it reached under the beneficent influence of the Prohibition Amendment. Crime was organizing, becoming big business, and waging war on a large scale. A piratical navy laced the seas. Piratical fleets of trucks zoomed the highways. Machine-gun bullets sprayed streets. Police were bought or shot.

Dewey practiced his solfeggios and studied his arias at the studio; attended the classes at the Law School. On Sundays he sang baritone solos in the New York Episcopalian Church of Saint Matthew and Saint Timothy for fifteen dollars a week. He also edited the national quarterly of his fraternity Pi Mu Alpha, and served as its national historian.

"I studied voice in New York only one year," he says. "By that time I had made up my mind to devote myself to the law."

The fact is that the more he studied law the more it drew him toward the great opportunities it offered, the more it woke in him an admiration for the art and science of it.

He was graduated from Columbia in 1925 with the degree of LL. B.

Before hunting for a minor position with a law firm he decided to have a glance at Europe. He had earned and saved a little money, but most of his funds came from his parents.

He and a classmate in Michigan, A. Ward Jenks, took ship and landed in England at Plymouth, where they bought an aged Ford. They chanced to meet a young Cambridge University man who was working in the Plymouth Navy Yard at a summer course in engineering. He decided to join them and the three toured rural England.

Reaching London, Dewey and Jenks sold the Ford, finished the city in short order, crossed the Channel, and bought bicycles. They pedaled about France till their wealth ebbed. Their round-trip tickets restored them to New York, but their funds were at a vanishing point. They bought tickets to Detroit, then missed the train—he is human, or was then. Unable to collect a refund immediately, they spent their absolutely final pennies on new tickets, and fasted the rest of the way home.

AFTER a few weeks in Owosso, Dewey returned to New York September 1, 1925, and found a desk in the immense law offices of Larkin, Rathbone and Perry, where there were twelve partners and twenty-eight associates. And the least of these was Dewey. He "looked up law, answered calls in court, dug out documents, served papers, and worked like a printer's devil." His salary was $1,800 a year.

After fourteen months of this apprenticeship he left the throng and entered the office of McNamara and Seymour. Here he was one of only three assistants. He polished the legal doorknobs "so carefullee" that four months later his wage was advanced from $2,000 a year to $2,400.

He was devoting a part of his time to working for the Republican Party, but with no definite thought of ever running for office.

When he was a boy his father had often said to him: "Tammany Hall represents all that is evil in government." But nearly everybody was saying that, and the boy registered no vow to slay the dragon. But he always took a keen interest in party organization.

"As a child I breathed politics," he says. "My home was full of Republicans—far-famed Congressman Joseph Warren Fordney, who embodied his high-protectionist principles in the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act, and Theodore Roosevelt's friend and supporter, Progressive Governor Chase Osborn, as well as many others leading the battle." He grew up with Republicanism in his veins. As the grandson of one of the very first Republicans, it was natural that he should seek them out when he came to New York. He could not feel at home without an occasional forgathering with disciples of the G. O. P.

He had just left Columbia Law School when he met another young lawyer, Sewell T. Tyng, who was to be a close associate of his in his later career. As a Republican district captain in the Tenth Assembly District, Tyng was impressed by Dewey's dynamic enthusiasm and made him an assistant, set him to ringing doorbells, canvassing for votes, watching the count on election days. There were frequent clashes at the polls when Tammany tried to swamp the booths with floaters, and Dewey was always in the heart of trouble. But he always went unscarred. As he put it:

"When you know how to box you never seem to have to. I used to box a little. I remembered what my father had said of Tammany Hall, and now I found at first hand how true it was."

HE rose rapidly from the ranks as a member to an officer of the Young Republican Club and chairman of increasingly important committees.

In June, 1927, his father died and he went home for two weeks "to help mother over a rough period."

The next year his firm advanced his salary to $3,000. Now he felt rich enough to marry, and on June 16, 1928, he led Frances Hutt before the altar at St. Thomas's Church in New York.

For several years Dewey had leisure enough to spend at least the normal amount of time with his bride and their life was halcyon. There was nothing to hint what strange things the future hid.

By this time, though only twenty-six, he was handling most of the litigation in his office. In 1929 his salary was $3,600. The next year he was hoisted to $4,200, with a share of the profits. This gave him an income in his twenty-eighth year of $6,400. A year later he was earning $8,000—a remarkable income for one only five years out of law school.

The firm's business was mainly with estates, big hotels, and banks. In December, 1930, one of the clients, the Empire Trust Company, was sued, as he says, "by a lady who changed the course of my life—a woman I did not even know."

By a trick of fate or circumstance this unknown woman was to influence Dewey's career. How did he start on his climb to the heights he has reached today? What was the first case that informed New York that a new force in crime prevention was at work in the metropolis? All these questions are answered by Rupert Hughes in next week's brilliant installment of this vivid biography.

SHE Fell FOR A UNIFORM

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DENNY LASSITER spread the skirt of her white net evening dress and stood before her dressing-table mirror. "I look too pure," she sighed. "Darn it!"

It was the hair. You couldn't do much with brown hair anyway; and those curls, just sort of hanging down—

She'd have her hair done up high for Harlequins', and she'd been promised a new dress. She hoped Pete wasn't going to be difficult. Ever since he'd been going to college he expected her to save every minute for him when he was home. He had a week this spring vacation, and he couldn't expect to have a date with her every night, especially when there were other people who were just home on vacations too. People like Bradley Coburn.

When Pete yelled, "Are you dead up there?" she gathered up the stuff she always put in Pete's pockets and came downstairs.

Funny, how she had once thought of Pete as a man with his life dedicated to humanity, and now he was just another redheaded freshman, even if he was premedical.

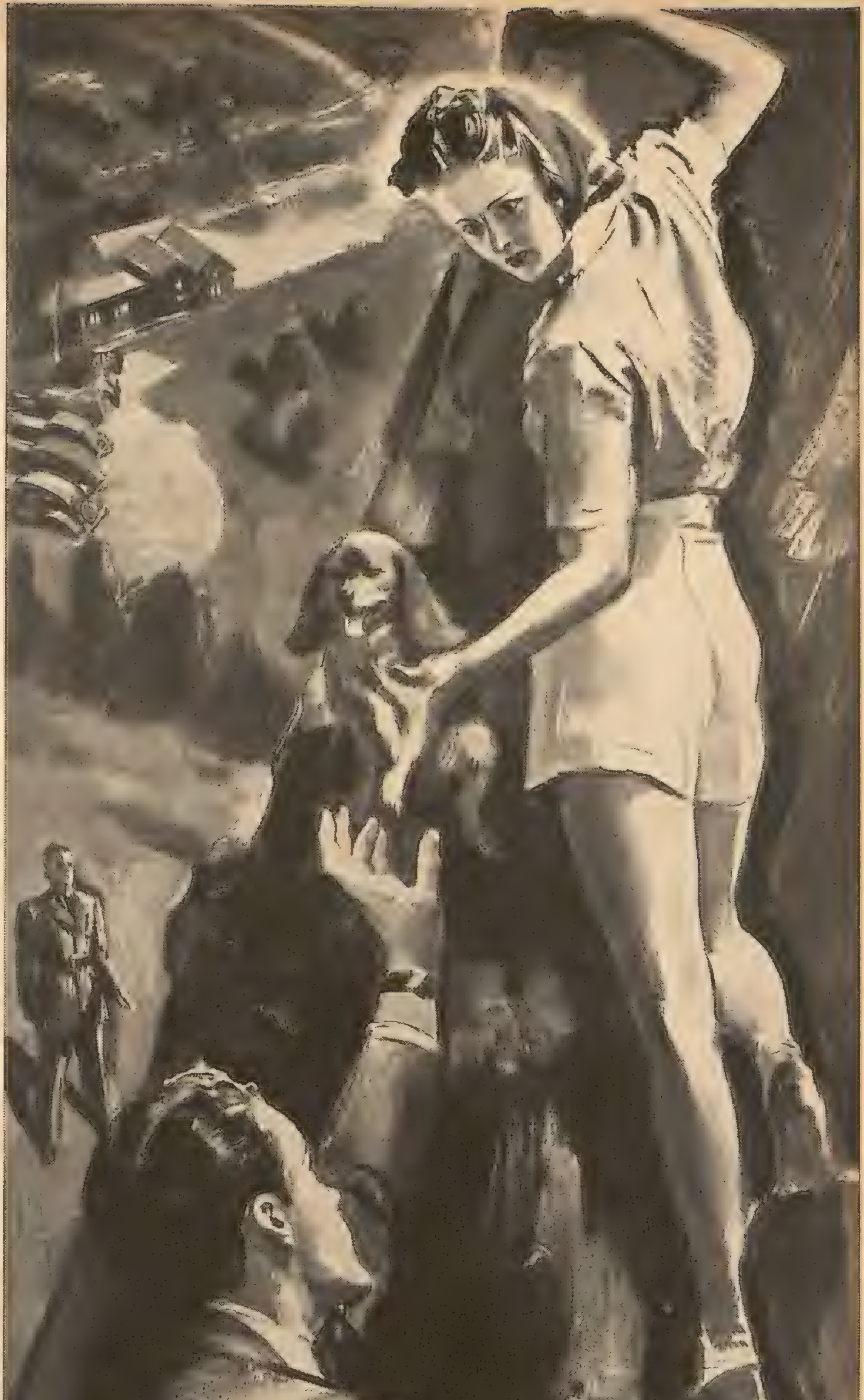
Outside, he shoved her casually into his jaloppy roadster and slammed the door five times before he could get it to stay shut. Brad Coburn had a swish new convertible.

"Glad to see me?" Pete asked. "You didn't answer my last letter."

"I meant to, Pete, but I've been awfully busy."

"Well, let's get these dates settled before you run out on me. I'm taking you to Harlequins', Cave Dwellers'

The sparkling story of a girl who learned that all is not gold that glitters



At last he was saying, "Give me Loppy. Can you stay here till I get back?"

BY MARIAN B. COCKRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMANDO SEGUSO

picnic, and a date Thursday and Saturday. Check?"

"Why, Pete Bentham, I never said a thing about Harlequins'!"

"Who you going with?"

"With Brad Coburn—not that it's any of your business. He asked me ages ago."

"So did I. They always fall for the uniforms," he added bitterly. "I suppose you've got a date with him my last night too?"

"If you're going to act this way, maybe I have."

"We'll just let it go at that," Pete said coldly.

He was so childish. Oh, heck!

Pete had been her absolutely A-man until she met Brad. He was so military in his flying-cadet uniform, and even when he wasn't wearing it you could tell he was a man of action, the way he held his chest out.

Pete stopped the car with a jerk and yanked up the emergency brake, and Denny said, "Pete," quickly.

He waited. "Pete," she said again, looking as hurt as possible, "I—I thought we'd have so much fun tonight. Don't be mad." She looked up at him appealingly, and in a minute he smiled grudgingly and said, "O.K. We'll fight it out later," and Denny sighed with relief. She was glad she did look pure tonight.

When they got inside they hadn't been dancing but a second before Brad came charging up and broke. "Where've you been?" he asked. "You must have come by dog team."

Pete gave him a filthy look, and Denny tried to smile at Brad and still seem to Pete to be acting aloof.

"I've been *waiting* for you, woman," Brad said, with a simply burning look as he danced her away.

"You should've let me know," Denny said happily.

At intermission Pete was very stiff and dignified. Of course she *had* had four no-breaks with Brad and only three with Pete.

THE next afternoon Denny came home from school and dropped her books somewhere. Her mother was in the living room, reading.

"Hi," Denny said. "Anybody call me?"

"I've been out," her mother said, "but—"

"Oh, mother, last night was divine! And is Brad ever super!"

"Brad?" her mother said vaguely.

"You know. He's a flyer. Or almost. Mother, he wears a bracelet all the time, and it's indestructible. It's got his name on it, and if he ever cracks up and is burned to death—to *ashes*—they can still tell who it was because there's his name on it. Isn't that gruesome?" Denny stopped and thought how gruesome it was.

"Must make him morbid," Mrs. Lassiter commented.

"Oh, no. He's very offhand about the whole thing."

"Noble. Very noble," said a disgusted voice, and Denny was petrified to see *Pete* coming out of the dining room, eating a piece of chocolate cake.

"Thanks for the cake, Mrs. Lassiter. If old Indestructo drops down in a parachute tell him to mind the telephone wires." And he departed abruptly.

Denny said, "Why didn't you *tell* me he was here?"

"I started to, Denny. But you went on talking before I could get the words out of my mouth."

"I'll never hear the last of it. I wonder what he came for?"

"He wanted you to go somewhere. Be nice to Pete, honey."

"Oh, mother, I *am* nice to him. But he thinks he's got an option on me. Mother, can I get my new dress today? Harlequins' is tomorrow, and I need it. Look. I want something with stag appeal. Something that doesn't make me look so *pure*."

MARIAN B. COCKRELL

was born in Birmingham, Alabama, studied art for three years at Newcomb College in New Orleans, then for a year in New York City. After this training to be an illustrator, she married Frank Cockrell, an author, deserted her paints and brushes, and took to the typewriter.

"All right," said her mother. "We'll see what we can do about making you into a scarlet woman."

NEXT day Brad came over and stayed all afternoon. After a while they got in his swank new convertible and went to Dewey's.

Brad zoomed into a vacant parking place just ahead of another contender, and stopped with a neck-dislocating jerk and a blast of his horn. He just missed a fender of Pete's old car, and Pete gave him a dirty look.

"Hello, General," he said dryly. The girl with him—Trudy Fisher—smiled invitingly at Brad.

"Want a malted?" Brad asked.

"Swell," Denny said. Brad seemed so mature, always having more than a dime.

"Say," he asked, "what did he call me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some crack."

"Guess he doesn't like men having dates with his girl," Brad chuckled. "But you're my girl now."

"Don't be too sure," Denny said. It didn't do to let them get too confident.

After they had finally got the curb boy to take their order, and after they had changed places three times with other cars, and after they had managed to get him to take the tray off the car by threatening to go off with it, Brad drove her home.

He said he had to go, so Denny stood with a foot on the running board for a few minutes, talking. Pete's car passed twice while they were standing there. Trudy was no longer with him.

Pete came by the third time and stopped just as Brad was driving away.

"Where's Dauntless going? To a fire?" Pete asked.

"If you mean Brad, I didn't ask him. I guess when you're used to airplanes, a car seems kind of tame."

"Poor fellow," Pete said, "he must be so bored."

"Living dangerously wouldn't appeal to *you*," Denny said. "But when you're apt to be—well, snuffed out any minute, why—"

Pete groaned. "I suppose he tells you he's always risking life and limb?"

"He does not! But when you're living on borrowed time—"

Pete snorted.

"You're disagreeable," Denny said. "Brad wants to live hard, even if he doesn't live long, and I think that's—that's—"

"It certainly is," Pete agreed, looking as if he smelled something awful. "Well, you tell Hairbreadth Harry he'll live longer if he goes on back to the Dawn Patrol. So long, war bride."

He let in his clutch with a tortured grinding of gears and, with a loud roar of five cylinders and sometimes six, drove off.

She shrugged. He was just jealous. It *was* dramatic and romantic and everything, about Brad.

Of course what Pete was doing was worth while. If he went into research he might discover something that would save thousands of lives. He'd spend his life peering into a microscope, and after twenty or thirty years one day he'd yell "Eureka!" and there would be something grand he'd discovered. But what about the twenty or thirty years in between?

Whereas Brad . . . Denny saw herself wearing a blazing engagement ring, and plans for the wedding, and then—a telegram: LIEUTENANT BRADLEY COBURN KILLED IN ACTION. No, it wouldn't be action unless there was a war. IN LINE OF DUTY it would be. And Denny, pale and wan in mourning . . . Denny sighed and lay down on the grass dreamily, and her cocker spaniel Loppy came tearing out of the house and jumped on her stomach.

It wasn't but five o'clock. Pete could have stayed a while if he hadn't been so unreasonable.

THAT night Denny dressed for Harlequins' in a blissful dream. Her new dress had stag appeal no end. It was white taffeta, with bright stripes of different colors around the top and skirt. The bodice was strapless, held up by bones. It would be easy to spot on a dance floor, and was full of allure, too.

"Interesting style," her father said as she turned before him in the living room. "Just the right touch of suspense."

The bell rang and Brad breezed in. "Greetings!" he said gaily. "Adorn the front with these wild flowers I plucked with my own fair hands. Uh, good evening," he added to Mr. and Mrs. Lassiter.

Denny adorned the front with the corsage he had brought her, while he stood against the mantel very straight and handsome in his uniform. The family got

(Continued on page 20)

★ ELGIN CELEBRATES ITS 75TH ANNIVERSARY ★

One of "The Great Silver Fleet's" 54 "million-milers," Captain Gill pilots the "Florida Flyer." He is a graduate of the University of Alabama. The ELGIN tradition has been strong in his family for over 40 years. Incidentally, Eastern Air Lines' entire flight personnel now proudly wear ELGINS.

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says Captain **JOHN F. GILL**

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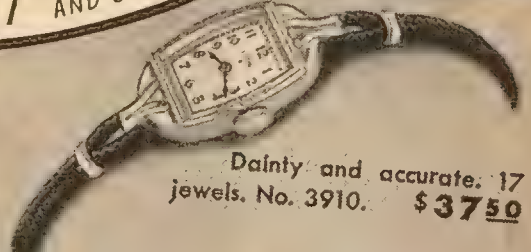

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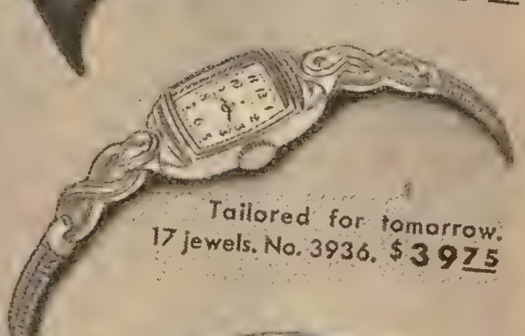

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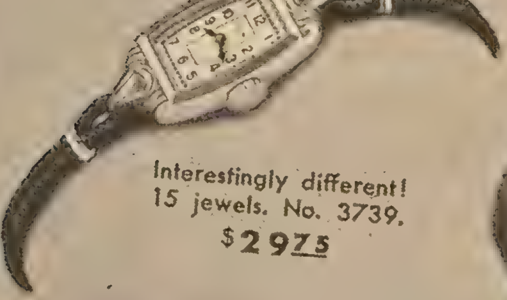

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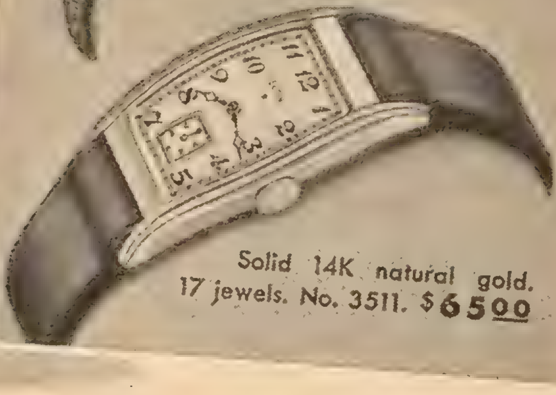

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(Continued from page 18) a good look at him.

"Let's go," Denny said. "We don't want to miss the lead-out."

Brad was a Harlequin, so they were in the lead-out. Denny leaned on his arm as they marched across the floor, and saw the bracelet on his wrist. She wished he'd ask her to wear it, but of course he had to have it on all the time.

When dancing was general Pete cut in on her.

"I can just see you," he said dreamily, "celebrating your golden wedding, your husband propped up in his wheel chair—"

"What do you mean, wheel chair?"

"Well, they all crack up sooner or later. Not necessarily fatal, of course. An arm here, a leg there—they're lucky, too, if they have somebody to nurse them night and day for the rest—"

"You think you're funny!" Denny said scathingly. "If he does crack up he'll have a better doctor than you'll ever be to put him back together."

"If I ever get a chance at him I'll put his legs on backward," Pete said. "The big bag of hot air!"

Somebody broke then, but Pete was back after a while. "I suppose you'll be bored to death at Cave Dwellers'," he said, "without your handsome hero."

"Oh, he'll be there," Denny said sweetly.

"*What!*" Pete almost yelled it. "He's not a Cave Dweller! Who gave him a bid? I'll break his neck!"

"That won't do you much good. He's already got the bid."

"I guess you'd rather go with him," Pete said.

"Well, he's asked me. But I don't break dates."

"Don't let me stand in your way!"

"All right, then. If you feel that way about it, I won't."

"All *right!*" he said savagely, and somebody broke. Denny didn't feel so good about that. After all, Pete had asked her a long time ago. Next time he danced with her she'd tell him she didn't want to change dates.

But at intermission she saw Trudy Fisher in the dressing room, and Trudy said she was going to Cave Dwellers' with Pete.

So that was that. Denny lost no time taking Brad up on his invitation. Thank goodness he hadn't made another date.

THE Cave Dwellers' picnic was held at the Rock House. They drove up the mountain and parked the cars and walked about half a mile through the woods. The Rock House was a huge pile of rock about a hundred feet high. People had been coming there for picnics for years, and the surfaces of the rocks were all covered with names and initials and dates carved into them.

The very top was the Eagle's Nest. Denny had never been up there because high places always gave her a funny feeling in her stomach, and it was very steep and scary to get to. The only time she had tried she hadn't got even halfway before she was so scared Pete had to come and help her down.

Loppy ran round and round, jumping up on people. Denny always brought him along on picnics because he had such a good time, even if he did sometimes throw up later.

They started a fire and roasted wienies on long sticks. Pete did Trudy's for her because she always pretended to be afraid of the fire.

After they had eaten wienies and buns and pickles and sandwiches and cakes and fried chicken, some of the boys started climbing up the rock. The moon was big and full, and they looked black against the sky.

Some of the girls were climbing too. The boys would hold them and tell them where to put their feet. They didn't get very far, though.

"I'm not going to climb," Denny said. "It scares me silly."

"I'm too full of food," Brad said.

"Oh!" Denny gasped. "Look at Pete! He'll kill himself!"

BRAD looked lazily up to where Pete was apparently going dead against the laws of gravity. He was headed for the Eagle's Nest.

"Fuzzy's going with him," Denny said.

Fuzzy was Pete's dog. He could do practically anything. Pete had even taught him to go up ladders. Loppy was trying to follow them, without much luck.

"Let's take a walk," Brad said. "Come on."

"Well, just for a minute." Denny had no intention of wandering off for any length of time and having people think they were out wooing up a storm or something.

When they were out of sight of the others Brad put his arm around her, and after a minute Denny said they'd better go back.

"Wait," Brad said. She knew what he meant to wait for, and let him draw her closer for a moment, but just as he was about to kiss her she turned and ran. Brad chased her wildly back to the fire, where she bounded in breathlessly and slid to the ground in a group of Cave Dwellers and their mates.

"You're it!" she cried. That started a game of tag, and after a while they were all hungry again, but there wasn't anything to eat. By that time Pete and a few intrepid souls had made the perilous ascent to the Eagle's Nest and back again.

"Let's go to town and get a barbecue," some one suggested, and everybody started drifting off.

"I'm hungry as a wolf," Brad said. "You won't get away from me next time," he added in a low voice.

Denny sighed pleasurably. She didn't believe in kissing boys, but maybe she'd kiss him good-by when he left. She had decided definitely to give him a date on his last night.

"I'll get away from you when I want to," she said. "Hey, everybody's getting away from *us!*"

"The farther the better," Brad said in that romantic way.

"Where's Loppy? Here, Loppy! Here, Loppy!"

There was a mournful wail from somewhere, ending in a high frightened yipe, and Denny looked up. There was Loppy, a small black shape on the very top of the Rock House, in the Eagle's Nest.

"Oh, he's afraid to come down!" Denny said. "They took him up there and forgot him. I bet Pete did that! Just because his old Fuzzy can go anywhere he— Oh, Brad, get him for me!"

"*Get* him? Good Lord, can't the pooch come down the same way he went up?"

"No, he can't. Pete probably carried him up. Poor little thing—go get him, Brad."

"It's no use climbing way up there after him," Brad said. "If we start off he'll come down fast enough."

"He won't either. He's afraid. I know exactly how he feels. Besides, he might fall and hurt himself."

"Oh, bosh!" Brad said. "Anyway—uh—I can't climb in these slick shoes."

"Well, take 'em off. That's what Pete does."

"Well, it's not what I do! Don't be silly, Denny. The dog will come down."

"Y-i-i-i-pe!" Loppy contradicted him. "Ooooowow!"

"You *see?*" Denny said, getting more annoyed. "Now will you?"

Brad looked up at the towering rock with Loppy very small and far away at the top. "I—I just don't see the necessity," he said uncomfortably.

DENNY was really mad by this time. She wouldn't have believed any one could be so mean and heartless. "You don't see the necessity!" she said witheringly. "You'd let him stay there and—and—I'll get him myself!" she ended in a burst of rage.

She ran up the low rocks at the foot of the Rock House and began to climb.

"Don't be an idiot!" Brad said. "Denny!"

She didn't answer. She just kept on climbing as fast as she could, expecting him to come after her.

But he didn't. "Denny!" he called. "It really isn't—I—"

At the uneasiness in his tone fear flowed into Denny in a huge wave. All at once she was trembling, and she stopped climbing and weakly embraced the rock.

She glanced down for a second and quickly shut her eyes. She was about thirty feet in the air. "I—can't," she whispered. The mere thought of going down set her to clinging dizzily to the face of the rock.

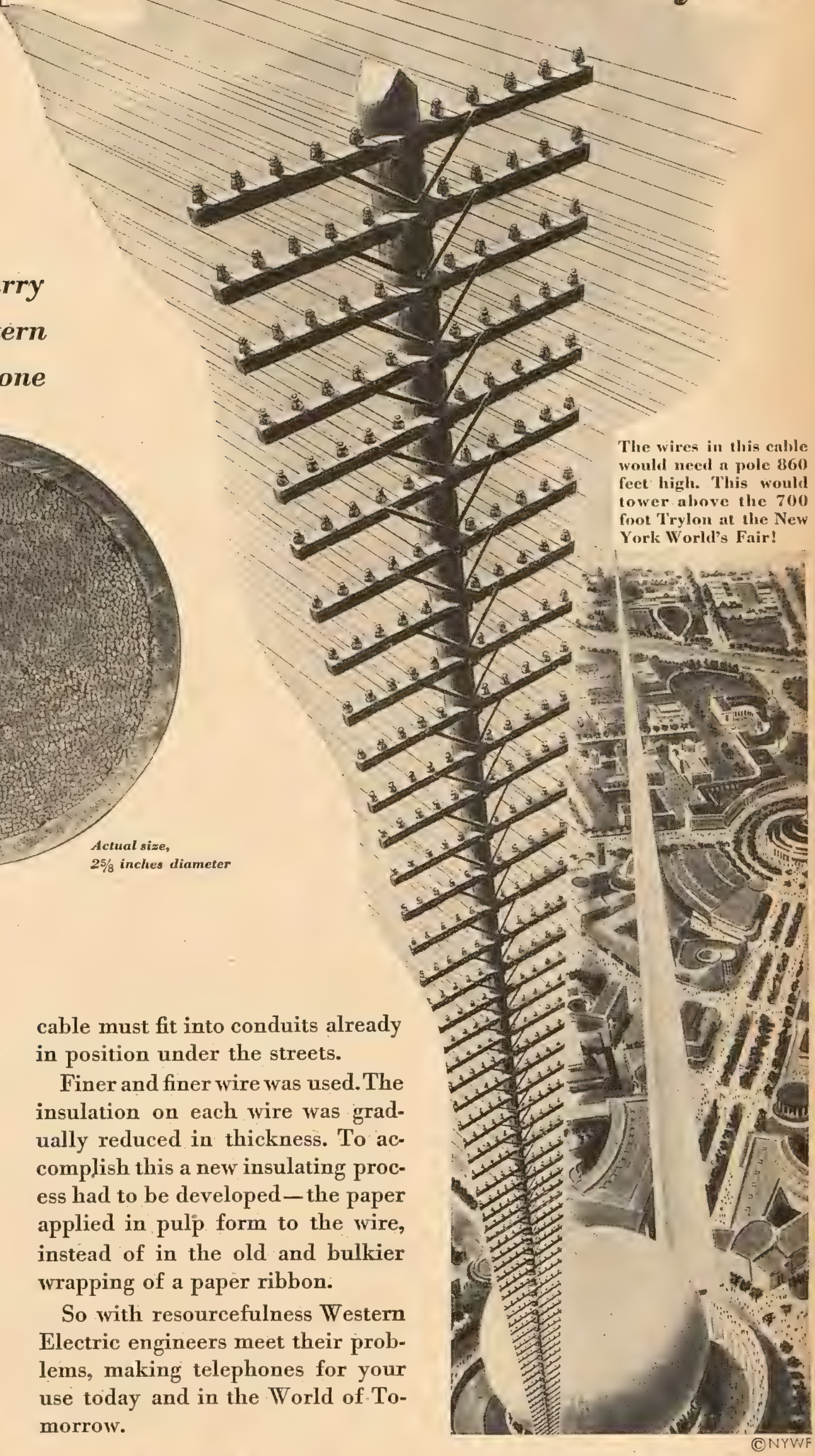
Brad still didn't come after her, and she was speechless with rage and fright. There was nothing to do but climb and not think. If you put your hands way out, usually there was something to hold on to. If you felt around with your feet, you could go up a little.

It took a *(Continued on page 22)*

A telephone pole higher than the Trylon

. . . would be needed to carry the 4,242 wires that Western Electric packs in a telephone cable this size—

Actual size, 2⅝ inches diameter



The wires in this cable would need a pole 860 feet high. This would tower above the 700 foot Trylon at the New York World's Fair!

©NYWF

Either fantastically high poles would be needed—or many people who now have telephones would have to go without. Streets couldn't hold enough poles for the telephone requirements of a modern city.

To handle the demand for service Western Electric's Engineers in collaboration with Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists have sought and found ways to make cable containing more and more wires, *without increasing the cable's diameter.* The need for compactness is because new cable must fit into conduits already in position under the streets.

Finer and finer wire was used. The insulation on each wire was gradually reduced in thickness. To accomplish this a new insulating process had to be developed—the paper applied in pulp form to the wire, instead of in the old and bulkier wrapping of a paper ribbon.

So with resourcefulness Western Electric engineers meet their problems, making telephones for your use today and in the World of Tomorrow.

Western Electric *. . . made your* **BELL TELEPHONE**

(*Continued from page 20*)

. . . long time, and she got so she didn't think at all but just felt around and remembered not to look down, and tried to relax her muscles. Her arms ached, and her legs, from being so tense. But after a while Loppy did get closer, and all at once she was over the edge of the Eagle's Nest, and sitting there with Loppy in her lap.

"Poor Loppy," Denny said. "Poor little thing. Did they go off and leave him?" Loppy licked her hand.

She sat there a good while. She didn't want to think of going down. She didn't speak to Brad. She was afraid she'd be screaming and crying if she did. From the Eagle's Nest the descent looked absolutely straight down. It wasn't, of course. She could go down the same way she came up, except that it was twice as scary and made her twice as dizzy.

"Brad!" she called at last. "I—I really don't think I can make it with Loppy. You—you'll just have to come halfway and take him from me. Then maybe I can get down by myself."

"Now look," Brad said hastily. "Don't get panicky. Just let yourself over the side and feel your way down. It's—not hard. I mean—when you get down to here I'll reach up and get him."

"When I get down to there I won't need anybody to reach him," she yelled in exasperation. "Will you come up here or not, Bradley Coburn?"

"Oh, sure, if you feel that way about it." Brad started up, but he stopped after a few feet, clinging tensely to his hand- and footholds. "Denny—I—" He slipped and fell back with a gasp of fright. "Oooh!" he moaned. "I've sprained my ankle. Ow! Wait a minute. Maybe it'll be all right."

Shakily he got to the ground and sat nursing his ankle. Presently he tried to stand on it, subsiding immediately with an exclamation. "It's no use, Denny," he said. "I'm afraid I can't make it."

"I'm afraid you're a liar," Denny muttered between her teeth. She wanted to call Pete—he probably wasn't out of hearing yet—but she'd never hear the last of it. She felt still madder at Brad for putting her in a position where she wanted to call Pete, and she was getting angry at Pete too for the things he'd say if he had a chance. She could just hear him asking her why her birdman didn't fly up and get her, and things like that. Suddenly she was so furious she just grabbed Loppy under one arm and swung herself over the edge.

The tide of her anger carried her down with daring sureness for a few minutes. But abruptly the realization of what she was doing came over her, and she was terrified, frozen to the rock, and screaming, "Pete! *Pete!*" without thinking.

She clung there, shaking and miserable, the twenty-pound dog getting heavier and heavier. She was beginning to feel a little sick. She might lose her hold at any moment. With great effort she raised the arm encircling Loppy and put two fingers in her mouth. She blew three shrill blasts, the S O S Pete had taught her long ago when they were kids. Loppy squirmed protestingly, and Denny made a desperate effort to keep from falling.

When she had regained her balance she whistled again, longer and louder.

Invitation to Flyers!

PLAN TO ENTER THE BERNARR MACFADDEN $7,500 TROPHY RACE TO MIAMI JANUARY 5-7, 1940

Entrants will be judged on mile-per-hour basis from starting point to Miami, 1,000 or more miles away. All planes and motors to be Approved Type Certificate. Routes to be approved in advance by Race Committee.

WINNER	**TROPHY AND $4,000**
SECOND	**2,500**
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ALL FINISHERS	**100**

ENTRANCE FEE, $10. For complete information address
ALL-AMERICAN AIR MANEUVERS, MIAMI, FLA.

"What are you doing?" Brad called.

"Baying at the moon, you darn fool!" she screamed hysterically.

"Try not to be emotional, Denny. Just come down slowly," he begged. "Please, Denny."

"I'm stuck!" she retorted. "And I'm scared, and not pretending I'd be brave as a lion if I didn't have a *sprained ankle!* Pe-e-e-te!"

Then there was an answering whistle and a shout, and Denny nearly fell off with thankfulness. Oh, Pete! He had heard her! She clutched Loppy and hung on.

"Pete!" she called as he came running up. "I'm stuck. Oh, come and get me!"

"Coming," Pete said briefly, and started up. Pete made the ascent faster than he ever had before, although to Denny it seemed as if he'd never get there. But at last he was beside her, saying, "Here, give me Loppy. Can you stay here till I get back?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, Pete." Then he had the fearful ball of spaniel in his arms, and began to back down.

It was easier to hang on with her right arm relieved of its heavy load, and Denny shifted a little so her foot wouldn't go to sleep. She waited and waited. Then she heard Loppy give a joyful bark, and knew he was running on the ground.

"Hang on!" Pete called. Denny hung on and waited. She could hear him breathing after a while as he got nearer. Running up and down what almost amounted to a cliff was not something you could do all day. Then in a few minutes more she could tell he was nearly there, and he said, "Just look up. I'll place your feet. Here, the right one. Now bring your right arm down—there's a little ledge to hold on to. Now the left—"

Denny looked up with all her might. It wasn't so bad, with Pete there. She didn't think about anything, just did what he told her. "Are we nearly there, Pete?" she said once, and he said, "Almost." But it seemed like hours after that that he said, "You're down." It had been so long that she couldn't believe it. She slowly turned, and she had only a few steps on slanting rock to go. She ran and jumped to the ground and sank down and began to cry.

"I'm sorry, Denny," Pete said. "I took him up there, and just forgot he couldn't come down. I didn't do it on purpose. It just didn't occur to me— Say," he turned to Brad, "why didn't you get him for her?"

"I—sprained my ankle," Brad said, a bit defiantly.

Pete looked at him. "Oh," he said quietly.

Nobody said anything for a minute, and then Denny said, "Gosh. Oh gosh, Pete, thanks."

Pete squeezed her hand hard.

Brad got awkwardly to his feet.

"Here," Pete said, "put your arm over my shoulders."

"Just my luck," Brad said nervously, "to have this happen when I needed both feet."

Nobody said anything. In silence they proceeded back to the cars, where Trudy wanted to know all about what had happened. Brad explained quickly, and Trudy was just sickeningly sympathetic.

Pete helped Brad into his car and said, "You'd better drive, Denny. Hope your ankle's all right in a day or so, old man."

"Thanks," Brad said. "Good night."

"Er—Pete," Denny began. But the others were listening, so she said, "Good night," and climbed into the car. She headed for home.

"You needn't come in with me, with your ankle and all," she said when she stopped the car at her house.

"Denny," Brad said, "have I got a date tomorrow night?"

"Sorry," she said. "I have a date. I made it ages ago." She opened the door and got out. "Have fun with your airplanes and things," she said. "And take care of yourself."

PETE did come over the next night. Denny had been most awfully afraid he wouldn't. She snatched him out of the house at once. She wanted privacy.

"Pete," she said tensely as he started the car—she had to yell over its roars—"Pete, I think you're wonderful!" she shrieked. "And I," she added in lower tones, as the motor subsided a bit, "am a louse."

Pete grinned and put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her to him.

"It was just—just a temporary fascination. He's a heel," Denny added. "His old ankle wasn't sprained."

"Now wait a minute," Pete said. "Don't hold it against the guy just because he's afraid to climb around on high places. That's no disgrace. You are yourself. Only it doesn't matter if a girl admits she's afraid. A man's different. But everybody's afraid of *something.* I don't mind climbing around up there, and he probably does things in a plane that would scare me green."

"I don't believe it," Denny said. "Why—you're defending him!"

"I'm not either," Pete said stubbornly. "I'm just telling you how it is, is all."

Gee, Denny thought, he was taking all this trouble to be fair to Brad. And he hadn't said anything last night, or given him away to Trudy, either. Why, goodness, Pete was turning out to be kind of deep!

"Don't be so bright and chatty," Pete said. "You're not trying to think, are you?"

"You figured it out," Denny said. "You're too smart."

Pete pulled her head down on his shoulder. "I'm perfect," he said. "Just you concentrate on that."

Denny sighed. It was too bad she had missed so much time with Pete. But, on the other hand, would she have appreciated him as much now, if she hadn't? Would she have realized that he had—well—depths? You just had to have things happen to you if you were really to live.

She decided she would kiss Pete good-by this time. Maybe twice.

THE END

✫ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✫

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **NANTUCKET**—A Camera Impression by Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings House.

Eloquent photographs of Nantucket's exquisite architecture, its paintable village streets, its vigorous island landscape—photographs that have caught the romance of that far island outpost of picturesqueness.

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1. IF ONLY I HAD YOUR VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY. WHERE DO YOU GET 'EM, SUE?
VITAMINS, TOM. I ALWAYS GET MY VITAMINS!
2. DAD'S A DOCTOR, YOU KNOW. AND HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP. HE'S STARTED ME EATING A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP, THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. IT'S SWELL—YOU'D LIKE IT
3. SUE, IF VITAMINS WILL GIVE ME YOUR ZIP AND ZEST, I'LL START EATING KELLOGG'S PEP TOMORROW

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IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP**! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT **PEP** EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!

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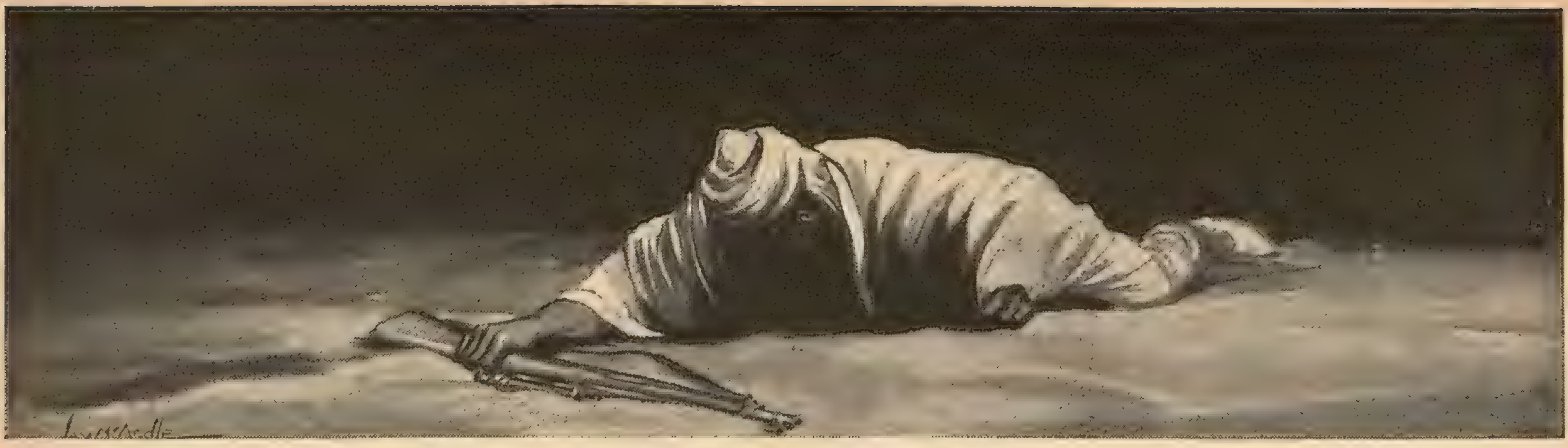
Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*



THE LAST ROUND

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Liberty's Short Short

BY GARNETT RADCLIFFE

PERHAPS it was because the attention of the sentries was strained toward the Dakka hills where Makmud Khan, the wiliest rifle thief in the Furious Gomal, was known to be lurking, that sepoy Nur Din was able to leave the camp unobserved.

It was a dark blustery night, with dust flying and shadows cast by clouds scurrying across the face of the moon. Earlier in the evening there had been a voice from the darkness beyond the wire, the voice of Makmud Khan yelling his accustomed taunts:

"Hola, Pathan dogs! Makmud Khan gives you greeting. Tonight he will visit your camp and take another rifle."

For weeks he had been pestering the Tenth Pathan Regiment. Sniping them on the march, crawling through the wire at night with superhuman cunning and stabbing their sentries and stealing their rifles, he had goaded the regiment almost to a frenzy.

Nerves were taut that night. The sentries by whom sepoy Nur Din passed like a ghost were in a mood to fire at their own shadows.

He was not in uniform. For this midnight flitting he had donned his Pathan dress and had put sandals on his feet. The only articles of government equipment he carried were a rifle and a bandoleer full of ammunition. The rifle was one of the latest pattern, a sniper's rifle fitted with telescopic sights.

Nur Din, who was young and slim, went very slowly and with immense care, moving at the rate of about a yard a minute.

Soon he had reached the foothills at the edge of the plain. There was a path up which he began to climb, going as a man goes when he is fearful of pursuit.

Suddenly he heard the clink of a moving stone. He sank to the ground and leveled his rifle at a patch of inky darkness in the shadow of a great boulder. Nur Din spoke loudly:

"I can see you plainly. Come out of that, or I'll fire."

Some one laughed behind where he lay.

"Well done, little Pathan! Fire and perhaps you will hit the rock. Even a soldier of the Raj could hardly miss at that range."

Nur Din turned his head without moving his body. He could see a squat, apelike form in the ragged dress of a tribesman. His face was bearded; there was a beaded skullcap on the back of his shaven head. With his hooked nose and close-set eyes he looked like some queer bird of prey.

He was seated in the center of the path up which Nur Din had come. He held an old-fashioned *jizail* with a curved stock and an enormously long barrel bound with wire, which was directed at the center of Nur Din's shoulders.

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

His teeth showed wolfishly as he grinned at the sepoy.

"I have followed you almost since you left the camp. Put down the rifle and crawl back six paces."

Nur Din obeyed. The end of the *jizail* almost touched his chest. He spoke without fear:

"You can shoot, Makmud Khan, for I know that to be your name. Better a bullet from you than to be hanged in a government prison. In the camp below there is a kuttuck havildar who won't wake tomorrow. He struck me without reason on parade. To make my honor clean I crept into his tent tonight and stabbed him through the heart."

Makmud Khan laughed loudly.

"They will catch you before you are halfway to the border. And what then?"

Nur Din shivered.

"There are ten rounds in the magazine of this rifle, and it is a rifle that cannot miss. I will shoot nine men and the last round I will reserve for myself."

Makmud Khan sneered. "I am afraid you will have to do your killing with your knife. I can sell that rifle for a thousand rupees in the Kohat bazaar."

He went past Nur Din to where the rifle lay. Nur Din didn't move.

There was a click as the rifle thief slid a bullet into the chamber. He aimed at Nur Din's head.

Nur Din didn't move. Suddenly Makmud Khan bent and listened with his ear close to the ground.

"It is a patrol from the camp! Doubtless they have come to fetch you back. What now, Pathan?"

"Give me back that rifle and I'll show you," Nur Din said. "I will wait until they are within easy range and then kill them one by one as they come up the path. But the last round I will keep for myself."

Makmud Khan's answer was a kick. Nur Din argued no longer. Makmud Khan heard him going quickly up the hillside.

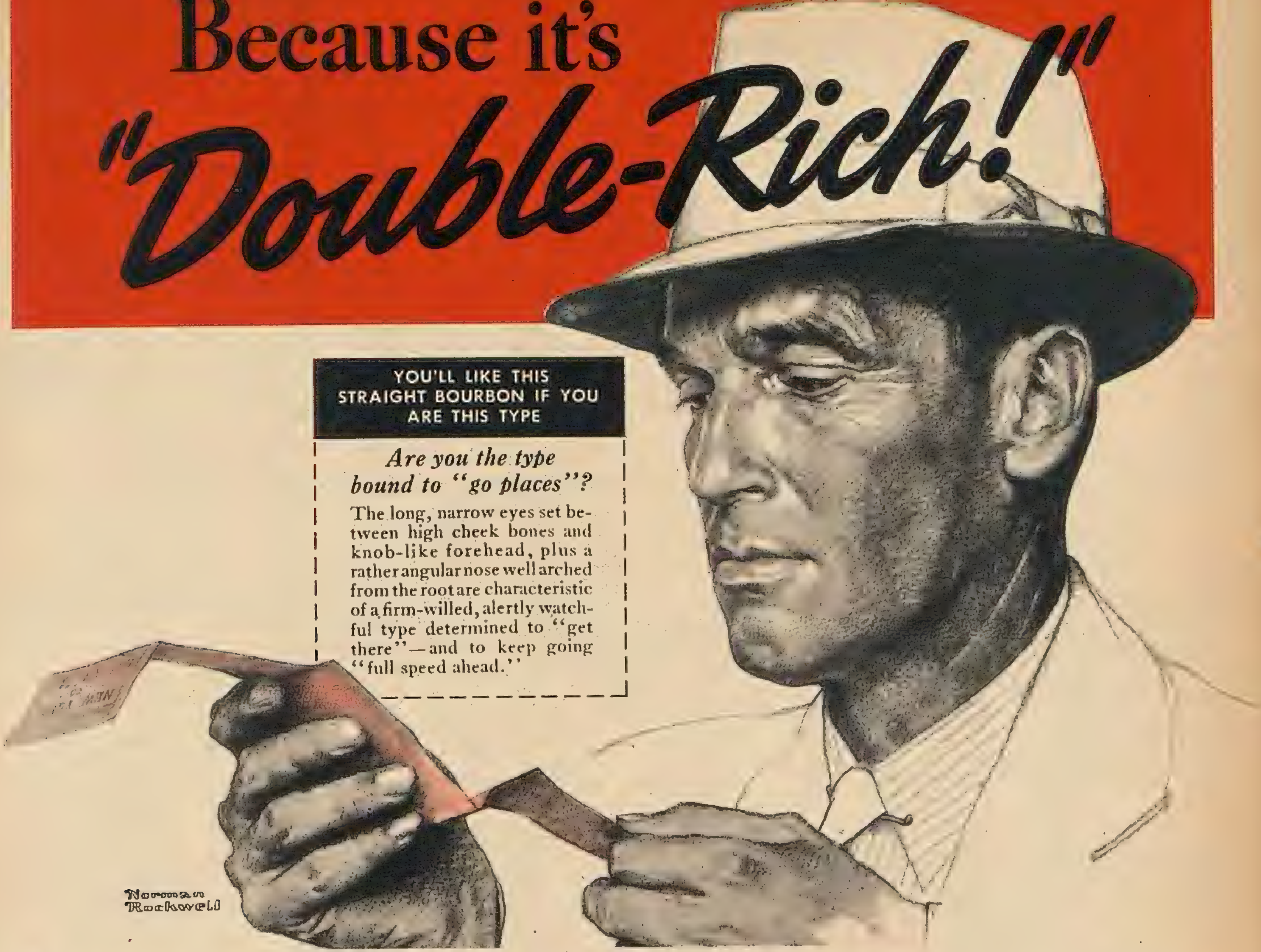
Now the patrol had reached the foot of the hill. It was a fine chance for a shot. He peered through the darkness. If only the moon—

As if in answer to his wish, the clouds parted and for a moment he could see them clearly. Eight men moving in extended order with a British officer in the center. They came quickly, like bloodhounds following a trail.

Makmud Khan aimed quickly and fired. Nur Din's yell of triumph was answered by a cheer from the patrol. Makmud Khan had fired his last round. The barrel of the rifle had been stuffed with cotton wool soaked in nitroglycerin.

THE END

Because it's "Double-Rich!"


Norman Rockwell

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Are you the type bound to "go places"?

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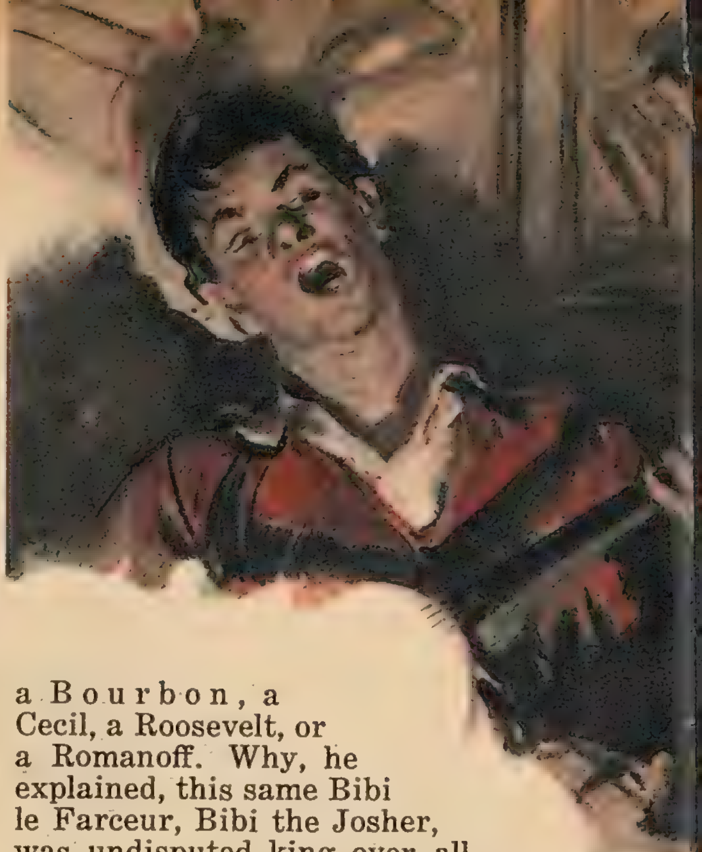


Across half the world, a search for a woman loved and lost! . . A vivid drama sweeps on

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

PART FIVE—A ROAD OF DREAMS

THE Mother Superior stared at him.

"Why not turn to the Lord?" she said sternly. "Why not try Him?" She walked up to the round painted window. She opened it; pointed to where, in the distance, a church spire rose with the flame and flower of its Gothic strength. "He is not hard to find. You will find Him in all His houses. So—why not try Him, my son . . . ?"

GORDON did seek Him not many hours after he left the hospital of the Bon Secours. And where do you imagine he found this belief, this trust? In some Paris church? Humbly on his knees before the altar? Hardly. You wouldn't call the Caveau a church. The Caveau is in the Rue des Innocents—the toughest part of Paris. . . .

It was a notorious spot that, until the days of the French Revolution, had been a row of underground cells occupied by monks; the simple, illiterate, pious peasant-monks of Brabant and Picardy come to the capital to preach their naïve and saintly faith.

But no longer—and, according to your political and religious convictions, you will deem it progress or retrogress—the cells echoed the tinkling of tiny prayer bells, the sonorous chant of Hail Mary and Mater Dolorosa; and echoed instead the clinking of glasses, the popping of corks, the shrieking of lewd songs and lewder jokes. The pathetic crude paintings of the Virgin and the Child and the temptations of St. Anthony that had once adorned the damp walls and made them holy, had been plastered over—though here and there the plaster had cracked and showed a fragment of the original design in blue and gold—and were scrawled with bits of obscene prose and verse and the signatures of burglar and thief, apache and anarchist.

The monks themselves were dead and buried, and their places taken by the jetsam and flotsam of humanity — sodden, wicked, fate-crushed, vice-crushed; their faces a silently villainous recounting of most villainous deeds; leaning across table tops slopped and cluttered with fouled plates and sticky bottles and glasses; talking to blowzy women in raucous metallic slang; and, occasionally, a gaping tourist out for a secondhand thrill, or maybe a man who had gone the alcoholic rounds from bistro to bistro, getting steadily more intoxicated and finally just happening into the Caveau—as Gordon did that night—to be met with the customary greeting of the dive:

"*Bon soir, sout 'neur!*" [Good evening, pander!]

His brain was afire with brandy fumes. He dropped into a chair; asked for more brandy; looked about him, bleary-eyed, and saw a girl at the next table.

She was dressed with cheap glaring ornateness. But she was startlingly beautiful, with a mass of auburn hair piled up like a carved Florentine helmet, a waxen skin, a crimson sensuous gash of a mouth, a short high-bridged nose, and eyes as green as a cat's.

"The sort of woman," Gordon confided to the waiter with a hiccup, "a man with taste would fall for."

"The sort of woman," replied the other, "a man with common sense would avoid as the devil avoids the crucifix. For she is Casque d'Or. . . ."

"And . . . ?"

"She belongs to Bibi le Farceur. He won her last week in a card game."

Gordon guffawed drunkenly.

"And who," he demanded, "may this Bibi le Whooziz be?"

The waiter was shocked. Profoundly so. Name of a sacred pea-green rabbit, he thought, but the ignorance of these Americans was positively fantastic!

"Bibi le Farceur," he declared, "is Bibi le Farceur."

He pronounced the name with admiration, with reverence, even with a certain awe, as he might say a Bourbon, a Cecil, a Roosevelt, or a Romanoff. Why, he explained, this same Bibi le Farceur, Bibi the Josher, was undisputed king over all the apache gangsters who "bled the citizens" between the Rue Taille-Pain and the Tour Saint-Jacques. He had fought in the war—*bien oui!*—but had recently been demobilized, had returned to his native heath, had resumed his regal status and dignities — including the prerogatives largely associated with robbery, mayhem, and homicide. . . .

"In fact," Gordon interrupted the flow of words, "he's a cross between General Pershing and President Woodrow Wilson. Well"—here was a thing difficult to express in French—"you know what he can do to himself."

He raised his glass. Broadly he winked at Casque d'Or—and just then Bibi le Farceur entered.

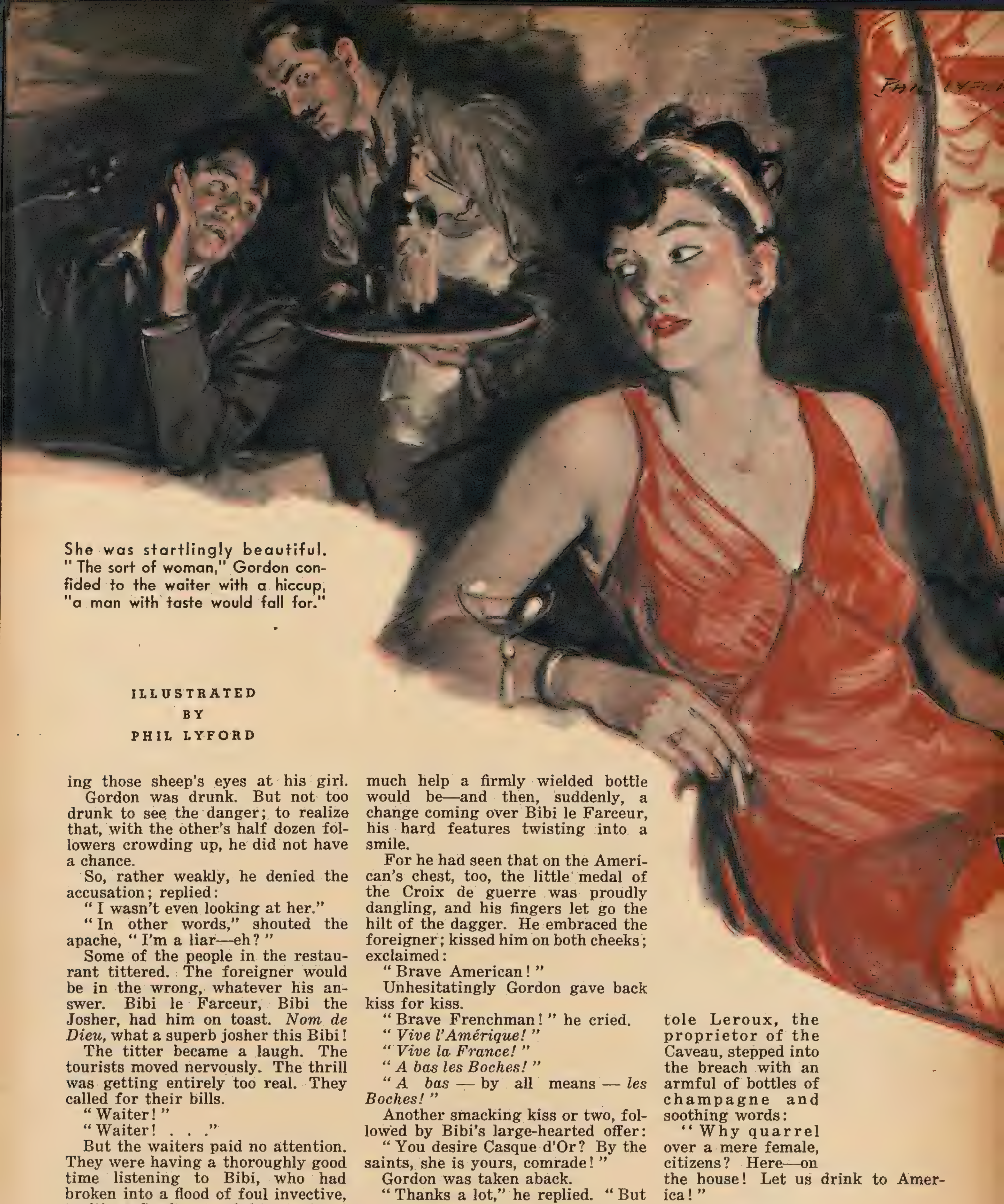
He was accompanied by several of his henchmen. He was short and lithe; his vulpine features were clean-shaven; a peaked cap was pushed back jauntily on his bullet-shaped closely cropped skull; velveteen peg-top trousers tightly encircled his ankles. On his chest he wore the medal of the Croix de guerre —in token that he had done his bit and done it bravely.

He came in with a swagger. And the first thing he noticed was that a man, a foreigner, was raising his glass to Casque d'Or, making love to her. . . .

Ah—a thing not to be tolerated!

He crossed the room; walked up to the American.

At once a grimly expectant hush fell over the Caveau. The music—a Breton sailor was twanging a guitar —broke off with a jarring discord. Anatole Roux, the owner of the place, dropped a tray and cried, "*Mon Dieu!*" The tourists shifted in their seats, stared, exchanged interested comments. For Bibi le Farceur had gripped Gordon by the shoulder; was inquiring, in clipped argot, by what right the blankety-blank specimen of a blankety-blank foreigner was mak-



She was startlingly beautiful. "The sort of woman," Gordon confided to the waiter with a hiccup, "a man with taste would fall for."

ILLUSTRATED
BY
PHIL LYFORD

ing those sheep's eyes at his girl.

Gordon was drunk. But not too drunk to see the danger; to realize that, with the other's half dozen followers crowding up, he did not have a chance.

So, rather weakly, he denied the accusation; replied:

" I wasn't even looking at her."

" In other words," shouted the apache, " I'm a liar—eh? "

Some of the people in the restaurant tittered. The foreigner would be in the wrong, whatever his answer. Bibi le Farceur, Bibi the Josher, had him on toast. *Nom de Dieu,* what a superb josher this Bibi!

The titter became a laugh. The tourists moved nervously. The thrill was getting entirely too real. They called for their bills.

" Waiter! "

" Waiter! . . ."

But the waiters paid no attention. They were having a thoroughly good time listening to Bibi, who had broken into a flood of foul invective, inviting Gordon to fight; inviting him, furthermore, to pick out his slab in the morgue right then and there . . . ah, *" boug' de saligaud! "* And a feline reaching for the ever-ready dagger—its point gleaming like a cresset of evil passions—Gordon telling himself that he was in for it and wondering how much help a firmly wielded bottle would be—and then, suddenly, a change coming over Bibi le Farceur, his hard features twisting into a smile.

For he had seen that on the American's chest, too, the little medal of the Croix de guerre was proudly dangling, and his fingers let go the hilt of the dagger. He embraced the foreigner; kissed him on both cheeks; exclaimed:

" Brave American! "

Unhesitatingly Gordon gave back kiss for kiss.

" Brave Frenchman! " he cried.

" Vive l'Amérique! "

" Vive la France! "

" A bas les Boches! "

" A bas — by all means — *les Boches! "*

Another smacking kiss or two, followed by Bibi's large-hearted offer:

" You desire Casque d'Or? By the saints, she is yours, comrade! "

Gordon was taken aback.

" Thanks a lot," he replied. " But —I wouldn't deprive you of . . ."

" She is yours, I repeat."

" Honestly, I'd rather not. . . ."

" You mean you refuse a gift of mine? You throw it in my teeth? "

" Listen, Bibi . . ."

" It is an insult! . . ."

Again a flood of foul invective. Again the dagger loosened. But Anatole Leroux, the proprietor of the Caveau, stepped into the breach with an armful of bottles of champagne and soothing words:

" Why quarrel over a mere female, citizens? Here—on the house! Let us drink to America! "

" To France! "

" To England! "

" To Belgium! "

" To Russia! "

" To Italy! "

" To all the noble Allies! "

" To victory! "

" To peace! . . ."

Bottles were opened. Glasses were

filled and freely refilled. And there was presently a vinous celebration, the tale of which, in that part of Paris, assumed in the course of time the character of something epic. It lasted twenty-four hours. It was mentioned with pride by the apaches of the Rue Taille-Pain and with envy by their rival gangsters of the neighborhood of Saint-Sulpice. Even the police spoke of it, though with a certain incredulous wonder, saying that not a single head was broken, not a single blade neatly planted between second rib and third, not an ear chewed off nor eye gouged out.

A victory-and-peace celebration indeed. . . .

OF course it was alcoholic. Too, sentimental. Chiefly where Gordon, Bibi, and Casque d'Or were concerned.

They were sitting side by side on a narrow bench. They assured one another of their mutual undying affection—a slightly maudlin affection in point of fact, and once more Bibi was begging Gordon to help himself to Casque d'Or.

“Listen, comrade! I shall give you my flat—my own flat—for the honeymoon. And a pair of my pajamas, rose-pink silk of the most exquisite.”

“Damned decent of you. But—I'd rather not.”

“To oblige me!”

“Really—I . . .”

“Please. Are you not my friend?”

“Sure. Only . . .”

“Only,” announced the girl, and her green eyes blazed, “you have not the taste for me—*hein* . . . ?”

And then, out of his drunkenness, out of the bitter despair which underlay his drunkenness, the Virginian spoke the truth:

“There's a woman whom I cannot forget. A woman whom I love—and whom I lost.”

Bibi grew indignant.

“And she gave you the dirty end of the stick?” he demanded. “She cheated you—ran away with another man? I shall investigate that small matter. I shall find her, drag her back to you by the hair and . . .”

“Nice to have pals,” said Gordon. “But there was no other man. It was all my fault. . . .”

“Ridiculous!” Bibi declared didactically. “It is *always* the woman's fault!”

“Call it the fault of fate. You see, when Yvonne Durand left the Bon Secours . . .”

“The Bon Secours?” Casque d'Or echoed, looking up. “Yvonne Durand? Was she formerly an army nurse?”

“Yes, yes!” Gordon jumped up. He was suddenly stone-sober. “You—you know her?”

“I do.”

“Where? How?” he almost shouted.

“Well . . .” Casque d'Or smiled thinly. “Yvonne was not the only patient at the Bon Secours. I, too . . .” She shrugged slim shoulders. “Anyway, we had beds there next to each other. We were discharged on the same day. I came back here. . . .”

“And Yvonne . . .? Tell me”—excitedly—“tell me!”

“I never saw her again.”

“Oh! . . .”

“Except in my dreams. Three times I dreamed of her—which is a sure sign, my grandmother used to say. And she was a wise old Breton peasant woman. She knew! Yes—three times I saw her in my dreams. So clearly. And that was in a far land, with great palm trees and fantastic flowers and brown men dressed in red and yellow. And there was a small whitewashed building, and across the doorway was a signboard with two words painted on it in black and gold. Just two words. They were Dou Van.”

“Dou Van!” repeated Gordon. “I wonder what it is. . . .”

He had spoken with a loud voice, and from a bench near theirs a tall lean figure detached itself and announced:

“I'll tell you what it is. And *where* it is. It is a district at the back of the beyond, in the Orient, in the interior of French Indo-China. They sent me there to serve five years in a convict battalion, that time I carved my initials on Toto le Saligaud's chest. Remember, Bibi?”

He stepped a little nearer. The next day had come. The sun was high. A few rays—dancing in through a narrow window up on the wall where the ceiling of the Caveau was a foot above the street level—brought the man's features into sharp relief; showed a livid crooked scar that ran from his left eye, blotting it out, to his right ear, cutting across nose and both cheeks, then descending in a crimson ragged smear to his mouth, which was twisted as with the memory of terrible unforgettable pain.

“I got this little present in Dou Van,” he added. “Three men went for me with knives. The reason? There was none. I did not know them. Had not even spoken to them. I had not defiled their filthy idols. Nor had I assaulted one of their women—me, I do not care for those yellow-faced, flat-nosed dames. They did it simply because I was a foreigner. Ah, but they are joshers, the citizens out there. Almost,” turning to Bibi, “as hearty joshers as you. . . .”

SHORTLY afterward Gordon slipped out of the Caveau. A telephone talk with the American consulate gave him the desired information; and so, presently, he was closeted with M. Paul Verneuil, an undersecretary of the French Colonial Office, middle-aged and polite.

Oh, yes, the latter told him, the government kept complete records of all people who went to Indo-China. It was the meticulous French system. And Captain McArdle wished to know about a person called Yvonne Durand, supposed to have gone to the district of Dou Van? That meant she must have passed through Saigon, thence up the Mekong River. It was the only way. Thus, if Captain McArdle would return—let us say—the end of the week, files would be consulted and . . .

Eh . . .? Look up the files immediately? Impossible!

“Except,” with a smile, “if it were a matter of life and death. . . .”

“It is a matter of, to me at least,

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHILE Captain Gordon McArdle is exhorting a huge throng in the Yankee Stadium on “Jesus the Lord of Peace,” a young man tries to shoot him but is stricken in the act by seemingly supernatural power. Two writers in the audience scent a big story. From a mysterious unknown woman they hear details of the eloquent evangelist's past.

Born in Virginia, he had run away from home, lived by his wits, enlisted in the World War, and had been made a captain. On the western front he courted a pretty French nurse, Yvonne Durand, who fell deeply in love with him, though he was a trifler with women's hearts.

Soon after his men had captured a high-born German there came a direct hit from the enemy and the whole contingent, with the exception of McArdle and the bound prisoner, was blown to atoms. In mad revenge the captain killed his prisoner and took a heavy seal ring from his finger. Wounded, and haunted by his cowardly deed, McArdle dragged himself to Lamaze to report to the D. H. Q.

But the Germans were in possession of Lamaze, and the American found himself a captive. The Uhlan commander, Prince Leopold von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck, enraged at recognizing his son's ring on McArdle's hand, severed the latter's finger. Instead of instant execution, which was in order, McArdle was sent to the detention camp known as B-44, where the diabolic Major Metzger, in charge, tortured prisoners to insanity.

McArdle managed to survive all the horrors until the armistice brought release. He had vowed to strangle Metzger, but a vision influenced him to drop all thought of revenge, even to the point of exonerating his torturer!

Discharged, he went to Paris immediately in search of Yvonne. At the hospital of the Bon Secours the Mother Superior told him that Yvonne had had a baby there, and that both mother and child had vanished in different directions—his little son had been adopted by unknown people! That was all the good nun knew.

“What am I to do?” he cried out in agony.

rather more than life and death."

"More than . . .?" Verneuil was puzzled. Then his smile broadened. "I understand. A matter of love. I, too, have been in love, frequently and passionately. Therefore, if you will wait, captain . . ."

The undersecretary left the office. He came back after a while with a folder.

THERE was no record, he said, of anybody by the name of Yvonne Durand having gone to Saigon. Indeed, during the last year of the war and since peace had been declared, the passenger traffic to Indo-China had been meager. And only very few women . . .

He opened the folder; indicated the typewritten pages.

"Look for yourself. A dozen or so wives and daughters of army officers and colonial employees. The mother-in-law of the governor general. And a modiste described as a widow—and Belgian—and elderly. Hardly your little friend—*hein?*"

"Perhaps," Gordon suggested, "she went via England."

"Her passport would be noted on these records. The British authorities would have let us know."

"No other way? Maybe aboard a freighter?"

"Out of the question." Verneuil sighed sympathetically. "I wish I could have been of more help."

Gordon thanked the other, and an hour later sat facing Sister Clementia-Marie in the small office of the Bon Secours.

"You spoke yesterday," he began, "about finding those whom one loves and has lost, through a miracle. . . ."

"In which, I also mentioned, you do not believe. Or have you changed your mind?"

"I still have my doubts. And yet—tell me—according to *your* belief, can miracles happen—well—through the intermediary not of your own but another person's—oh"—he was embarrassed—"dreams or visions?"

"What do you mean?"

He related to her what had occurred at the Caveau as well as at the Colonial Office; went on:

"What would you do in my place?"

"Being a foolish superstitious old nun, I would follow the road of the dream."

"O. K. That's what I'll do."

They smiled at each other with sincere mutual liking.

"When will you be off?" she asked.

"Depends on another miracle. Minor one. You see—not that I'm accusing my chum Bibi le Farceur—but," with a laugh, "my pocketbook has taken wings. All I've got left is a little over a hundred francs. Enough to take me to the nearest port. Havre, I guess. Not enough to pay my transportation to Indo-China."

"If I were not so poor . . ."

"You'd lend me what I need. And I wouldn't be too proud to accept." He got up. "Any reason why I shouldn't kiss a Mother Superior's hand?"

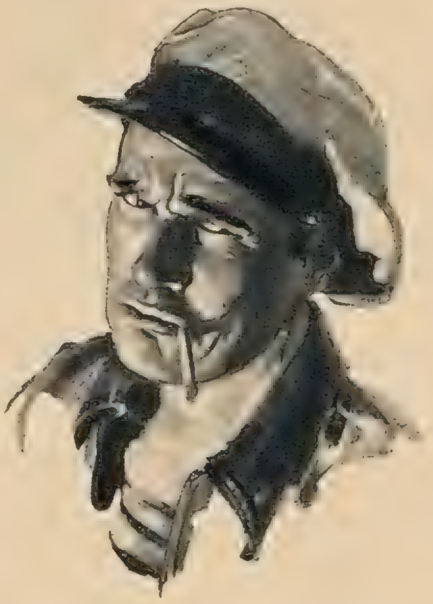
"No reason in the world—chiefly seeing that you're a Virginian and I from Maryland."

He bowed deeply over her wrinkled old hand. He touched it with his lips.

She said slowly:

"May the Lord God protect and bless you, my son! May He forgive you your trespasses! May He show you the way!"

"Including the way," was Gordon's reply, and his voice trembled a little, "to a boat bound for Saigon that'll sign me on as able-bodied seaman. . . ."



GORDON found the ship at Havre without much trouble. Nor was there difficulty in being signed on as an A. B.

For those were the years, directly after the World War, when business everywhere was boom-boom-booming away in first-rate style. So much had been destroyed. So much had to be replaced. North, east, south, west were clamoring for wheat, for rice, for steel, for coffee, for copper and sugar and tin and petroleum, for cotton, rubber, frozen meat. Every single last bottom that was able to keep afloat and that Lloyd's was willing to insure—and some that could hardly float and that were on Lloyd's condemned list—sped and shoved and shuffled across the seven seas. With millions dead, man power was at a premium. Few questions were asked. And so—oh, yes—Gordon had no trouble; found himself by the end of the week aboard the Ramova, outbound for Indo-China.

She was not a steamer but an old-fashioned relic of a sailing ship rescued from some maritime dump, with great fore-and-aft main and mizzen sails and the gaff topsails above them. So was the skipper a relic of a former era. A red-faced, white-whiskered, amazingly profane Liverpool man whose jaundiced eye surveyed the crew—most of them, like Gordon, recently demobilized soldiers, already bored with peace and eager for adventure—and who allowed 'e wished 'e was back on the coastwise run, walkin' the bridge of a neat little stick-an'-string tradin' bark, with an 'ard sou'east blowin' Gawd-an'-glory in 'is blinkin' teeth, an' a crew of tough well salted Scotland Road micks instead o' them bleedin' landlubbers that didn't know an amberline from a marlinespike. But, by the pink-toed prophet! 'e'd very soon learn 'em a few blinkin' things about sailin', or 'is name wasn't Bill Fawkes, master mariner. . . .

He interrupted his tirade.

"Mister!" he shouted at the second. "Ease the 'elm! Steady, mister! Keep 'er as she goes! West by north, an' a quarter north!"

"West by north, an' a quarter north, sir!" came the booming answer, while the Ramova curved away toward the open sea, and while gradually the shore line of France receded.

Bill Fawkes was a man of his word. By methods unorthodox and decidedly his own, he did teach 'em a few blinkin' things about sailin'. He grew more amiable, rationing out stiff tots of rum, sixty days out, when a gale struck, carrying away the flying jib stay, and when for twenty-four hours, amid falling spars and whirling wire ropes, the crew worked like old-time salts.

But Bill Fawkes, who was going to make a real sailor out of Gordon McArdle, was shocked and grieved when, the day after the Ramova docked at Saigon, the ingrate jumped ship and was seen no more.

"No blasted good, these landlubbers," the skipper said to the second. "Can't stand honest oak planks under their feet."

But Bill Fawkes was wrong. For just then Gordon was proceeding to make inquiries about another ship, though one that would take him up the river in the direction of Dou Van. . . .

HE did not inquire in that part of Saigon which is like a pathetic and rather ludicrous ghost of Paris—a Paris transported to the equator, where the fashions, fads, and foibles of the Rue de la Paix are mocked by tropical trees, tropical heat, and tropical stenches; where—and that, too, is pathetic and rather ludicrous—you can dine on *petite marmite* and mussels *marinière* and *salade de maison* and duckling *bigarade* and what have you; where you can quench your thirst with champagne—of course vintage; where the very coolies ape the styles of the boulevards and cry: "*Vive la France!*"; where, if you be bored, you can go to the opera and hear a fourth-rate Italian company torture Verdi or Puccini; and where, if you feel like taking a little trip, you can consult with the gentlemanly Eurasian clerk behind the counter of Le Tourisme de l'Indo-Chine.

He will, in fact, book you far into the hinterland, even—should you so desire—as far as Dou Van. That is, if you have the money.

Gordon had no money. Therefore he wandered over to a Saigon never mentioned in those optimistic and beautifully illustrated booklets which advertise a round-the-world tour for two thousand five hundred dollars and up; and, advised by an amiable French marine who seemed to know more about Saigon than was proper, ventured into a packed greasy wilderness of lanes and alleys that teemed with a riotous fantastic motley of Oriental life.

"Old Man Dok Kieu-Theng is your meat," the marine had told him. "He used to be a Tonkinese pirate. Now he claims to be a reformed character and has a fleet of junks, river-trading upcountry toward Cambodia. Knows quite a bit of French—learned it in jail, I guess—and likes Europeans. Says they make him laugh. Try him anyway! Best hour to beard him is around midnight, after his seventh opium pipe, when he feels sort of mellow. He'll be at the house of Ly Binh the dancing girl, up near Chochon."

He had given Gordon explicit instructions how to get there, but the latter had a hard time finding his way.

For all the lanes and alleys looked alike. A fetid odor hanging over them all like an evil pall. In spite of the late hour, the place was still crowded with brown and yellow humanity; in front of the houses the men squatting on their haunches, smoking and spitting and laughing and arguing, while the women swapped salty gossip or upbraided their husbands and while naked children played and yelled in the gutters.

They were a friendly folk. But when the American stopped people here and there, speaking to them in French and English, nobody understood him, until, finally, a graybeard caught the words: "Ly Binh," the name of the dancing girl whom the marine had mentioned.

Then the graybeard winked at Gordon. He smiled, showing stumpy blackened teeth. He explained volubly and unintelligibly. He pointed, gesticulated. Gordon tried to follow directions. He turned left, right, left, got twisted, doubled on his tracks. It grew darker and darker—and at last he found himself in a network of byways with no lights at all.

Empty, this network of byways. Lifeless. Complete silence but for the melancholy *yaup-yaup* of an invisible bird dropping through the air like a spent bullet. And Gordon gave a little shudder. It seemed to him as if he had been exiled from the kindly earth as he knew it, with its virtues and vices, its loves and hates, its gaieties and sorrows, and was now coming to another planet high up in the sable starless heavens, with the former earth he had known spinning below and far away through the eternal fields of space and time. And he felt surging over him a wave of stark abstract terror; of a dreadful foreboding—so, years later, he explained it—that was of the soul, not of the body; unconnected with the realization of any actual, physical danger. Something evil—utterly and unspeakably evil—was in the air.

HE hurried. He tripped, stumbled over the rough ground. He saw, as he approached, the outlines of a house that loomed vast and pretentious, surrounded by a tall wall pierced by a great gate.

A grim house, he thought. Perhaps the local jail.

The next second he decided he was right. For the gate was flung violently open. He heard shouts. A yellow-robed native rushed out, followed, a few minutes later, by half a dozen other men. Frenchmen they were; officials, judging by their white uniforms and brass buttons—clearly visible as, just then, a huge beacon was switched on and drenched everything in a flood of dazzling light.

Steadily the native outdistanced his pursuers. The Frenchmen panted, swore. They saw Gordon.

"Stop him!" they yelled. "Stop him!"

Instinctively Gordon obeyed.

He plunged forward, straight into the fugitive's path. He tackled him. But the native was the stronger of the two; would have got away if he had not, suddenly, with a wolfish snarl, sunk his teeth in the American's right hand.

Then the latter became furious.

O. K., he thought; two could play at that sort of game. And with all his force he landed a low blow, and with a groan of pain the native dropped to the ground.

By this time the French officials had come up. Two of them handcuffed the prisoner; kicked him back toward the building. The others remained. They thanked Gordon effusively, and he smiled.

"Don't mention it! Don't mention it!" He turned to go. "Incidentally, one thing you might do for me. Put me on the right road to . . ."

"One moment!" interrupted one of the Frenchmen. He was elderly, bearded.

"Yes?"

"Where did you get that wound on your hand?"

The American laughed.

"Our friend bit me."

"Oh. . . ."

"Not very sporting—eh?"

There came a silence. Again Gordon was conscious of a terrible foreboding; of something utterly and unspeakably evil. Then the bearded Frenchman spoke quick whispered words to two of the men. They closed in on Gordon, who demanded:

"What's the idea?"

The bearded Frenchman shrugged apologetic shoulders.

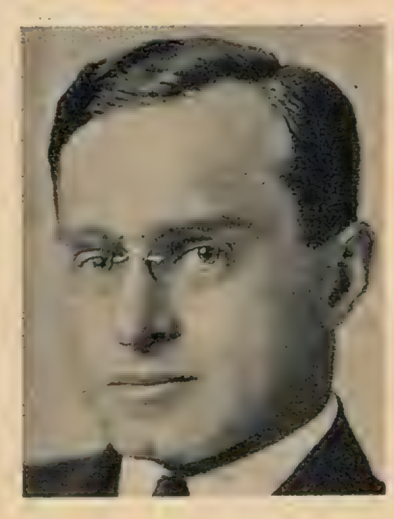
"You will not be able," he replied, "to proceed immediately to wherever you were going. You see—the man who bit you is a leper."

"A—a leper?"

"Yes, *monsieur*. This is a leper hospital. . . ."

Having come so far to find the lost Yvonne, is the dauntless Gordon McArdle to be thwarted by this dread disease? What inscrutability is at work in his weird destiny? Can he look for help from the Beyond? This powerful story takes on a stranger pattern than ever in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS



1—A recent appointee to fill a vacancy in the judiciary, he is a famous lawyer and writer. He was chairman of the War Labor Policies Board in President Wilson's administration, and before his appointment to the bench he divided his time between Harvard and Washington. Whose early photograph is this?

2—What three horses of Eastern stock figure in the pedigrees of thoroughbreds all over the world?

3—Who was the first woman envoy to be accredited to a foreign government by the United States?

4—What two spices are obtained from the same tree?

5—Where is the Hall of Fame for Great Americans located?

6—What Hollywood film has called forth a protest from the G. A. R. because of the way it depicts the Union soldier?

7—How does a "god from the machine" get results?

8—Who took command of the British ship Bounty after Captain Bligh was set adrift?

9—What birds are used as symbols of the following: a curse, self-delusion, silliness, vanity?

10—Which Jackson became President of the United States, "Old Hickory" or "Stonewall"?

11—What seas do the following straits join: Otranto, Bosporus, and the Dardanelles?

12—What town was saddened when mighty Casey struck out?

13—How has the three-hundredth anniversary of printing in colonial America been memorialized by the United States government?

14—What high fashion, revived by the French dressmaker Mainbocher, has doctors as well as women in a dither?

15—How is the order of precedence of the Chief of Staff of the Army and the Chief of Operations of the Navy determined if both are of equal rank?

16—What is the eve of All Saints' Day called?

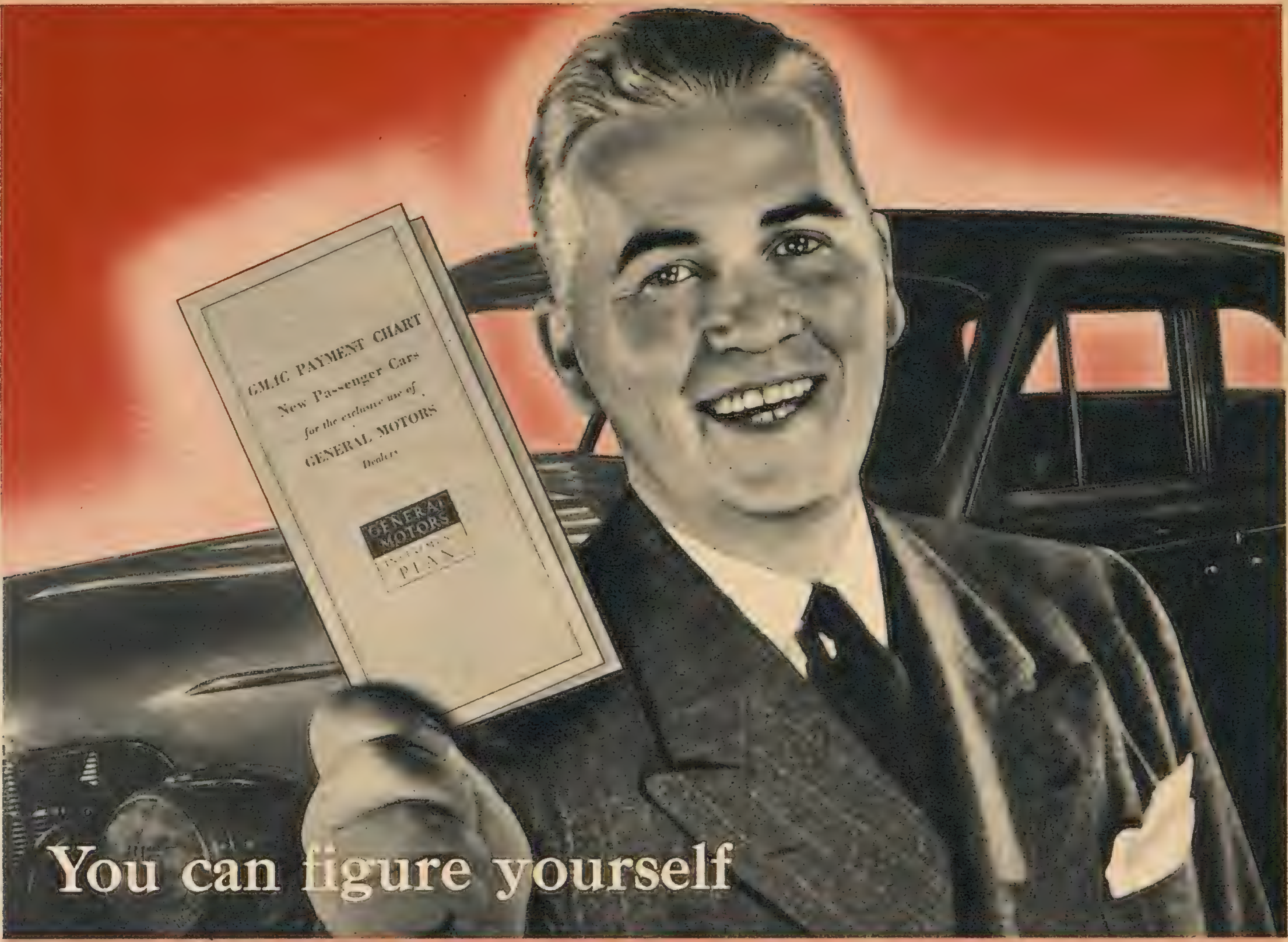
17—Who won a nickname that is more familiar than his real name by scattering the seeds of fruit trees?

18—What are the White Papers issued by the British government?

19—Which state is called the Old Dominion?

20—Who coached the University of Michigan's famous Point-a-Minute teams?

(*Answers will be found on page 42*)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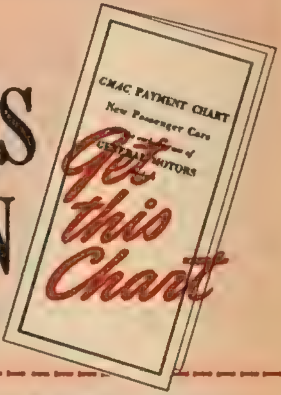
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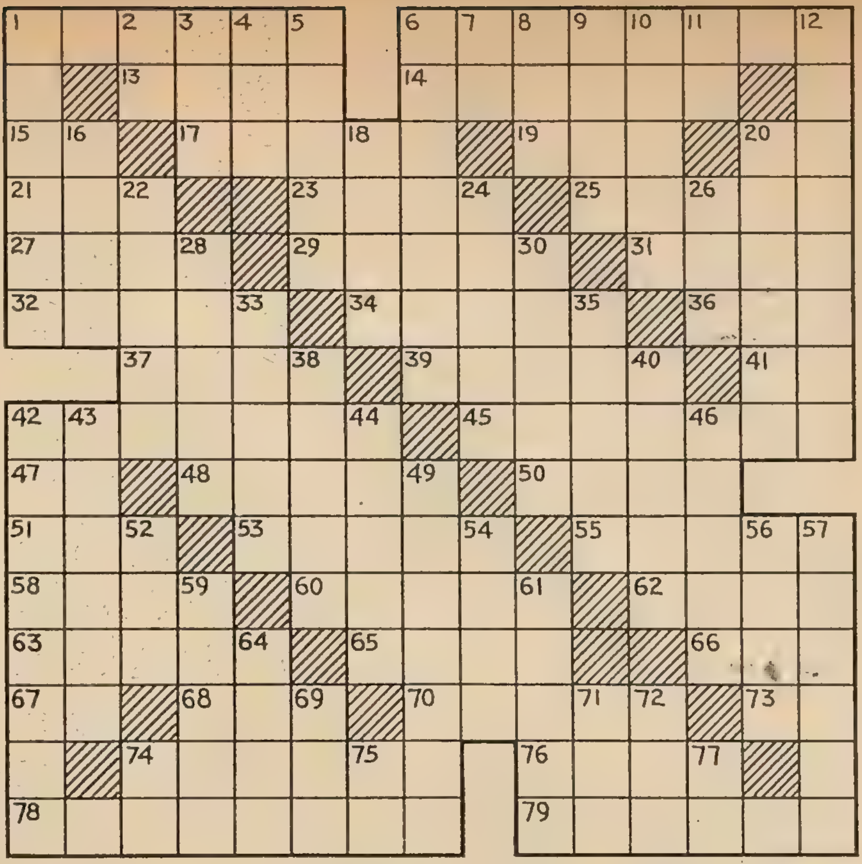
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



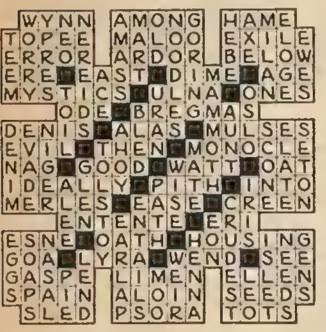
HORIZONTAL

1 Belgium today
6 Germany invaded Poland for this reason
13 Four aces
14 How to defend yourself against a weaker neighbor (Ger.)
15 Timing device (abbr.)
17 Mug chatter
19 It's work, if you can get it
20 Mixed up pi
21 Lumpnoggin
23 Cute feminine trick
25 They demand brains in their football players
27 Silver-fox and muskrat trees
29 British Brownies
31 Spanish oui-oui
32 What a skyscraper does
34 Boy, they're the cats!
36 Westwall plaster
37 What the average German does poorly these days
39 They say buy-buy to Broadway every night
41 Kind of college union
42 Great peace lover of Europe
45 Dejitterized
47 What's rum without you?
48 Unable to find any one else, the Jap does it to himself
50 A lotta bull (Sp.)
51 Ingratitude of Bombed Poles (abbr.)
53 Wotsa Mussolin' gonna pay for hall dem bottleshrips, sobtarincs, and hair farces?
55 This tiny thing made quite a discovery a while back
58 The fall of this is expected by morning (pl.)
60 Non-Aryan corset for Father Mississippi
62 Often seen with a sickle but not red
63 Home of many American Murphys
65 What the Germans sure were when the French took it
66 Astonishing admonition to a canine
67 Ratzi Slaughter (abbr.)
68 Rhyme with reason
70 Nasty thing found in the eye
73 Lovable Hitler (abbr.)
74 This is doomed to be crushed on the western front
76 Smallest form of chicken feed
78 America, Sweden, Rumania, and other wise nations
79 Where, out of town, roosters go at night

VERTICAL

1 Well known noisy Russian
2 Chinese fabrication
3 They've been hanging around for years doing nothing
4 Amount gained by war
5 Controls for squealers and propagandists
6 It may get kicked around by dogs but you never get a squeal out of it
7 Excitable Neutrals (abbr.)
8 Alley with glamour (abbr.)
9 Pepper Martin sure is a one
10 Boundaries
11 Flapping Earlobes (abbr.)
12 Cockeyed in the chassis
16 Plane that never carries ladies
18 Nature's cure for itching scalp
20 What European travelers had better do
22 Chicken cut off in its youth
24 Doghouses
26 What soldiers do
28 Bug houses along the western front
30 Elevate the proboscis and exude social icicles
33 Where to find a War Admiral
35 Nose out
38 Crustaceous tank
40 Appealing tease
42 Where Americans in uniform will do their fighting this fall
43 Emcrawls into the sheets
44 Where some prewar Nazis stopped on their way to Paris
46 Cheap way to get an edge on (pl.)
49 Beastly fellows
52 Private Wallets Assaulted (abbr.)
54 The amphibian of approval
56 What chronic horsemen grow in the end
57 If war comes here, there'll be a sudden falling of these
59 The curse of the sissy soldier
61 A Remarquable fellow
64 How dirty skunks advertise
69 What Socrates do to heez stomberry pice (Gr.)
71 Recent combine
72 Bang-bang water
74 Cockeyed Undertakers (abbr.)
75 Duce
77 The End (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



WYNN AMONG HAME
TOPEE MALOO EXILE
ERROR ARDOR BELOW
ERE■EAST■DIME■AGE
MYSTICS■ULNA■ONES
ODE■BREGMAS
DENIS■ALAS■MULSES
EVIL■THEN■MONOCLE
NAG■GOOD■WATT■OAT
IDEALLY■PITH■INTO
MERLES■EASE■CREEN
ENTENTE■ERI
ESNE■OATH■HOUSING
GOA■LYRA■WEND■SEE
GASPE LIMEN ELLEN
SPAIN ALOIN SEEDS
SLED PSORA TOTS

Last week's answer

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DANGEROUS IMPULSE

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

RICHARD THORPE, Princeton professor, has spent most of the thirty-five years of his life being a mathematical genius and nothing else. But one moonlight night he goes berserk and asks Diana Bedford, a dancer whom he meets on the campus, to elope with him. Miss Bedford, who intended to elope with Livingstone Pardee, a student, changes her plans and consents.

In the garage where Thorpe keeps his car he and Diana meet Swazey, an ex-burglar, who offers to take them to visit some friends of his who are living in a triplex apartment in New York. Diana urges Thorpe to accept the invitation and he does.

When they reach the triplex, Swazey's friends, Carlotta Preece and Mary and Harris Payton, are having cocktails. Beadleston Preece, Carlotta's husband, is acting as butler. The Paytons and the Preeces are charming members of the new poor who have no money but who can't get used to living without the luxuries to which they have always been accustomed. The apartment, as Swazey confesses, to Thorpe's consternation, has been " borrowed " from one J. Mortimer White. Mr. White is in Europe, and the catch is that he doesn't know about the borrowing.

Thorpe's worst fears come true that night. After a fine dinner—brought in from the Waldorf by Bishop Hartley, a most unecclesiastical prelate—Thorpe goes to bed. He is awakened by Diana, who comes to tell him that some one is downstairs, and she is sure it is J. Mortimer White!

Thorpe gathers the others in his room and plans for their escape. He and the bishop go downstairs and meet Mr. White with a wild story, and so confuse him that for a time he doesn't know whether he is mad or they are. By the time he realizes that he is being fooled, the others have had time to escape by the back stairway. Then, while Mr. White rushes upstairs, the bishop and Thorpe calmly walk out by the front door.

Swazey and his friends stick with Thorpe and Diana. In Thorpe's car they all drive to the country and take possession of a farm. One day when Thorpe is milking a cow, Diana, who has been sitting on the fence laughing at him, suddenly confesses that she has something to tell him about her past. Fear clutches Thorpe's heart, but he straightens his shoulders and prepares for the worst.

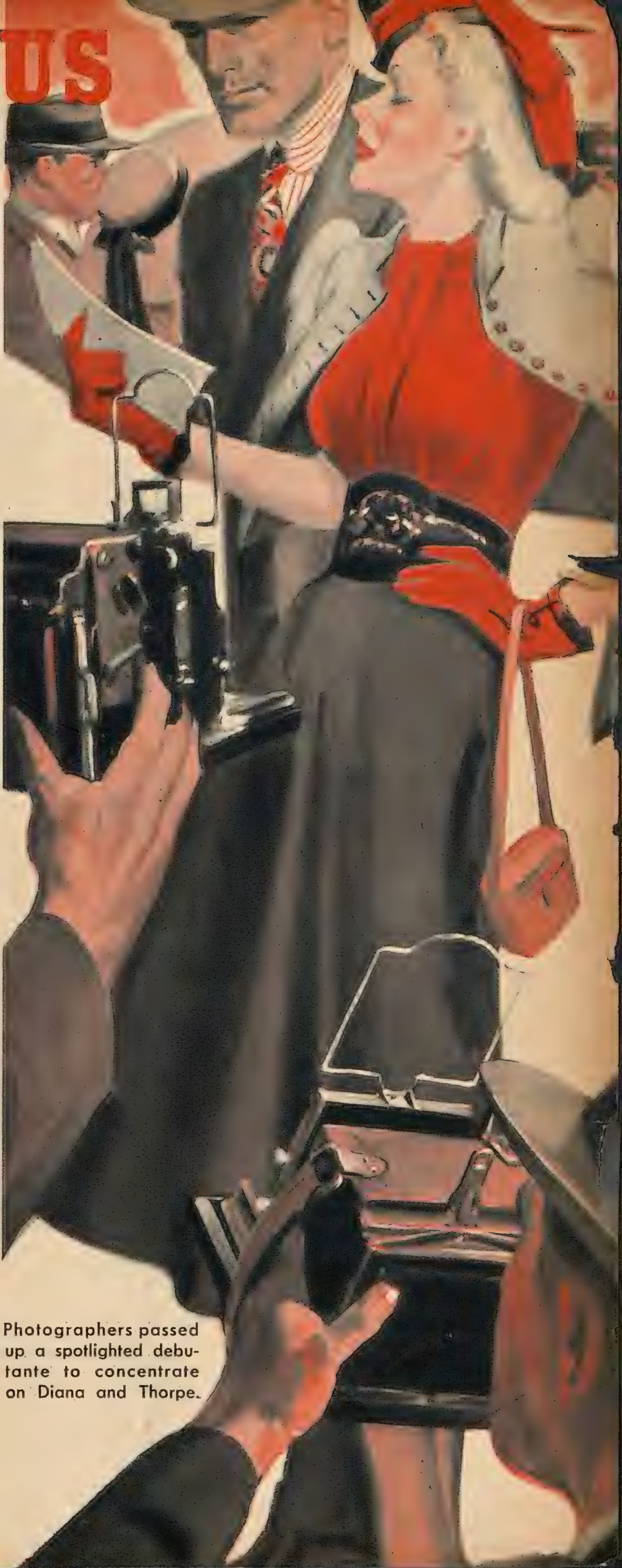
PART SIX—DISCORD IN EDEN

IT'S not as bad as all that," said Diana. " Unlax. You're all posed for listening to something important. You'll never forgive me, Dick. I was only going to tell you that once

The way of a man with a maid! Clouds enter a blithesome tale

BY ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO


Photographers passed up a spotlighted debutante to concentrate on Diana and Thorpe.

upon a time I was a milkmaid."

The significance passed him by. He waited.

"And?"

"That's all. I used to be a milkmaid."

"You mean in a show or something."

"No," said Diana; "on a farm. *Fiss-fiss-fiss*—sound of milk hitting pail—*fiss-fiss-fiss.* Oh, Dickie, I couldn't tell you before—you were being *too* funny. You've *got* to do things like that for me every now and then. Then, when you're looking so perfectly mixed up and helpless, I think of what a terrific guy you really are and love you to death. C'm'ere, cow."

She didn't notice that Thorpe's face, tan and all, had paled noticeably. She took the bucket from him, pushed the stool near the cow's hind quarters, slapped her confidently, and manipulated the udder.

"You see?" she said. "*Fiss-fiss-fiss.*"

The creamy milk hissed into the pail and bubbled. The cow, trustful of light sure hands, mooed ecstatically. The timothy heads nodded and the lush clover busied itself furiously making the sweet air even sweeter. To Thorpe the meadow and everything in it had gone suddenly sour. Diana, he knew, had known he had been in dead earnest, that he had practically been showing his soul when he'd shown how much her past, her present, and everything about her meant to him—and she had deliberately played with him, deliberately made a fool of him.

This was just the beginning of bad thoughts that, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand covering the whole sky, can so quickly do so much more and can cover a man's whole mind. It was only a step for him to start thinking the only reason she'd run away with him was because he had money. It was barely another step to proving this by remembering she'd frankly said that was why she'd been going to elope with Livvy Pardee. Almost he managed to dislike her.

DIANA," he said, "I'm sorry this happened."

Diana misunderstood.

"Oh, go on with you!" she said. "I've seen you take twice as much kidding from Carlotta and laugh about it."

Then she caught the look in his eyes and was frightened. For a second she had a strange feeling that she'd been holding something very precious in her hands, holding it over the top of a deep well, and had been trying to see how near she could come to dropping it without actually losing it. She looked away quickly, at the milk half filling the pail now.

"You see"—Thorpe was speaking in a strained voice that cracked a little—"you see, you took something that was pretty sacred and laughed at it. I guess you've laughed a lot at me. I guess you've laughed at me most of the time." He took a deep breath. "I guess you've taught me something, Diana."

Thorpe didn't realize he was talking like a sophomore. But it didn't matter, because in moments of internal combustion almost all men talk like sophomores. They become sophomores, the poise and the smartness burned out of them, leaving only natural feelings. It gives a simple sincerity to the things they say that makes them twice as strong as if they were well said.

"I guess"—Thorpe's head was turned away now, as though he were ashamed of what was in his eyes—"I guess you've taught me I was a fool to think a girl who'd run off with just anybody who had a thousand dollars would understand about sacred things."

It was the old, old saga—the boy blaming the girl for doing the thing he wanted her to do. There is no answer to it. Thorpe walked slowly off through the timothy. The milk in the pail knew a trace of salt from sudden tears that fell into it.

ON the way back to the farmhouse, Thorpe, with his hands thrust deep in pockets, kicking at timothy heads, kicking at the fuzz balls that had been dandelions, sore at everything, passed from time to time bits of astounding agricultural activity. He saw Beadleston Preece in one field, towing a fertilizer back and forth behind the Dimaxion. He saw Payton in an adjoining field, with a plow hooked to a station wagon that came with the place. He himself had devised the system of chaining grate irons crossways to the tires so they'd work like tractor wheels. Nearer the house was Carlotta. She was working in what she called the eggatorium, hooking an alarm clock into a system of sun lamps that Thorpe had felt would increase considerably the average hen's working hours. He had been proud of that. Where your ordinary modern farmer uses lights to prolong the hen's day, Thorpe planned, with the sun lamps, actually to increase the number of days by the simple expedient of having a sunrise and sunset every six hours, with, if necessary, a mechanical cock to crow the false dawns.

It was borne in upon Thorpe's consciousness that all three of his colleagues were singing at their work. It added to his soreness. He wondered vaguely if it were because it was the first time they ever had worked, or if in some strange way they had found the thing that was right for them to do; if they had reverted back to their ancestors who had owned land and lived from it. He envied them their happiness. He even envied Swazey, who under the influence of so much nature had developed a bucolic aestheticism that caused him to mumble bloody ballads to himself and to plant a flower garden bordered by clamshells in front of the house, and to laboriously trim all the privet bushes into rough resemblances of bishops wearing flat bishop hats. He would have envied Mary Winlock Payton too, but she was above envy. She was mistress of the house itself. All day she cooked and swept and churned and sang. Mary Winlock had come home. She had a house that she felt she had a right to live in, she had a name listed in the Social Register, and she had the man she loved. She had everything. Everybody, it seemed to Thorpe, had everything, and he had nothing. He didn't even have his thousand dollars any more, for half of that had gone for seeds and other farm stuff and food. He stomped into the yard and bent over to take the burrs from his ankles.

"Blamed burrs!" he said. "Lie in wait for me! Nobody else gets burrs all over 'em. Just me."

Mary stuck her head out the kitchen window.

"Why, Dick honey!" she said. "You're all mad about somethin'!"

"I'm all mad about a lot of things," he said, "specially burrs."

"Did you-all have a fight? You look upset from the inside, somehow."

He spoke loftily, with an unspeakably injured air.

"Oh, no," he said. "Diana and I didn't have a fight. I—I was just disappointed about something. Never mind."

"Why, Dick Thorpe, you just come right in here an' have a fresh cooky! The *idea*! You havin' disappointments on a fine day like this. *Prob'ly* you said the wrong thing, an' course she disappointed you."

HE ambled into the kitchen. It was big and comfortable and smelled like Long Island City when you go by a biscuit factory. Without quite meaning to, he began munching cookies. Mary watched him for a moment; then she said, "If you'd asked her to *marry* you, might be you wouldn't have got a turndown. Might be she loves you."

Thorpe bit savagely into a cooky and spilled crumbs down his front.

"Say," he said, "what's got into this place? I never saw so much love in my life! All everybody does is love everybody else and love the seeds and love the house and love the flowers and love the station wagon and talk about love."

Mary nodded wisely.

"That's 'cause we're close to nature. If it was real springtime it'd be worse."

"It couldn't be worse," said Thorpe.

"Dick honey," said Mary. "You must have it awful bad. You've just got love on your mind, that's all. I suppose it comes from livin' in the same house with her an' bein' with her *all* the time. It makes her lovelier an' lovelier an' makes you love her more 'n' more, an' you can't *do* anything about it. You really better marry her, 'cause otherwise I'm 'fraid you'll just bust."

Thorpe very nearly did bust. Although the secret of his being in love with Diana had been so closely guarded he hadn't even told it to himself, Mary Payton knew it. That meant everybody else must know it too. Then his mind jumped back and took in the full import of Mary Payton's really unfortunate way of stating the case, and mortification set in.

Every man likes to think of himself as a romantic character and of his emotional thoughts as dignified tempests, held in check by an iron will and shielded from the world by rugged armor. Thorpe's armor had evidently been made from bits of Achilles' heel. He saw himself now as he fancied the others saw him: a silly middle-aged gray-haired man making a public fool of himself over a chit of a girl. He saw his elopement — which, even though it had come to nothing more than a long drive, he had treasured as a romantic memory—reduced to sheer farce. He saw Diana's apparent affection for him as the fluent caress of an adventuress. He was utterly and completely wretched. He looked so wretched that Mary felt she had to try and do something about it. She looked down shyly.

I DIDN'T mean to hurt your feelin's," she said. " You've been good to us. I was tryin' to help. I thought maybe you just needed a little push, like."

This about his having been good to her was at least genuine. She wanted to help him. It made him feel a little better. He said, " That's all right, Mary. I was just surprised at any one thinking I was in love with Diana. Why, I'm old enough to be her father."

" In India," said Mary. " And then only maybe. You better go get cleaned up for dinner." She put a hand on his arm. " *Don't* think you're old, Dick, just 'cause you look old. Harris looks old too, but he's much younger than when I met him. He—he was so unhappy then."

Thorpe softened. The friendliness in Mary's eyes was unmistakable.

" And you think I'm unhappy," he said. He smiled crookedly.

" I *know* you are," said Mary. " I think it's partly about Diana, and partly because you're neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring."

" Fish, *flesh*, nor . . ."

" Well, whatever it isn't, that's what you are. You want to be one thing an' you're somethin' else, an' you don't want what you've got an' don't know what you do want, an' you *think!* That's really what's the matter—you *think* instead of just *feelin'*, like the rest of us do."

Thorpe patted Mary's shoulder and made his way upstairs, thinking of the campus and wondering if he could sneak off that night and go back there, or if his agricultural colleagues would follow him and yank him out. He wondered why he'd ever left and ventured out into a world he didn't belong in. He thought of his rooms, saw their delicious mustiness. Then he saw Diana curled on his musty couch, saw her packing his bag—and he knew why he had left.

He closed his eyes. The gypsy music was still there—it was tinny now and discordant, as though the musicians making it didn't like each other and were playing out of spite. He gave up the idea of sneaking off in the night and started to dress for dinner.

WHEN Diana brought the milk to the kitchen, Mary looked through her with an X-ray eye. She understood. Then she went out to the field and called her husband, and told him fur had blown that day. He nodded.

" I thought it was about time," he said. " What'll we do about it? "

" Why, we'll just make a lot of conversation this evenin' and keep their minds off it; then tomorrow we ought to all do somethin' exciting, like goin' to the races or somethin', to make them forget it. Why, *Harris.* Whatever's the *mat*ter? "

She looked sharply at her husband. Harris Payton was wearing the look of a man who has suddenly seen a road to the end of a rainbow. It was such a look as Newton must have worn when the apple troubled him, or Franklin when he touched lightning.

" The races," he said. " Belmont Park—I think I still belong to the Turf and Field." And then, almost reverently, " Go to the races—with the greatest mathematical genius in the world! "

" Harris! " Mary had caught on. " You mean . . ."

" Love quarrels! " roared Payton. " Bah! *I'll* keep their minds off it! Ha! You bet I will! "

He jumped back into the station wagon.

" Honey! Where you goin'? "

" To the newsstand—to buy every horse paper they got."

Mary jumped in beside him.

" Oh why, oh why," he said, " didn't you think of this before? Get him fish for dinner."

" Fish? " said Mary.

" Brain food," said Payton. " I'm going to put him in training."

THAT evening at the Breakers, as they called the farm, not because of any marine connotation but merely because they kept breaking things, was a distinct triumph of mind over what's the matter. First off, Thorpe bumped smack into Diana as he was going from the bathroom to his room with his eyes full of after-shave lotion which almost invariably he applied there instead of to his chin. Diana's eyes were full of cold cream and eyewash, so they bumped squarely. When through their individual fogs they recognized each other, they recoiled sharply, blinking. Thorpe in his blinking thought he had never seen Diana look lovelier. She looked so *intimate,* cold-creamed and with her hair caught up by a towel. The thought hurt him. He wanted to take her in his arms. But he knew, feeling about her as he now did, that would only hurt him more.

" I—I apologize about what I said this afternoon," he said. " It really was quite wrong of me."

Diana, blinking the eyewash out of the way, looked at him a long while.

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"SO YOU WRITE DANDRUFF ADS!" I said to the blonde in the strapless evening dress. "You... a lady with no visible means of support!"

"Go on, laugh!" she said, "I'll bet your scalp won't even pass the Fingernail Test!"

How's your scal

WITHOUT THINKING, I scratched my head... boy, was my scalp gummy! My ears turned red.

"HOW DO I GET THIS WAY?" I asked my barber next day, "when you wash my hair every other week?" Joe looked pained. "How can shampoos keep your hair free of dandruff when you gum it up with grease every day? If you'd try this 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil..."

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"OIL?" I said, "but you just told me..." "Let me finish!" he says, "Wildroot-with-Oil is the same Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dandruff scales since you were a pup... plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms your hair yet *can't* build up grease on your scalp! Its mild, pleasing odor quickly fades away."

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"Yelp for help again," growled the Life Guard, "and I'll duck you right! I'm tired of rescuing pretty girls." Just then he glimpsed my pack of Beeman's. "Listen, sweetheart, how about rescuing me for a change? That cool, refreshing Beeman's flavor does wonders for a parched mouth."

I gave him the pack on the spot. "That saves my afternoon. There's nothing to compare with Beeman's for streamlined flavor and tang. A superlative flavor and a marvelous refresher for guys like me." That's why all the girls switched to Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

His voice was stilted and formal and cold. His eyes were hurt and warm. She didn't understand. So when she spoke she patterned her tone on his.

"That's quite all right," she said. "Let's forget about it."

And he said, "Yes, let's." And so an armed truce, which of course is really only another term for prolonged crisis, came into being. But it made normal social intercourse possible throughout cocktail time and through dinner. It was right after dinner, when they were sitting in rockers on the front porch watching the sunset and Swazey's garden, that Harris Payton got to work.

"Dick," he said, "I just happened to remember this afternoon that I was a life member of the Turf and Field Club at Belmont Park."

Carlotta reached over and nudged her husband.

"Something's up," she whispered.

"Yes—yes," said Payton reminiscently. "Beautiful spot, Belmont Park—it's open now, too."

HE waited for a reaction. There wasn't any, except that Carlotta said to no one in particular, "I see a great light dawning," and Swazey said, "Dat's de moon."

Payton tried again:

"On the lawn at the Turf and Field—you know, where you have lunch and drinks and things—they have some of the finest specimens of trees in this country."

Thorpe was faintly interested. He said, "I bet they aren't any finer than some of the trees we've got right here. That oak with the swing on it."

"They have some of the finest specimens of horses too," said Diana. "So I've heard."

"Oh, the horses," said Payton. "Yes, I've seen some fine horses there in my time—mighty fine."

"What kind of trees?" said Thorpe. "We have some beautiful trees at Princeton, too."

Diana, who had caught on too by this time, was getting a little exasperated with Thorpe.

"You know, Harris, *Princeton*—where professors are all the time taking cheap little girls to their rooms."

Thorpe winced, but he knew he had this coming to him. To change the subject he said, "Tell me about the Turf and Field Club, Harris."

"It's one of the last symbols of a vanishing race," said Payton. "Really nice people like me can stand in our own private enclosure and make faces at really dreadful people like Swazey who stand in the crowd and make faces back."

"I ain't dreadful," said Swazey.

Payton put an arm around his shoulders.

"You bet you're not, Bill," he said. "But then, I'm not really nice."

"It's a mute point," said Swazey.

"They have races at Belmont Park, don't they?" said Thorpe.

"Oh, sure," said Beadle. "But the old trees are really the big attraction."

"Like de old sayin'," said Swazey. "You can't see de horses for de trees. But dat ain't true when dey turn into de stretch and de jocks yell, 'G-r-r-r-r, giddy-ap!' and you got your shoit on one, an' comes a horse, den anudder horse, den anudder horse, den your horse—boy, what a t'rill!"

"You know," said Payton, "it's a funny thing, Dick, how hard it is to pick a winner. I've been to the track with some smart men—if they pick one big winner a year they're lucky."

"Of course," said Diana, "a *really* smart man ought to be able to pick them all the time."

"No," said Payton. "It's just a mathematical problem that's too much for them."

Thorpe was leaning forward in his chair now, his face serious with interest. Payton glanced at him from the tail of his eye. Then he laughed, probably the phoniest prop laugh ever heard on Long Island.

"That's a place for you to steer clear of, Dick; you'd ruin your reputation."

"And just why would I ruin my reputation, Payton?"

"Ho, ho!" said Payton. "So long as you stick with your sun spots and your chemicals, and stuff nobody knows anything about except you and your pal Albert E., you're O. K. But what a fool you'd make of yourself if you ever got mixed up in the really higher mathematics—such as figuring which horse out of twelve would be first past a given point! Man! I blush to think!"

The hook, the line, and the sinker were swallowed at one gulp.

"I shouldn't imagine," said Dr. Thorpe, "that I would find very much difficulty in such a problem—if, of course, I had any data to go on, which of course I haven't."

"That's too bad," said Diana. "We could all have died rich."

"Get him an equation," said Carlotta, "with mint in it."

Payton laughed again.

"I was thinking we might all go to the races tomorrow," he said. "Diana'd enjoy it, and you'd probably like to see those trees."

I WOULD," said Thorpe. There was an odd expression on his face, just discernible in the dusk. It was the Pharmegan look. His eyes were alight with the deep fires of genius. "It's rather a pity I haven't any data. It would have been amusing to show you how easy it would be to crack your so-called higher mathematics."

A sigh escaped from Payton—a great sigh such as a happy porpoise might give.

"Well, well, well!" he said, laughing again. "It just happens I have some rather complete data on racing. Come on into the parlor, Dickie; I'll give it to you. Wait, I'll mix you a nice cool drink first. Have a cigar?"

The two men rose and went into the house. Carlotta stared at the moon.

"It just happens he has some data!" she said, and then, contemptuously, "Have a cigar!"

"No, thanks," said Diana absently. She knew they'd go to the races, and she knew she'd love it. She'd never been to the races ritzy fashion—she wondered what it would be like. Then she wondered if Livvy Pardee would be there—he was sort of Turf-and-Fieldy. She wasn't quite so sure, after all, that she would love it.

THEY went to the races in the old station wagon because it was agreed that the Dimaxion was far too conspicuous. The triplexers were afraid of being picked up because of Mortimer White. Thorpe was still a little leery of the Jersey police, and Swazey, who dramatized anything he was connected with, was still wrought up about the Mann Act and important women. He was wrought up about something else too, but he didn't speak of it.

They had, considering the state of armed truce that still existed between Thorpe and Diana, a pleasant drive. The countryside was untarnished by the dusts of summer; the station wagon had a gay way of going, bouncing and rattling and chattering companionably. Even Thorpe, who had been stuffy and aloof since his to-do with Diana, began to relax. He was getting a kick out of going to the races—partly because he was a little excited about proving his mathematical genius, and partly because it seemed such a sporty thing for a stodgy old professor to be doing. Diana was getting a deeper kick out of it. Her excursion into high life had only lasted from the time they arrived at the triplex until Mortimer White arrived there. Today was high life with a vengeance.

For the Paytons and the Preeces this was Derby Day. They sang and talked and ate sandwiches as they drove, and occasionally stopped to pour varying amounts of Scotch whisky into themselves, so that, having a long way to go, they were very late. But it didn't matter, because the fifth race was the only one, Thorpe said, that had mathematical interest.

Swazey looked unaccountably sad throughout the drive. As they drew nearer Belmont he spoke to Payton, who was driving.

"You better stop here," he said. "I wanna get out."

"You want to get out? We'll be there in just a minute, Bill."

"Dat's why I wants out."

Payton brought the car to a stop at the side of the road. Diana said, "Bill, are you sick?"

Swazey shook his head. He didn't get out, but he continued to look sad.

"You *look* sick," said Diana.

"He's never sick," said Carlotta, "because he doesn't know the names of any sicknesses to be."

They all stared at him. It was obvious that Swazey, battle-scarred, tough-guy Swazey, had tears in his eyes.

Then it came, in gulps that were almost sobs:

"It's just dat I been wid you folks like—like a pal, you might say—t'roo

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t'ick an' t'in, an'—an' Harris—Harris says last night I'm dreadful people an' at dis races place I got to stay on de udder side of de fence from youse. I dowanna go."

Thorpe leaned close to Payton.

"Do something," he said. "Do something quick—this is awful!"

Payton nodded. He was smiling.

"But, Bill," he said, "you don't understand. I put you up."

"You stand me up."

"No, no, no," said Payton. "I put you up at the club for a day. That means you're the same as a member. Get it now?"

Slowly a light that was like dawn over the rugged Andes came over the bulges and crinkles that were Swazey's face until, as the full import of his friend's words sank home, he was beaming.

"You mean," he said, "I can mooch round just like you an' make faces at de dreadful people?"

"You bet!" said Payton.

"Hully gee!" said Swazey. "Am I class!"

The car rattled on, and after a little became surrounded by other cars going the same way; big shiny cars. When it turned off and approached the tall wrought-iron gates of the Turf and Field Club's private entrance, Thorpe foresaw trouble. It was such a mangy car, he didn't think the gray-uniformed guard would let it pass. He didn't realize that the guard had grown used in the last few years to seeing people who belonged in Rollses leaping through his gate in crumby station wagons. The guard greeted Payton like a *ci-devant* duke returning from a long exile.

Diana was impressed. She continued to be impressed as they parked the car and strolled on the lawn under the great trees to the track itself; for every now and then terrifically snappy-looking people would stop Payton and slap him on the back, and he would introduce everybody, and they'd chat politely. She was impressed even more by the way people acted when they recognized Thorpe's name, and she could have swooned with pleasure when a battery of photographers passed up the tired face of a spotlighted debutante to concentrate their fire on her and Thorpe. With all her heart she wished they hadn't quarreled.

Mr. Macfadden presents the award to Robert Crawford (left), with the warm approval of Brigadier General Barton K. Yount, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Corps (center).

INTO the ranks of the stirring songs of our nation, beside the Navy's Anchors Aweigh and the Army's Caissons Go Rolling Along, now marches a newcomer, The Army Air Corps, celebrating the valor of "the host of men who love the vastness of the sky."

The song was written as a result of a $1,000 prize offer made by Bernarr Macfadden through Liberty. The author of the prize-winning music and words is Robert Crawford, Alaska-born concert and radio singer and composer, who received his award from Mr. Macfadden on Saturday, September 2, at the Inaugural Ball of the National Air Races at the Hotel Statler in Cleveland. Mr. Crawford, known as the "flying baritone," is an enthusiastic amateur aviator and often flies in his own plane when on tour.

The idea of offering the prize originated at the National Air Races a year ago, when Major General Oscar Westover, Chief of the Army Air Corps, remarked to Mr. Macfadden that it was a pity the Air Corps had no song of its own.

Always intensely interested in aviation, Mr. Macfadden decided to do something about it. Not long after the plan was under way, Major General Westover was killed in a tragic accident. But his successor, Major General H. H. Arnold, continued to co-operate with Mr. Macfadden and created an Army Air Corps committee to choose the winning entry from the thousand which were submitted.

Thorpe surprised her. She'd thought because he'd been shy with her he would act shy and jitter now. She'd almost forgotten in the past weeks that he actually was a famous citizen and so was of course used to having people fawn on him and take his picture. Thorpe wasn't upset by people, just by individuals. He knew all about people as a class. He knew hardly anything about them as individuals. The photographers he expected as his due; and though he thought the Jersey policeman might get a jolt out of the pictures, he figured he himself would be safely buried at the Breakers by the time they were published. He wouldn't have been human if he hadn't enjoyed parading his fame before a girl. She slipped her arm through his as more photographers showed up.

"Dick," she said, "you really *are* a big shot, aren't you!"

"I'm not big," he said. "It's the things I've done that are big."

"Are you still mad at me?"

He wasn't prepared for this. He snapped his teeth.

"I'm sorry you are," she said. "I thought we looked kind of cute together."

They looked extraordinarily well together. Thorpe, made over by Beadle and Payton, looked distinguished. Diana, who like most show girls could wear clothes, looked like a successful man's second wife—the young one he has picked for beauty after the first one has grown plain from struggling to make him successful. She had somehow managed to look expensive.

Thorpe glanced at her and felt a momentary touch of pride that she was at his side.

"I—I—I . . ."

She squeezed his arm.

"Then you're not mad at me."

"No," he said; "I'm not mad at you."

Diana smiled up at him.

"Want to begin where we left off—with the cow?"

To her surprise, he shook his head. She took her hand from his arm and a questioning hurt look grew in her eyes.

"Diana, I . . ."

HE found he couldn't go on. He had been going to tell her how badly his line about girls who would run off with any man with a thousand dollars had boomeranged on him in the night; that he *was* seeing every affectionate gesture of hers as the fluent caress of an adventuress. But he had learned enough of the world to know that you don't just rip out with that sort of remark, even in the hope of having it violently denied. He continued to torment himself with the memory that if he hadn't happened to turn up she'd have run off with Livvy Pardee and so must be that kind of a girl. The more he thought about it the more he realized he loved her, and the more he realized he loved her the more the thought of how she happened to be with him tormented him. His original hatred of all Pardees began to swell in him again.

Just then Payton tapped him on the arm.

"Fifth race coming up," he said. "Get busy."

Will Thorpe's calculations make them all rich? And will his love for Diana at last conquer his suspicions of her? Read next week's fast moving installment in which a thrilling race is run and surprise follows surprise as swiftly as horses cross the line!

LADIES ON THE LOOSE

Roving hearts and stormy romance, in two ★ ★ ★ ★ widely dissimilar films, motivate some feminine acting

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ THE WOMEN

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard, Phyllis Povah, Joan Fontaine, Virginia Weidler, Lucile Watson, Florence Nash, Muriel Hutchinson, Esther Dale, Ann Morriss, Ruth Hussey, Dennie Moore, Mary Cecil, Mary Beth Hughes, Virginia Grey, Marjorie Main, Cora Witherspoon, Hedda Hopper. Screen play by Anita Loos and Jane Murfin based on the comedy by Clare Boothe. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 134 minutes.

FROM start to finish there isn't a single man visible in this visualization of Clare Boothe's stage hit. But the women talk of nothing else. They let down their hair, the dears, and kiss, bite, coo, and scratch in their eternal battle to win and hold a male. The scenes switch to all the places sacred to girls of all ages, from beauty parlors and reducing emporiums to spots politely termed powder and rest rooms. And of course the film lands in Reno on the wings of bittersweet dissension.

Specifically The Women is the story of Mary Haines' fight to hold her man from a dangerous panther Stephen Haines has run across at a swank perfumery counter. Before the smoke clears, she's in Reno and the charmer has become Mrs. Haines II. Norma Shearer is Mary Haines and her performance has the ring of sincerity. Joan Crawford is brittle and glittering as the perfume TNT, Crystal Allen. Rosalind Russell shares honors as a malicious-tongued friend. There are gorgeous minor performances, as Mary Boland's countess briefly enjoying her fourth marriage to a radio cowboy, Paulette Goddard as a worldly-wise chorine in the money, little Virginia Weidler as Mary's sensitive child paying the price of divorce.

I'm afraid you'll like it all. It is witty, smart, provocative, and ruthless, distinctly of our disordered selfish era. And you'll enjoy the ladies' mauling match when mere words fail the gals.

Rosalind Russell and Joan Crawford in the film adaptation of The Women.

VITAL STATISTICS: There are 135 women in the cast. And Director George Cukor is a bachelor. Still, mebbe that helped. . . . The studio swears there were no firewords, in spite of all the stars and prominent gals. There were rumors, but who am I to tell? . . . The hair-pulling Battle of the Century required three days to film. Each contestant had to have five changes of duplicate costume, what with the wreckage that occurred. . . . The beauty salon set had twenty-seven separate units. Everything from wax baths and electrotherapy to a diet kitchen. . . . Joan wore $25,000 worth of jewels in one scene. Norma sported a $20,000 ring; rented for the production. . . . Jack Dawn, M-G M's make-up expert, once was a cow hand at thirty dollars a week. Then a character actor. After that he began experimenting with make-up. Now he rounds up and brands stars.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE RAINS CAME

THE PLAYERS: Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, George Brent, Brenda Joyce, Nigel Bruce, Maria Ouspenskaya, Joseph Schildkraut, Mary Nash, Jane Darwell, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry Travers, H. B. Warner, Laura Hope Crews, William Royle, Montague Shaw, Harry Hayden, Herbert Evans, Abner Biberman, Mara Alexander, William Edmunds. Screen play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson, based on the novel by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 104 minutes.

THIS Louis Bromfield best seller—of the restless Lady Edwina Esketh prowling through the prim little English circle of a remote Indian town—presented dangerous pitfalls to the screen. Thanks to Director Clarence Brown, an expert special-effects department, and a healthy measure of good acting, the story emerges pulsating and pretty breathless.

Bromfield wrote of mythical Ranchipur, ruled benevolently by a wise and understanding old Indian prince. To the British settlement come Lord and Lady Esketh. The dull and ponderous Lord Albert is in quest of horses, Lady Edwina in search of emotional adventure. In Ranchipur she finds an old love, ghost of a romance-strewn past, one Tom Ransome, slowly drinking himself to death, and a high-caste Indian surgeon, handsome Major Rama Safti, graduate of Oxford and Johns Hopkins. In no time Lady Edwina discovers in the Hindu the one real love of her life. Comes a devastating earthquake, flood, and fire to sweep aside petty human hopes and dreams. What the cataclysm does to Lady Edwina is the story.

The worldly Lady Edwina seems to me to be Myrna Loy's best screen role up to the moment of press time. It has a sharp charm and a good measure of poignancy. Tyrone Power is adequate enough as the romantic Hindu; George Brent vastly better as the world-weary remittance man Ransome.

The upheaval of nature, treating palaces and huts, Britons, natives, and elephants alike, in itself rates ★★★★. Take it from Beverly Hills, you will find The Rains Came to be emotionally and geographically moving.

VITAL STATISTICS: Brenda Joyce, who plays young Fern Simon, hails from Kansas City. At five, her mother, Mrs. Rosalie Lenbo, took her to San Francisco, then on to Los Angeles, where daughter went to high school. She was prominent in all sorts of school activities. In 1936 went on to the University of Southern California. Transferred to University of California after one semester. Quit in 1938 to model for commercial photographers and for several stores. Zanuck saw Brenda's picture in an adv, gave her fifteen tests over three days. She got the job but lost eight pounds. . . . Indian city covered eighteen acres. Thirty-three million gallons of water used in the flood. In fact "rain" fell forty-seven days out of the three-month shooting schedule. Average: forty inches a day or 10,000 gallons of water each shooting minute. Which is wet, any way you look at it.

★ ★ ★ THE CAT AND THE CANARY

THE PLAYERS: Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, John Beal, Douglas Montgomery, Gale Sondergaard, Nydia Westman, Elizabeth Patterson, George Zucco, Willard Robertson, George Regas, Charles Lane, Frank Melton, Milt Kibbee, William Abbey, Nick Thompson, Chief Thundercloud. Screen play by Walter De Leon and Lynn Starling, based on John Willard's play. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 78 minutes.

HERE the attractive Paulette Goddard plays the harassed heroine of a spooky thriller, the young woman who inherits the estate of a strange old man who has his will read at the stroke of midnight in his lonely old manse on a desolate Louisiana bayou. There are eerie screams, a gorilla appears to be on the loose in the secret passages of the old house, clutching paws reach out of mysterious sliding panels in the walls. Paulette is properly distraught. There is Bob Hope in comedy moments of terror.

This belongs to the who-dun-it school of mystery melodrama; a little dated maybe, but what isn't in these troubled days?

VITAL STATISTICS: The Louisiana bayou was built in the RKO tank stage. What's a bayou to a Hollywood studio? A mere puddle for the prop man. . . . Douglas Montgomery played in The Cat and the Canary after a year's absence from Hollywood. Had done two films in England, a play on Broadway. Came back to visit his folks in Pasadena; an hour later was conferring with the studio chiefs. After T. C. A. T. C., he dashed off to Guilford, Connecticut, to try out a play about John Wilkes Booth. . . . Those alligators were aroused from hibernation slumbers in a L. A. alligator farm. Removed to the studio asleep, put into a tank in an insulated room. Temperature of room and water raised slowly. Yawns from gators. Then they woke up. After they finished their roles, they went back to sleep at the gator farm. Just a beautiful dream, in a way.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up.

★★★—Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman.

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Above: Warners' dynamic Michael Curtiz. Right: Curtiz directs Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak in The Strange Love of Molly Louvain.

HOLLYWOOD'S MAN *from the Flying Trapeze*

Circus performer, ace maker of pictures, laugh-provider de luxe . . That's Curtiz!

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BETTE DAVIS and Spencer Tracy were playing a scene for the picture 20,000 Years in Sing Sing. Director Mike Curtiz yelled for quiet on the set. Mike kept yelling but couldn't get it quiet enough to shoot the scene. Finally he said, "I'll lock myself in the sound booth. Then we'll have quiet around here!"

Mike was right. He was the person on the set disturbing the peace. This was back in the summer of 1933, when Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy were nobodies in Hollywood and Michael Curtiz wasn't a big-time director.

It has been only during the past year that Mike has won recognition as one of the foremost movie directors. They couldn't ignore him after such a diversified list of hit pictures as Robin Hood, Four Daughters, Angels with Dirty Faces, and Dodge City. Success hasn't changed Mike one bit. He's still the Sam Goldwyn of directors, a character among characters.

During the making of Robin Hood, Mike said to his assistant, "Call back Ian Hunter. I need a close-up of a horse." When the picture fell a little behind its shooting schedule, Mike got a memo from the front office to hurry and finish a certain scene. He sent this note back: "We'll finish it Saturday, if it takes us till Monday to do it."

While filming Four Daughters, Mike told Priscilla Lane and Geoffrey Lynn how to play a love scene. He said, "I want a line here like 'O Romeo, where are you, Juliet?' Don't play it too hard. Act easy-go-lucky."

One day on the set of Angels with Dirty Faces, Cliff Kling, the still cameraman, asked Humphrey Bogart to pose for some publicity stills. Kling took a few pictures and then said to Bogart, "Please try to keep still while I take this picture." Mike heard this and shouted to Bogart, "You bum! When you take the movies, you're still, and when you take the stills, you move." All of which must not be taken too seriously.

Ernst Lubitsch is responsible for Mike Curtiz coming to the United States, although this will be a surprise to Lubitsch. For if Lubitsch hadn't been signed by Paramount, Harry Warner wouldn't have wanted a foreign director for his studio. He signed Curtiz. Mike had been a trapeze artist in a circus, he had directed plays on the Budapest stage, he had organized a picture company with Alexander Korda in Hungary, and he was directing pictures for UFA when he started for this country.

Mike's first picture in Hollywood was The Third Degree, starring Dolores Costello. The first thing he did after he got the job was to buy a car. And the next thing he did was to get himself a wife. He is married to Bess Meredyth, a popular scenario writer and formerly a movie actress. Bess was the scenario writer of his first picture. He calls her "Besska." She calls him "Muska."

Then Mike, with a picture under his belt, a secondhand car and a charming wife, settled down at Warners'. He now has a long list of hit pictures, a car and a chauffeur, and a seventy-two-acre ranch at Encino. He has a stable of eight horses. He is still married to "Besska."

Mike is a big fellow, built as solid

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as a soundproof wall. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has blue eyes. The little that is left of his hair is brown.

When he is working, he concentrates all his energies on the picture. He even forgets where he is. While directing Noah's Ark, he stepped off a parallel and fell eight feet to the ground. Both his ankles were broken and he now has large knobs on them.

Mike calls every one "bum." Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, and Jimmy Cagney are "bums" to him—but nice ones. To Mike, a man is either a "nice bum" or a "bad bum."

His big obsession is lunch. While making a picture, he never eats lunch and tries to keep his performers from it. He insists that lunch makes actors logy. He once shouted to Errol Flynn, who wasn't up to par one afternoon, "Did you inhale too much lunch, you lazy bum?"

This doesn't, however, keep Mike from eating. He is always interested in the props on a set. If there is food in a scene, he eats it. In Four Daughters, the Lane sisters had to prepare a meal. Directing this sequence, Mike would take a slice of bread, a tomato, some carrots, a piece of cake. When lunchtime came, Mike wasn't hungry. He said, "Instead of going to lunch, let's have an aspirin and keep working."

By the end of the first day's shooting on a new picture the script girl is making notes about Mike Curtiz that will be retold at parties and become part of the Hollywood folklore.

Yet Mike can express himself well enough to get a violent scene with a mob of extras or a tender love scene. He knows motion pictures and he knows what he wants.

Mike likes to work with a writer. The writer-director combination is increasing in favor in Hollywood since its big success with the Frank Capra-Robert Riskin team. John Ford has Dudley Nichols, Wesley Ruggles has Claude Binyon. Mike, however, has seldom had the same writer since he started at Warners. Frequently he has never met the writer of the scenario he has filmed. Mike has been working under a factory system, turning out his product on time and meeting a budget. He has done very well under this method, but that doesn't prevent him from squawking. He knows that he could make finer pictures if he were allowed to work in the manner of Frank Capra, Leo McCarey, and Gregory La Cava.

Mike belongs to that school of directors who like to act out scenes for their actors. He will stand before an entire company and demonstrate how he wants a scene played. Once, Mike showed Olivia de Havilland how to play a love scene with Errol Flynn, even to the point of embracing Flynn and kissing him on the cheek.

Curtiz hasn't let his new big success and larger salary get him. He says, "I don't let this success influence me. I go home and stand in front of Michelangelo and Rembrandt and I'm so modest."

He has tremendous patience with beginners. He is credited with the development of Errol Flynn, Wayne Morris, and John Garfield. Exiting from a projection room after looking at some rushes of Four Daughters, Mike met Humphrey Bogart and had to let off steam.

Mike exploded: "I just ran some stuff with Garfield in it. He's the biggest thing yet! Greater than Muni, Cagney, or Robinson!"

Bogart listened to this rave on the then unknown Garfield and asked, "But what does he know about acting?"

Curtiz answered, "That's where you got me. I don't know!"

Mike doesn't like to praise actors, at least not to their faces. He believes they get conceited quickly enough. Once he said to Dick Foran, "I'll make a star out of you. I've got a great idea for a picture for you. We spend a couple of millions on it. It'll make you a great star. I can only see Gary Cooper in the part."

Mike gets a big kick out of himself. He doesn't mind the stories accredited to him. When he saw some of his dialect quoted in a newspaper, he said, "I spell badly, don't I?" Once, on a set, after shouting instructions he heard his echo. He said, "It's funny, isn't it? My words come back with an accent."

Two years ago he took out his first citizenship papers. Hollywood is a wonderful "country" to Michael Curtiz, who was born in Budapest. Whenever Mike is directing a picture he tries to get as many lamps as possible into it. Before he left Hungary, he told his mother: "It may be a long time before I return. But you'll see my pictures. And whenever you see a lamp in a picture, you'll know I'm thinking of you."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Felix Frankfurter's.

2—The Godolphin, the Byerly Turk, and the Darley Arabian.

3—Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, now Mrs. Rohde.

4—Mace and nutmeg. The former is the fibrous covering of the nutmeg.

5—On the campus of New York University, New York City.

6—Gone with the Wind.

7—Miraculously, by solving difficulties abruptly rather than logically.

8—Fletcher Christian, mate of the Bounty.

9—Albatross, ostrich, goose, and peacock.

10—Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," seventh President.

11—The Adriatic and Mediterranean, the Black and Marmara seas, and the Aegean and Marmara.

12—Mudville, in the poem Casey at the Bat.

13—By the issuance of a three-cent stamp.

14—The corset.

15—By the date of their appointment, the one with the earlier appointment taking precedence.

16—Halloween.

17—John Chapman, remembered as Johnny Appleseed.

18—Government reports on any subject.

19—Virginia.

20— Fielding H. Yost

BUYING PLAYERS IN THE SOUTH

BY HARRY MEHRE

Director of Athletics,
University of Mississippi

as told to

JERRY D. LEWIS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

THE sometimes Violent Violets of New York University were facing the gridiron heroes of a school which was almost brazen in its admission that it subsidized football players. Toward the close of the first half, an N. Y. U. linesman looked across at his opponent and asked:

"How do you like the course at ——?"

"Oh, it was all right until last week," the behemoth answered sheepishly, "but that long division kind of stumps me!"

That story may be the product of some one's fertile imagination, but the situation it tersely implies was true for a long, long time at many of our so-called institutions of higher learning.

There was the football player kicked out of a Southern school a few years ago when it was discovered that he had already played three years for a Midwestern college. He was expelled because the Conference of which his new alma mater was a member has a no-transfer rule, meaning that no athlete who has competed for any college may transfer to any school in the Conference and continue his athletic career. When cross-examined by the authorities, he was asked why his scholastic transcript hadn't shown the entrance board that he had played football elsewhere. He replied:

"I never submitted any transcript. I just went to the football coach, told him I had graduated from high school, and that I wanted to play football. He issued a uniform to me, watched me in practice, and told me to move into the training quarters with the rest of the team. That was the only entrance exam I ever took here."

Situations like that, as I say, were prevalent a few years ago, not only in the South but throughout the country. Today we in the South have taken the subsidization bull by its financial horns. We admit that we subsidize our football players to a certain legalized extent.

And why not?

I know that there are those athletic purists who will rant and rave that we are taking the game away from the boys. But they are as wrong as they are uninformed.

It has always been my honest conviction that by openly subsidizing football players we are really taking a much needed step in the direction of giving the game back to the boys. Perhaps my phrasing in an earlier paragraph is a bit off center. What I should have said is that we subsidize *students* who happen to be football players. No athletic scholarship at any of the Southern colleges carries with it the guaranty of a classroom "edge." The football player must keep up his grades to remain eligible, and he does not pass his courses merely because he can throw a sixty-yard forward pass or block out an opposing end.

Subsidize football? Why not? asks this eminent Dixie gridiron maestro

There have always been scholarships for those who were primarily students and whose financial condition precluded a college education. Why not a similar block of scholarships for athletes? Take the boy who is a good football player and an average student but whose parents cannot afford the luxury of a college degree for their son. Why shouldn't that youngster be helped through school? Is waiting on fraternity-house tables to earn your keep any more honorable than running back a kickoff? If it is, I fail to see it.

The courts of our land have always been lenient, operating on the sound theory that it is far better to have ninety-nine guilty men go free than to have one innocent man convicted. Carrying that to the gridiron, it is likewise worth while paying the freight for ninety-nine athletes who don't reap any benefits from a college education if you have one who gets an education and blazes his way through the world largely because of that subsidization.

A few years back I heard about a dinner given in Pittsburgh to Joseph C. Trees, the first football player ever to be subsidized at Pitt. Mr. Trees is now a millionaire oil operator near the campus Jock Sutherland's teams helped to make famous. When it came his turn to speak, Mr. Trees said:

"Certain alumni paid my tuition and 'contributed toward other expenses' incident to obtaining a college degree. Without this assistance, I should never have been able to attend an institution of higher learning—and it is a distinct fact that whatever material success I may have attained since my graduation can be traced directly to that subsidization.

"Therefore I must go on believing that subsidization is eminently sound and proper, provided—and these provisos are very important—that education is the primary objective; that the boy really wants the advantages of a collegiate course; and that the institution sees to it that he either gets that education or is removed from the student rolls."

Because the case of Joseph C. Trees is not as rare as you might think, in 1936 the assembled representatives of the thirteen schools comprising the Southeastern Conference voted on what has become known as the Southeastern Conference Subsidization Plan, designed to end forever this kind of football hypocrisy in our part of the South. The vote was eleven to two in favor of adoption, and, boiled down to space-saving shortness, it reads:

1. Athletic ability shall receive consideration in determining the assignment of scholarships, on the same basis as intellectual, musical, and forensic abilities are considered in the awarding of scholarships for work in these various branches of collegiate activity.

2. Athletes so favored shall be held to the same scholastic requirements that have been established for other scholarships.

That plan is still in effect, and has been since the beginning of the 1936 season. Its basic grace is that it has made "honest women" out of alma maters who formerly were doing those same things but of necessity doing them behind the sweeping skirts of hypocrisy.

Has the fact that we have open subsidization in the South reduced the amount of school spirit at our football games? If anything, the South is more a hotbed of football fanatics since the inception of the Southeastern plan than it ever was before. Our section is playing better football than it has ever known. For proof, you have only to look at the intersectional records. Throw out Wallace Wade's unbelievably tough-luck loss in the Rose Bowl, and the list is almost entirely studded with Southern victories.

Most of our boys in the South are tall and not particularly given to excess weight or rugged frames. For that reason we have had to develop the forward pass as something more than just a desperation attempt at a fourth-quarter score. Because of that dearth of well proportioned boys to play in the line, if we were to play a running, bruising type of game, our teams would be so played out that it would be impossible to bring them back into shape for the following Saturday's skirmish.

Until recently, schools from other parts of the nation were sending their scouts to watch Southern prep schools and to induce our young talent to leave Dixie for the North, the Midwest, and even the Pacific Coast. Under the prevailing conditions, a boy in this sun-soaked section now knows that he can get just as good an education on equally congenial terms at home as he can by going far afield.

Where once we lost fifty per cent of the local material, which led to the decline of football below the Mason-Dixon Line, now we are dressing up our collegiate windows as attractively as the colleges of any other Conference.

If you will allow me the privilege of indulging in a little predicting, my prophecy is that all colleges in every part of the country will eventually adopt rules and regulations based on our Southeastern Plan. Two years ago a plan which was almost an exact duplicate was introduced at a meeting of the Big Ten. True, it was not adopted, but the very fact that it was even introduced in those sacred holier-than-thou confines is proof that the subsidization virus is spreading to all parts of the collegiate body.

Even the so-called Ivy League, the aristocratic leader of all things connected with collegiate athletics, which includes such patrician institutions as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and other simon-purist strongholds, has begun to recognize some of the advantages of the fundamental honesty of our system. Several of the schools have taken steps which cannot be construed except as being in line with the principles of the Southeastern Plan.

Not many months ago Cornell University adopted the following resolution:

"If by co-operative efforts within alumni organizations, scholarship funds become available, we see no reason in the ethics of the situation why such scholarship benefits should not be extended to men with athletic ability."

That is an expression of what the fundamental of the Southeastern Conference subsidization plan is.

Stanford University's student paper not long ago ran an editorial advocating the same thing. That other schools throughout the land will embrace it is as inevitable now as the repeal of prohibition was during the late Roaring Twenties, and for much the same reason. The people want it.

THE END

KLEENEX* "TRUE CONFESSIONS"

WIN $5.00

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ASK: "HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT KLEENEX?" WE'LL PAY $5.00 FOR EVERY KLEENEX "TRUE CONFESSION" PUBLISHED. *Mail yours to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.*

SHE LOSES BY A NOSE! WET, SOGGY HANKIES DID IT! HASN'T THE GAL EVER HEARD OF KLEENEX TISSUES TO SOOTHE A SORE NOSE DURING COLDS?

(from a letter by S. C., Chicago, Ill.)

I FELL FOR KLEENEX

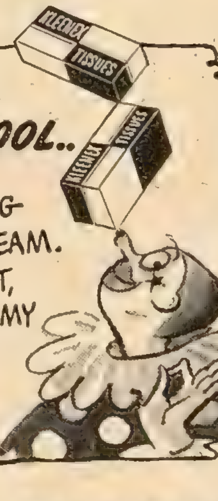
WHEN GREASE SPATTERED ON THE LINOLEUM, I USED TO SLIP AND ALMOST BREAK MY NECK. BUT NOW I USE KLEENEX TISSUES TO WIPE UP GREASE SPOTS AND SAVE MYSELF FROM SPILLS.

(from a letter by A.G.H., Fort Wayne, Ind.)

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room and in the Car, too!

During colds especially, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all. . . . The handy "Serv-a-Tissue" box is the answer to every motorist's prayer . . . never start on a trip without Kleenex in the car.

LISTEN, GIRLS, I'M NO CLOWNING FOOL..



WHEN IT COMES TO REMOVING MAKE-UP AND CLEANSING CREAM. KLEENEX TISSUES ARE SOFT, SANITARY, NON-IRRITATING TO MY SKIN. THEY DON'T CRUMPLE OR SHRED IN USE.

(from a letter by R. W. L., Springfield, Ohio)

"TWO BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN..."

KLEENEX IS A HEAVEN-SENT HELP FOR KEEPING BABY CLEAN AND SWEET ...AND PREVENTING CODLIVER OIL FROM STAINING HIS CLOTHES.

(from a letter by G.I.F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.)

NOW 500 SHEET ECONOMY KLEENEX* ALSO IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time

Pull a double-tissue Straight up
...Next one Pops up Ready for use!
KLEENEX
KLEENEX

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

*(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)*

HOW FOREIGN NATIONS POISON OUR MINDS

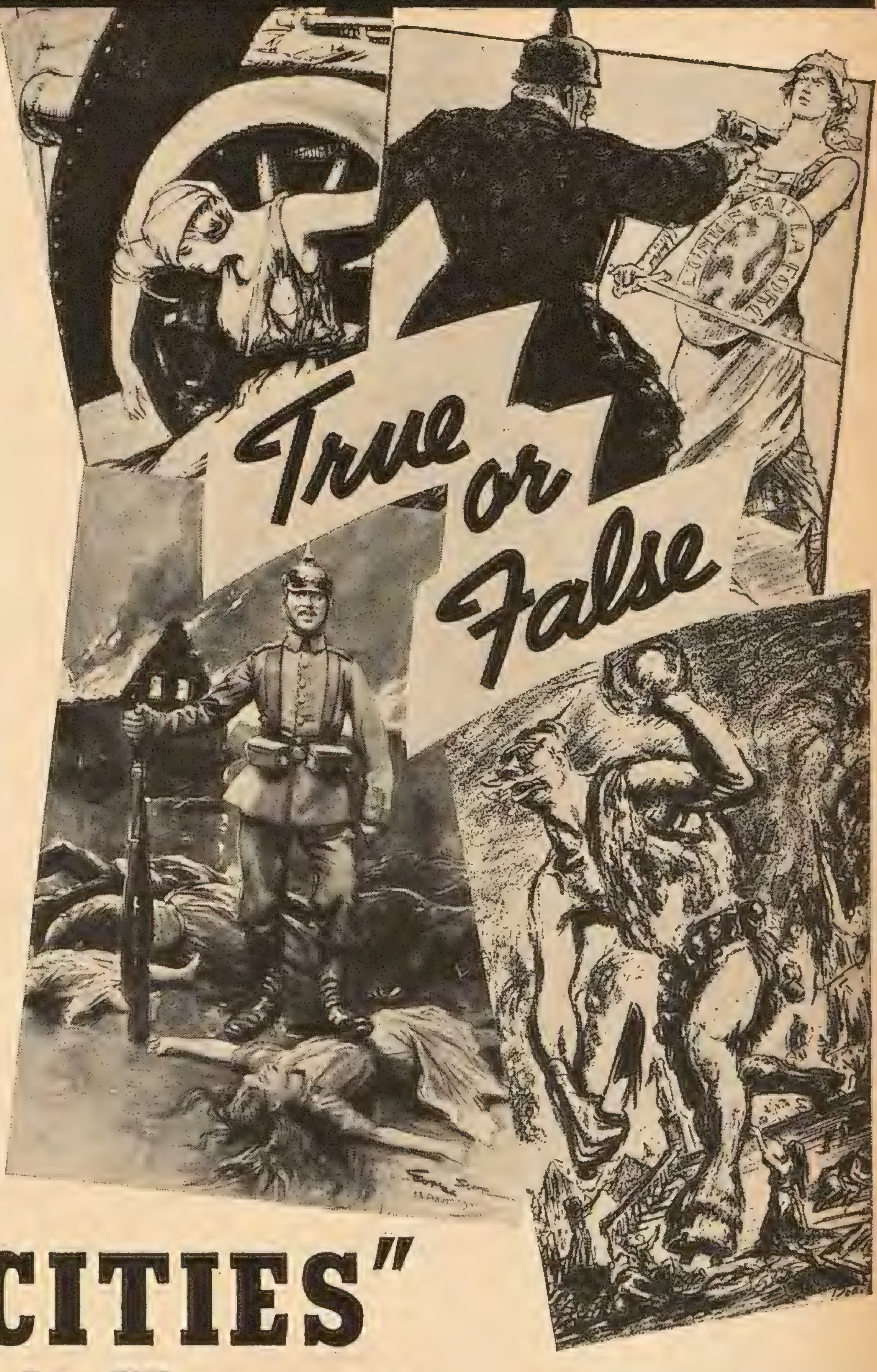
"ATROCITIES" That Didn't Happen

BY WILL IRWIN

Tales they told us—and now, the facts! Will we believe their like again?

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

From the 160,000 books, 6,000,000 documents, and 10,000,000 other items in the Hoover Library of War, Revolution, and Peace at Stanford University, Mr. Irwin has gathered examples of the propaganda with which the belligerents flooded neutral countries—especially the United States—in the early years of the World War. Last week he told of the efforts the Germans made to justify themselves for their acts in Belgium and on the high seas, of the stories they circulated to discredit the Allies, of the tactics they used in this country to keep us from entering the war on the side of England and France. Now he turns to the more subtle methods employed by the Allies.



Posters and cartoons issued by the Allies during the World War.

ONE school of earnest thinkers has been trying of late to make us believe that the United States entered the World War because British propaganda stampeded us. It is not true that British propaganda was the sole or even the main cause of our entering the war. But it helped mightily to create such a mood that President Wilson, when he cast the die, could count on a united nation.

The British propaganda began almost unofficially when the Foreign Office gave sanction to a modest effort, largely supported by private funds, to acquaint the world with the British side of the story. Sir Gilbert Parker, Canadian author with a head for statesmanship, became director of the American section. He concerned himself solely with the production and encouragement of books, pamphlets, and tracts designed mainly to knock off our intellectuals and our leaders. Some of this literature was issued frankly from his shop; some bore the trade-marks of well known publishing houses.

The manner of distribution showed that subtlety which always distinguished the British propagandist from his more obvious Teutonic opponent. These pamphlets and books did not arrive at their destination, like advertising circulars, among the debris of the morning mail. Sir Gilbert had a corps of assistants combing England for highly placed men and women with American acquaintances. These not only furnished invaluable names for the mailing lists but sent with each item a personal letter. The college professor honored by such notice from a scholar of world-wide reputation, the business man addressed personally by a great industrial leader, the society woman recognized by a countess—they were half converted before they read a printed line.

This, however, was only "background work." It reached an influential class; but, as the Germans had already learned, the road to the emotions of the populace runs through the news. This channel the British government, absorbed in the hasty and rather clumsy process of putting an unprepared nation on to a war status, not only neglected but obstructed. Beginning in October, 1914, the Germans admitted neutral correspondents to their front. These visitors traveled under escort of officers instructed to show them only the bright side; and a most expert censorship deleted from their copy every line or word which might give information to the enemy or even imply criticism. On the other hand, no correspondent, whether from a belligerent or neutral country, saw the British or French fronts, under official permission, for nearly a year.

However, the British press, including Reuter's, their general press bureau, was playing, as usual in a crisis, the game of the government. Britain wanted recruits for her volunteer army. One method of getting them was to lash up hate. The Germans had arbitrarily invaded Belgium, and in suppressing any resistance on the part of civilians had shot an undue number of men and women accused—often, probably, unjustly—of taking pot shots or concealing arms. In certain towns, such as Aerschot, Louvain, and Dinant, a nervous commander, trying to apply his orders to the letter, had brought on an affair which amounted to a minor massacre. To these events Belgian refugees and even American tourists added those gruesome rumors which always appear at the outbreak of a war. The Germans had murdered Belgians wholesale. They had indulged in an orgy of rape, with nuns as the favorite victims. They had amputated the hands of children “so that they might never fight against Germany.” The British reporters loaded the press with this stuff. It made a terrific hit, especially the item about children's hands; for the British are humane. Cabled overseas, it scored even more heavily in the United States.

SOME one in the Foreign Office conceived the idea of a commission to examine Belgian refugees, under oath, as to German atrocities. They packed this body with eminent personages and set at its head the author-diplomat Viscount James Bryce, whose name carried special weight in the United States.

The results were published in that classic of horror, the so-called Bryce Report. It depended, one sees now, on two tricks. First—as in some of the rawest among our Congressional investigations — there was no attorney for the defense and consequently no cross-examination. Second, consciously or unconsciously, the commission took advantage of a small immorality common among storytellers—the human impulse to make yourself the hero or the eyewitness of an interesting episode which you have picked up in conversation or in your reading. It seems probable that most of the witnesses simply swore to irresponsible rumors which they heard in their flight from Belgium. Probably they did it without a twinge of conscience. War is war and “truth is the first casualty.”

The Bryce Report specializes on outrages against women and children. To give a few brief extracts: “At Malines, a two-year-old child got in the way of a marching column. A soldier bayoneted it and carried it away on his bayonet.” “In Tamines, children were slaughtered for no apparent motive. The soldiers tied up civilian prisoners, prodded them with bayonets, put lighted cigarettes in their noses and ears, and then shot them.” “We found the dead body of a girl. . . . Her arms were nailed to the door in extended fashion, . . . her left breast was half cut away.” “On a doorstep I saw a farrier known to me, dead. By his side lay a young boy—I should say five or six years of age—his two hands nearly severed from the arms but still hanging to them.” “The dead bodies of a man and a woman, a boy and a girl. . . . Each of them had both feet cut off just above the ankle and both hands just above the wrist.” “Child of seven beheaded.” “A whole family killed, including a young girl, because the girl would not give herself to the Germans.” “Burned to death in their houses.” “All the women violated.” “The whole regiment drunk.” And so on.

THE Bryce Report landed with a terrific impact on both the British Empire and the United States. From it thenceforth all anti-German propagandists drew sanctions, as from a gospel, for black sacraments of hate. The conduct of the German army in Belgium was bad enough. But its atrocities—I call them such—were committed in the cool, impersonal spirit of the executioner. There was almost no drunkenness—I who witnessed this episode of the war can testify to that. Considering the circumstances—more than a million unseasoned soldiers marching through hostile conquered territory — there were marvelously few violations of women. The cutting-off-of-hands story, the most widely spread, universally believed, came so persistently to the Vatican that Pope Benedict XV contemplated a protest. But first he sent agents into Belgium to investigate the facts. They reported that there were no facts—it simply was not true.

The success of the Bryce Report more than any other factor woke the British to the uses of a thoroughly organized propaganda to keep their own people sweet on the war, to break down the morale of the enemy, and to persuade the neutrals—chiefly of course the United States. Before the firing ceased, this branch of the service had two departments in the Cabinet: the Ministry of Information and the Ministry of Propaganda.

With the Ministry of Propaganda we have no concern here. It was the Ministry of Information that looked after the neutrals—mainly us. It mobilized expert newspapermen by the hundreds, popular novelists by the dozen. It maintained such a really intelligent intelligence service that its confidential memoranda, many of them now in the Hoover War Library, often carried news about German propaganda which the government at Berlin itself did not as yet know. Weekly it surveyed the American press, noting its trend as regarded the war and the success or failure of the British lines of attack.

BELGIAN atrocities grew a bit stale; but the Germans continued to furnish episodes to stimulate imagination. Their blundering soldiers, having discovered an Allied conspiracy in Belgium, passed over several noble Belgian and French ladies and shot the English nurse Edith Cavell, under the impression that the execution of a person so humble would cause very little criticism. They overlooked the streak of sentiment in the English-speaking people. A nurse—dedicated to the alleviation of human suffering! She became a symbol. The German submarine campaign afforded material for a haystack of propaganda. In itself, this sinking without warning and without attempt to rescue survivors was barbarous enough according to the standards of the time. But the propagandists needed incident and episode to make the story concrete and vivid. So they faked thrillers into the record—German crews turning guns on survivors struggling in the water, impounding British prisoners in a sinking submarine and leaving them to drown. Against all that let me set the testimony of Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. N., who commanded our European fleet in the World War: “There was only one proved case of deliberate cruelty or ‘murder’ on the part of a German submarine commander.”

The German air raids on London, Paris, and other cities of the rear zone automatically furnished splendid copy. Here it was not necessary to touch up the facts very much—they spoke for themselves. Many influential Germans, even in the army, considered these tactics barbarous or futile. The complete uncensored war file of the German Wolff Press Bureau, in the Hoover War Library, presents one proof of this. Under date of February 4, 1916, it reports a German aerial attack on Staffordshire, England, wherein thirteen civilians were killed by bombs. “The originators of this stupidity consider themselves heroes; other people will call them fools,” adds Wolff.

When in June, 1916, the Allies began air raids as reprisals, they started off by bombing a Corpus Christi procession at Karlsruhe, killing thirty civilians and wounding 130 —mostly children. A year earlier this would have been a crushing blow to Allied propaganda in the United States. As it was, the average

American merely remarked, "Well, the Germans started it, didn't they?"

The confidential British circulars show that the propagandists were pulling out and squeezing in the "atrocity stuff" like an accordion. In January, 1917, a memorandum noted that atrocity stories were losing their effect in the United States, and recommended by inference the suspension of attacks along that line. Another reported that the people of the Pacific Coast thought that the Allies could get no better than a draw—indicating the necessity for shouting "We are winning!" to the citizens of that region. These documents throw odd lights on other aspects of the war. The Germans were blowing up American cargoes and drowning American citizens in Allied ships, while the British were stopping our ships and searching them for contraband. Both proceedings violated that principle on which we fought the War of 1812—freedom of the seas.

THE atrocity stories, as dished up to us, were the work of the News Division, which a cynical employee called, after the war, "the Imaginative or Fiction Department." However, inventing horror stories is easy—while getting them circulated and believed in quarters where they will have the greatest effect constitutes an art. Back of all this fluff lay a sound scheme of strategy worked out by some of the best minds in England. The British propagandists said after the war that they were fortunate in making a late start, since the struggles of those pioneers, the German propagandists in the United States, had taught them what not to do. The Germans too often combined propaganda with their secret service. A man who today disseminated pamphlets or addressed meetings of the Teutonic Sons might tomorrow be caught plotting to blow up a munitions plant. The British divorced their propaganda from all other activities, even the Embassy at Washington. The Germans, by trying to embroil classes and stir up minorities, laid themselves open to the charge of interfering with our domestic affairs. The British avoided even the appearance of that. The Germans demanded of us such actions as a curb on the export of munitions. The British—the official propagandists at least—were most careful not to advise America what to do. They merely stated the "facts" and left it to our sound judgment.

Finally—and this will probably be news to most of us—before we entered the war the British probably sent no propaganda agents to the United States except a few observers to watch the effect of the work on public opinion.

London simply thought out the strategy and wrote the copy; and Americans, working for them without money, disseminated not only the printed stuff but a mouth-to-ear propaganda even more effective. For the Allies had the better case, and

3 sad victims of Shirt-o-mania

CASE 1 Mad as a loon from collars that shrank so much they choked him pop-eyed. Could have been saved by Arrow Shirts, whose fabric is Sanforized and doesn't shrink even 1%!

CASE 2 got ga-ga from sewing buttons on his shirts. Buttons! Buttons! Gosh, if he'd only known about Arrow's patented *anchored* buttons: they baffle the sturdiest laundress in town!

CASE 3 thinks he's a Roman senator. Wears a tunic. Got that way from "bunchy" shirts. Poor fellow, he should have known *Arrows* are cut the way men are built: curved waist, tapered arms.

NO FOOL is the man who wears an Arrow DART shirt. This perfectly tailored Arrow has a collar that looks starched but isn't—and wears fabulously! Get it at your Arrow dealer's. $2.25.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

WHEN A COLD THREATENS YOU

DO THIS...
it helps keep colds from developing!

Never Wait until a cold gets a head start. For it's so easy now to help *prevent* the development of many miserable colds.

Get Busy at the first sign of a cold—that sniffly, sneezy, irritated feeling in your nasal passages. Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and *feel* the stimulating tingle as it goes right to work to aid Nature's defenses against colds.

What's More, Va-tro-nol gives you wonderful relief even when your head is so clogged up from a developed cold you can scarcely breathe. It clears your nose, opens up your head, makes breathing easier.

This Treatment is so highly successful because Va-tro-nol is *specialized* medication—containing several essential relief-giving agents plus ephedrine—expressly designed for the nasal passages, where most colds begin and grow. To escape much of the misery of colds, use . . .

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

America's Favorite Nasal Medication

USSOLINI
EDEN
CHAMBERLI
AI-SHEK
ROOSEVELT
CHURCHILL

GET THE FACTS BEHIND THE HEADLINES

International authorities tell you what's happening and what's to come through the pages of your favorite magazine—Liberty.

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen!

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Dizziness. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription Cystex helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of Cystex may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try Cystex under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

with the invasion of Belgium most Americans of the old British stock had gone native.

As soon as the British army got well enough organized to trust its own censorship, it established the custom of taking American visitors of prominence on tours of the front, where, under escort of officers chosen for their agreeable personalities, they saw the tragic splendor of Britain and France defending themselves.

Most American reporters who went to Europe in 1914 and 1915 found themselves drawn to the Allied cause rather than to the German. Their good will helped; and after that first bungling year the British did all in their power to keep them sweet.

Experts on mass psychology and advertising method helped with advice and invention. It is easier to hate a person than a nation. Therefore they worked to focus loathing and indignation on the Kaiser. The Germans in the United States were encouraging and using the pacifist element. Hence some one created the slogan "The war to end war." They kept close watch on the German newspapers and periodicals for expressions of savage or militaristic sentiments. Whenever one such appeared, they had it translated and disseminated as typical German thought.

Can it happen again? It can and will, says Mr. Irwin. Next week he tells of the poisoned propaganda and sinister activities already unleashed to stampede American opinion.

They had another asset which they exploited to the last cent. It was a golden age of English literature. Kipling, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Conrad, Shaw, a dozen others, were so esteemed in the United States as to endanger the sales of our native authors. Shaw maintained his own prankish attitude, but that passed as Shavian humor; and Galsworthy, while he did not oppose the war, saw all sides of the struggle too well to commit himself. The rest, cheerfully volunteering for war service, went on tours of the front, and sent back pieces of reporting which any American newspaper was glad to print, for the by-line if for nothing else. Also, when the popular American writers of the period took sides at all, they usually favored the Allies—often with a fervent intensity.

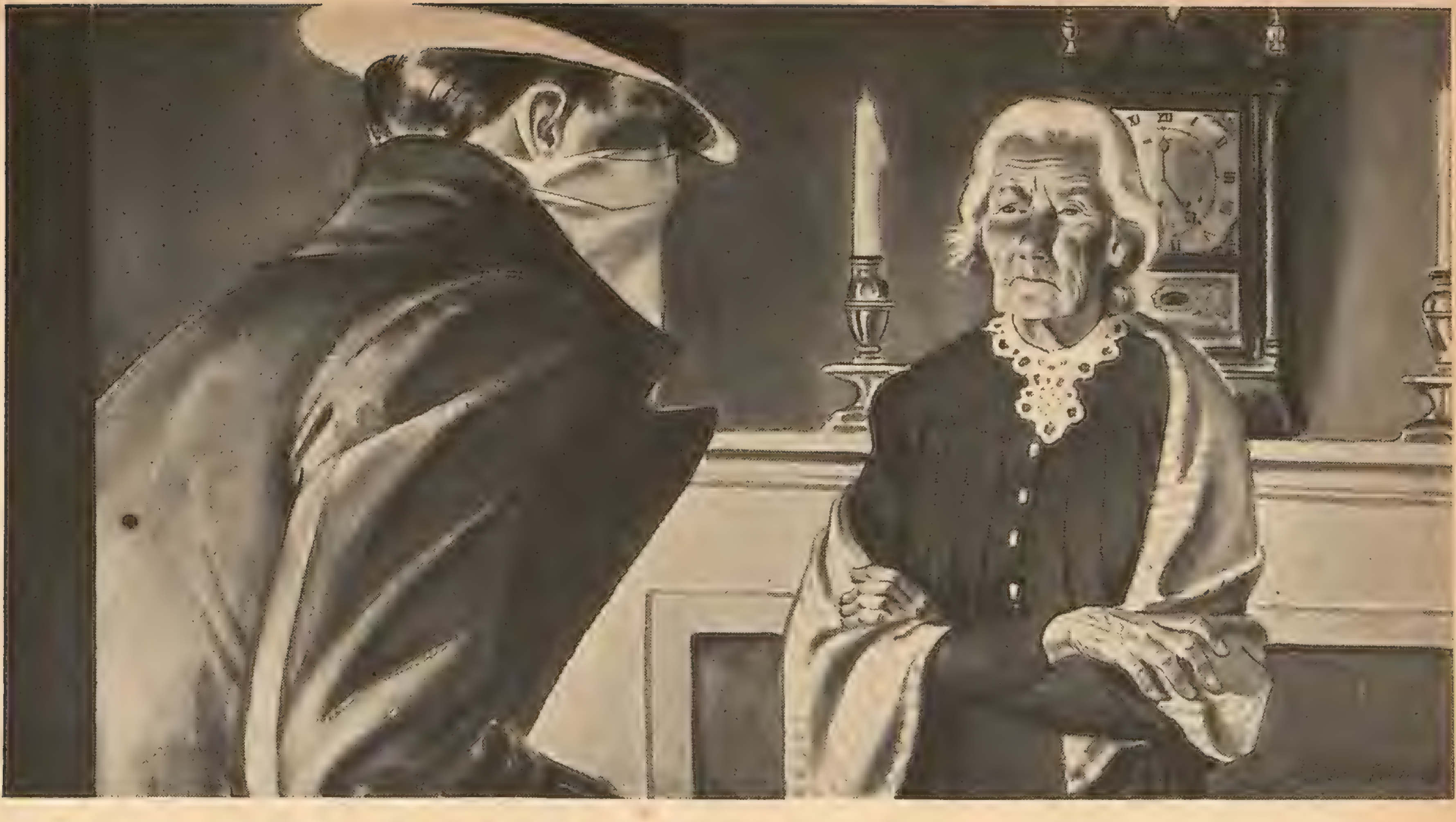
It rolled up like a snowball. In some quarters it went faster and farther than the directors of British propaganda desired; they faced always the possibility of excesses that would transform the show from a tragic melodrama into a farce. There was our Newell Dwight Hillis, for example. He swallowed all the atrocity stories and added decorations of his own. His "poison-candy-for-the-children" story was originally German anti-Ally propaganda. Hillis, it would appear, picked it up and, giving it a few realistic touches, took the play away from the Germans. According to him, the gory Hun, occupying a piece of territory, always put poisoned candy where the children would find it. After we entered the war, the army sent back from France ten men of diverse ranks as popular lecturers. One of them, a sergeant, announced himself as a witness to a case of cutting off a prisoner's ears, and for good measure threw in the story about poisoned candy. When the news reached headquarters in France, General Pershing issued an order recalling him to duty and asking that his statements be corrected. "They have no foundation in fact," he added. At that period, saying a word in favor of a German might wreck a man's career; and no act in the record of that great officer and gentleman who led our armies reflects on him greater credit.

However, as the work went on, the British began to adopt a policy which pointed the way to modern propaganda. They followed the tried and true method perfected by lawyers in a million briefs. Stick to the facts—those favoring your side of the case, that is. Pass over lightly the facts bolstering the other side. Having thus created an appearance of rock-bound truth, slip in the big whopper on which the case depends. A passage in the confidential circulars to British propagandists clearly states this policy. The Berlin Lokal Anzeiger had asserted that Reuter's, the British press bureau, then controlled as a war measure by the government, was "spreading poison and lies" daily. After defending Reuter's, the circular continues: "It cannot be pointed out too clearly that it is the duty of [a press bureau] of a belligerent power, enjoying what is almost a monopoly, to preserve a generally truthful position in order to bluff at the most critical moment. For instance, Wolff's agent in Rumania is . . . so staid that it is open to him, if desired, to publish at a suitable period a monstrous perversion. Good agency work is like good poker play: you cannot bluff on every hand." For the verb "bluff" substitute "lie," and you have it all.

Well, I who saw the war close up from August, 1914, to March, 1919, still maintain that the British and French had the better cause. The British were fighting for their Empire and perhaps for their very existence. Killing, a capital crime in peace, becomes a virtue in war; why not lying? Trying to drag the United States into the war? From their point of view, why not? Our Southern Confederacy tried that game on Britain and France in the Civil War; in like circumstances Lincoln would probably have done the same.

I am not writing in criticism of Britain and France. I merely hope that if we find it necessary to face the decision between belligerency and neutrality in the present war, we may decide by our own judgment, not with the powerful assistance of promptings from Europe or Asia.

THE END



Grandma didn't plead. She knew it would be a waste of words.

GRANDMA
and the Barefoot Burglar

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TOMORROW Grandma Rand would be ninety years old, and she knew exactly what she was in for, or thought she did.

Sometime this afternoon the newspaper folks would pay her a visit—following a custom the Times had established fifteen years ago. She would tell them how she arrived on the site of the present city seventy years ago in a covered wagon containing household goods, a twenty-two-year-old husband, and two children. They would listen politely when she related how Chief Afraid of Thunder attacked the cabin when her husband was sick. She would point to East Ridge, two hundred yards from her window, and say, " Because of the lay of the land, it seems like all trouble came over East Ridge, and left the same way. Over East Ridge was the closest cover in them days, same as it is now, on account of the trees and natural park. I shoved a ca'tridge into the old Spencer, rested the bar'l on the windowsill, led the chief about two feet, and shot a handful of feathers and two square inches of scalp off'n his head. That kinda discouraged him. It took the starch out of me, too—that damned Spencer kicks like a steer and it knocked me flat."

With that, Grandma Rand would exhibit the Spencer, a hand cannon hurling lead slugs a half inch thick.

Next they would want to know about the cattle rustlers. " Well, that was the Ace Staley outfit. They'd put a bullet through my man and he was comin' over the East Ridge on the dead run, and them after him. He made it to the barn and I shoved the Spencer through the window again. I got a bead on Ace and pulled the trigger. I let daylight through him, but he got well and lived to be hung."

She would tell the two stories they wanted to hear, knowing the newspaper folks wouldn't believe a word she said. They would go away saying she was old, childish, and had been listening to too many Western dramas on her radio. But before they departed they would ask her what she wanted for her birthday. She would answer, " Oh, nothing much—a cake and a few cheerful smiles."

Grandma Rand was too proud to tell them the finest present she could receive would come from those same newspaper folks. She wanted, most of all, faith in her stories, and she saw no way of getting it.

There were other items too. She would have enjoyed an airplane ride back East and a visit with her younger sister. But the annuity which maintained the old home her husband had built on the cabin site wasn't ample enough for plane rides.

Her granddaughter Annie lived with her, and because Grandma Rand had always retained a youthful viewpoint and refused to believe new styles and new ways led to the devil, they got along fine.

Annie was going downtown to do a little shopping.

" How does my hair look, Annie? " Grandma asked, when she looked in.

" Aren't expecting a boy friend, are you? " Annie asked.

" There are worse things than havin' a man around," Grandma said pointedly. Annie was forty-five and

The sprightly story of a gallant heart and a dismaying downfall for doubters

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

single. "But I'm expectin' the newspaper folks. About now the editor is sayin', 'Go out to Old Lady Boone's place and take her out of the moth balls. Tomorrow is her birthday. Neither she nor her musket changes from year to year, but take a photographer along anyway.'"

Annie smiled, kissed Grandma, and hurried away, half amused and half resentful. The irreverent did speak of her as Old Lady Boone, claiming Daniel Boone and she had come West about the same time.

At two o'clock the grocery boy arrived. The boy's weakness was Chinese lottery tickets. "I caught a six spot last night, Grandma," he said. "Only had a dime on it. Now, if I'd've had a dollar . . ."

"Hindsight always was better'n foresight," Grandma sagely observed. She paid for the groceries and had fifty cents remaining. It burned a hole in her hand. In her younger days she was some punkins at keno. "Larry," she said, "if you've got an extra ticket, mark every seventh number." Grandma had caught a seven spot once and she was a great believer in the number. "Maybe I'll be lucky."

The boy marked the ticket and promised to have it in for tomorrow's two-o'clock draw.

The newspaper boys arrived at three o'clock. They had a girl with them this time. They listened politely and with well masked disbelief as Grandma repeated the stories of the early days. They looked at the Spencer, then at Grandma's four feet eleven inches and ninety-five pounds.

The newspaper girl took a great interest in the old clock and candlesticks. "Do you know they are museum pieces and very valuable?" she asked Grandma.

"I'm almost a museum piece myself," Grandma answered, "but the clock and candlesticks came into my mother's family a hundred years before I was born."

The girl had come out hoping to pick up an angle the men had overlooked in previous years, and she had found it. The photographer took pictures of the clock and candlesticks. Then, with congratulations all around, the press departed.

ANNIE brought in the paper the following morning, gave Grandma a gift, and said, "Many happy returns of the day. But the barefoot burglar killed a man last night, and it's crowded you off the front page."

"They haven't caught that cuss yet, eh?" Grandma Rand demanded.

She got her reading glass and looked at the photographs, but Annie read the story about her aloud. They had cut down the Indian and rustlers incidents and made quite a thing out of the clock and candlesticks.

It was funny, Grandma thought. She could read signs on the theater two blocks away but couldn't read headlines in front of her nose.

That morning she helped Annie get ready for the afternoon party. The guests came at three o'clock and left at five. At five fifteen the grocery boy slipped through the back door. "Grandma, you caught a eight spot," he said hoarsely.

"Go on, you young jackanapes," Grandma said tartly. "Don't try to fool an old woman." But her eyes were bright and confident as she asked, "How much did I win?"

"Four hundred and forty-four dollars and fifty cents," the boy gasped. "Here it is."

"Take out forty-four dollars," Grandma ordered, "for your trouble. The runner always gets ten per cent. Get the bicycle you've wanted. Wait! Just a minute. Never gamble. In the long run you'll lose your shirt."

Grandma gathered up the money, fumbled around the china closet, and cached her wealth in a sugar bowl. Before she sat down and turned on the radio, she knew what she was going to do—take that plane trip East.

Annie was attending a meeting at the church that evening, and Grandma shifted from program to program.

At five minutes of ten, just before the newscast, the door downstairs opened. Grandma knew it had opened because the draft stirred the curtain behind her. "Is that you, Annie?" she sharply demanded.

THERE was no answer. No sound . . . until she heard the padding of bare feet. A masked barefooted man carrying an automatic pistol came into the room. "You caught an eight spot, Grandma," he said. "I saw the ticket posted in that Chinese lottery joint. It was marked paid."

There was a modern expression covering the situation that Grandma liked very much. "So what?" she asked.

"I want it," he said quietly.

"You won't get it," Grandma said bravely. "Why? Well, I've lived a long time. I'll die soon anyway, so if you want to kill me . . . there ain't no fences around you. But I ain't toadyin' to no road agent."

The burglar was cool. "Very well, then. I'll wait until Annie comes home," he said, "and give her a good working over with a gun butt."

"Huh!" Grandma said. Peril was making her mind work swiftly. "When you came in I thought you was holdin' a busted flush. But it seems like you've drawed the right cards and filled it out. There's four hundred dollars in the sugar bowl. Ten per cent went to the runner."

"You're a smart old lady," the burglar said. He took the money, jerked the telephone from the wall, then said, "I read in the paper them candlesticks and the clock are worth plenty. I'm takin' them along too."

Grandma didn't plead. She knew it would be a waste of words.

The burglar looked around to make certain he had missed nothing; then said, "I'm throwing the main switch on the way out. I wouldn't start running around. You're liable to fall in the darkness and break your neck."

Then he was gone and a moment later the lights went out. Grandma groped her way down the hall to the west windows, opened one, and screamed, "Help! Sheriff! Road agents!" That would arouse the neighborhood and put the burglar to flight. She groped her way back again to the case in which the Spencer had stood so many years.

She yanked the magazine out of the butt, remembering a grandson had fired and reloaded the cartridges several years ago. She thrust one into the barrel and groped her way to the window commanding the East Ridge. She opened the window and rested the rifle on the ledge, got down on her knees, and waited. A great uproar was going on at the west side of the house. People were asking who had shouted for help, men were running around.

GRANDMA RAND watched the East Ridge flooded in moonlight. Things close up blurred, but the ridge stood out clear and sharp. She waited until she saw a loping figure gain the crest. "Trouble always came from the East Ridge," she muttered, "and left the same way."

She sighted along the barrel and pulled the trigger. A deafening roar, and Grandma Rand was knocked flat on her back; the rifle clattered to the floor behind her. "Damn it!" she shouted. "That blasted cannon always did knock seven kinds of tar out of me."

Her right shoulder was numb, but she got to her knees again. The figure was just getting up off the ground. It moved ten yards and dropped again. People began storming into the house, and Grandma shouted, "Throw the main switch, or you'll break your necks! Some of you boys hurry up to East Ridge. I winged a road agent."

Reporters filled the room. Then Annie arrived, scared stiff. Later on policemen came in with a man on a stretcher. "Is this the man?" one of them asked. "We found a clock and candlesticks near by and four hundred dollars he had tried to cover with dirt. You got him in the leg. He's going to be mighty sick, but he won't die . . . from the wound."

The burglar was a slight blur, but Grandma Rand recognized him. "He said he read in the paper I had an old clock and candlesticks," she tartly observed, "but if he'd read on, he'd have knowed I had a Spencer I'd learned to use as a girl. Still, maybe he figgered that that was just a tall tale from a museum piece that had been listenin' to too many Western dramas on the radio." She caught her breath. "Guess I'll go to bed. Plannin' some on flyin' East to see a kid sister in a few days. Now, is there any doubts in anybody's mind about what happened?" She looked hard at the newspaperman who had covered her birthday story for fifteen consecutive years.

"There isn't the slightest doubt about anything in the world, Grandma," he said gallantly. "Many happy returns of the day!"

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

CASPAR MILQUETOAST is a neighbor of mine. I live within screaming distance of Harold Tucker Webster, famed comic artist, creator of The Timid Soul, whose terrors echo all our everyday defeats and self-humiliations. . . . Mr. Milquetoast has become for us a symbol for masculine timidity. He's a wisp of a man, afraid of his boss, afraid of his automobile, afraid of his golf caddie, afraid of his wife's women friends, their husbands and children. The artist responsible for Mr. Milquetoast is strikingly different. . . . H. T. Webster stands six feet three in his stocking feet; divides his leisure time between hunting and fishing in Canada and playing hard-boiled bridge in metropolitan society. . . . Two fearful experiences harrow his dreams. He once got caught by a train on a railroad trestle. Still dreams about it. Another narrow escape was the time he grazed death shooting the Yangtze River rapids in China. Still dreams about that one too.

Fans write hundreds of letters asking Mr. Webster to show Caspar Milquetoast turning courageous for once. A Chicago girl begged, " Please, Mr. Webster, make Caspar get tough and sock somebody in the eye! "

The Milquetoasts of this world seldom wake up in time to get tough effectively, Mr. Webster fears. Only way he can satisfy the fans, he says, is by having Caspar sock somebody in his sleep. Inasmuch as Milquetoast obeys all laws, believes in all signs, bows to all prohibitions, H. T. Webster considers him a worthy citizen —of the kind that had better begin to show a little more spunk before it is too late.

☆ In a war-troubled year our attitude toward Christmas gifts will no doubt be more practical than frivolous, so I'm suggesting a few useful presents you can have done in time for Christmas if you get busy with your needle *now:* . . . Bands of petit point embroidered for ready-made satin mules cost less than $5, the slippers included, but look like at least fifteen dollars' worth of luxury. . . . Stylishly individual is a clock face worked in wool on the pocket of a $3 flannel blouse. . . . Hand-finished touches of quilting design on the shoulders of a $2 cashmere cardigan transform it into a garment of distinction.

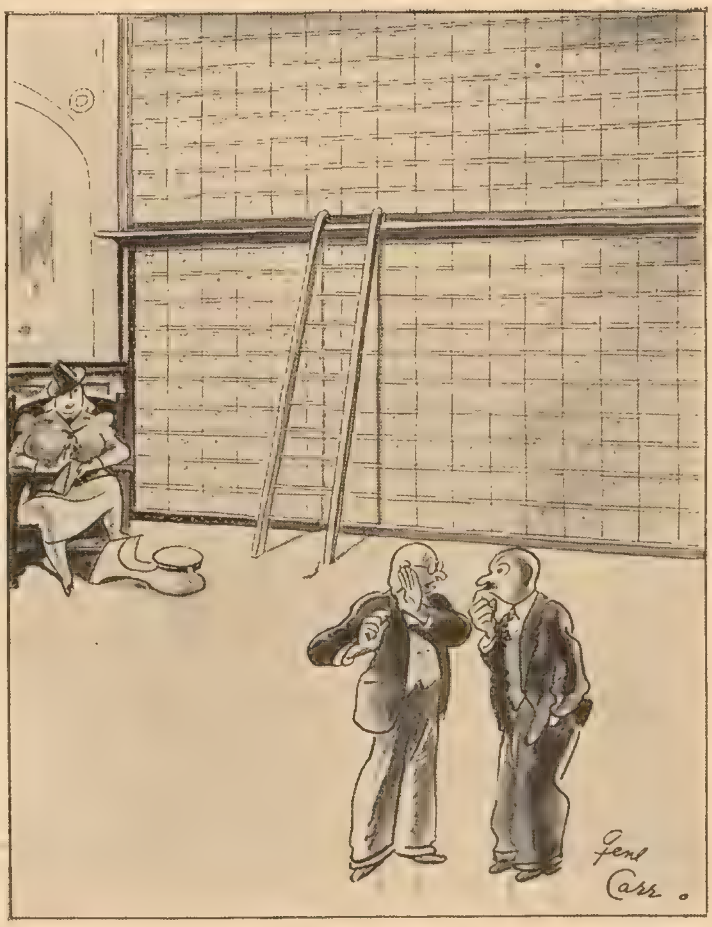
☆ A serious student of crime has called my attention to the occurrence of extraordinary accidents that barely escape being mistaken for murder. Recent Canadian case was that of an unfortunate lady who somehow strangled through catching her neck upon a carved swan on the back of a rocking chair. Had she not survived long enough to explain, foul play would certainly have been suspected. Among my own friends I know an instance of a wife nearly breaking her neck in a fall between twin beds. Her husband happens to be the criminologist who told me these cases. " If her vertebra *had* snapped," he says, " I would have faced a murder charge as sure as fate! "

Thinking about it still makes him perspire and say " Phew! "

☆ To read in bed as a respite from war's new nightmares, I recommend Louis Kornitzer's new book, Gem Trader. Romance of a world-wide hunt for precious stones. (Published by Sheridan House.)

☆ Smart youngsters tell me they earn money at college writing letters for not-so-smart classmates. They charge from fifty cents to three dollars for a love letter; twenty-five cents for a bread-and-butter letter; seventy-five cents for a weekly report of scholastic progress. Fifty cents for a loving letter to mama. They take twenty-five per cent of the " get " when they write a begging letter to papa.

This commercialization of college letter writing is well organized. Slick undergraduates make as much as twenty dollars a week at it.



" Which is the box with the shoes in it? "

☆ Apples are perfect now, and they grow steadily in favor as a cooked-vegetable accompaniment to serve with meat. With ham, roast pork, or sausage cakes, try this Vermont recipe for *Bennington Apples*—which means tart apples baked with a sweet-potato stuffing! . . . Slice top from each apple. Remove core. Set apples in pan with a little water. Bake in slow oven until tender.

For the stuffing, combine mashed sweet potatoes with butter, cream, salt and pepper, and a sparing amount of crisply fried bacon chopped fine.

Fill apples full of potato mixture; cap them thickly with it; sprinkle with bread crumbs; dot with butter; brown well in hot oven.

☆ Every one who loves outdoor California and the haunting beauty of the Hawaiian Islands will be interested, I am sure, in scientific research now being carried on to test the theory that our Pacific Ocean may have been the birthplace of the moon. National Geographic Society experts appear inclined to think the Pacific may be the hollow left in our planet's surface when the moon tore herself free from us, millions of years ago. Certainly there is something strange, something not altogether earthly, about the loveliness of most Pacific landscapes.

Jack London called his California ranch The Valley of the Moon. Perhaps science will prove his homestead's name to be more accurate than he realized.

NEWSPAPERMAN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Immediately after the young Eddie Doherty and his Marie contracted to buy a house, a bank with their savings in it "went bust." But he arranged for overtime newspaper work and they bought the house anyhow. When the United States declared war on Germany, he longed to enlist—but, as a prospective father, how could he? Eddie Junior was born July 11, 1917. Then, in the fall of '18, came the "Spanish flu" pestilence; Marie died . . . and, for a while, her Eddie Senior sought a respite from grief and anguish in "dissipation."

On returning to the office he found that a girl reporter, Mildred Frisby, had joined the staff, and that the men were forever crowding around her desk. She made him think of Marie, and it hurt; he pronounced her a scatterbrain. But the moment the exasperated boss threatened to fire the next man who talked to her, he crossed the room and sat down at her side.

PART SEVEN—A GUNMAN GETS ME A JOB

I DIDN'T know what to say to her. But the sight of one of the reporters sitting near by gave me an inspiration.

"That old maid you go to lunch with every noon," I said, "he's a married man. Did you know that?"

She wasn't angry or startled. She was merely amused.

"You mustn't talk to me," she said. "Don't you know I'm poison? I'm taboo. And Elwell's watching you."

"Let him," I said. "Let him fire me. I want to talk to you. You know the guy's married?"

"Yes. But he's so pathetic. So afraid we'll be seen together. And he calls me dear Summer Girl!"

"Summer's gone," I said. "It's time to put that guy on ice."

Mahoney called me, but I pretended I didn't hear. Then he called me again. I couldn't ignore him. There was work to do. I went back to my desk, wondering what was wrong with me. Why should I care if some lug called her his dear Summer Girl?

At the end of the day Mildred came over and sat in Joey's chair. And I found myself telling her about Marie. She listened quietly, head bent.

"How you must have loved her!" she whispered.

I saw, with astonishment, that her eyes were gemmed with tears.

"I still do," I said. "I always will."

"Was she pretty?"

"Beautiful. Taller than you. And a few years older."

"I'm almost twenty-one."

"She'd be twenty-six next February if she'd lived."

Mildred crumpled up a sheet of copy paper.

"And I hear you're going into the army. You don't actually want to go to war, do you?"

"Why not?"

"And leave your baby son?"

"No. Of course I don't want to leave him. But—"

Mahoney suddenly shouted, "God Almighty!" He jumped up, waving a bit of flimsy over his head.

"The war's over! They've just signed an armistice!"

The war was over. As suddenly as that. The one way out of my misery was blocked.

I walked through the Loop, through happy crazy crowds. A girl ran up and kissed me and darted away. Another tickled my chin with a feather. A weeping woman threw her arms around me, and waltzed me about, crying "*Fini la guerre!*" Her breath was heavy with gin. A traffic cop at State and Madison streets was praying. People were dancing on the sidewalks, in the streets. Traffic was stalled. Whistles and bells and horns and gongs and human throats blended in a hallelujah chorus that drowned the roar of the El trains.

Well, it would be good to have Jim and Frank back. That was one thing to be thankful for.

Mildred was in the lobby of the Hearst Building when I arrived there the next morning. There was something in her face that made me ask, "What's the matter?"

"Flu, I think." She thrust her hands toward me. They were hot. "I'm chilled all over. Feel my forehead."

"Fever," I said. "Go home and call a doctor."

"No." She laughed. "I'll work it off. I've had this before. It comes and goes."

At noon I saw her on the street. She was crying. But she wasn't sick. The fever had left her. She was crying about two girls she had just interviewed.

"I'm such a sentimentalist I'm ashamed of myself," she said. "But—oh, life's so mixed up I just had to cry. Life's so short, and it takes so little to make us happy. But we're afraid to be happy. Life's so big, and we're so little and so frightened. Oh, Eddie, if we weren't so scared of life and of each other, we could all be so happy!"

"That was like Marie," I said. "The way you said 'Oh, Eddie!'"

She didn't comment on that.

One day, as she stood near my desk, I slipped a note into her coat pocket. "I like to look at you," it said. The next day she thrust an answer into my hands. It said, "Thanks."

"It's true," I said. "I do like to. And I love to talk to you. And I want, desperately, to ask you out to dinner, or to a dance or a show. But—you're too nice a girl."

"What do you mean by that?"

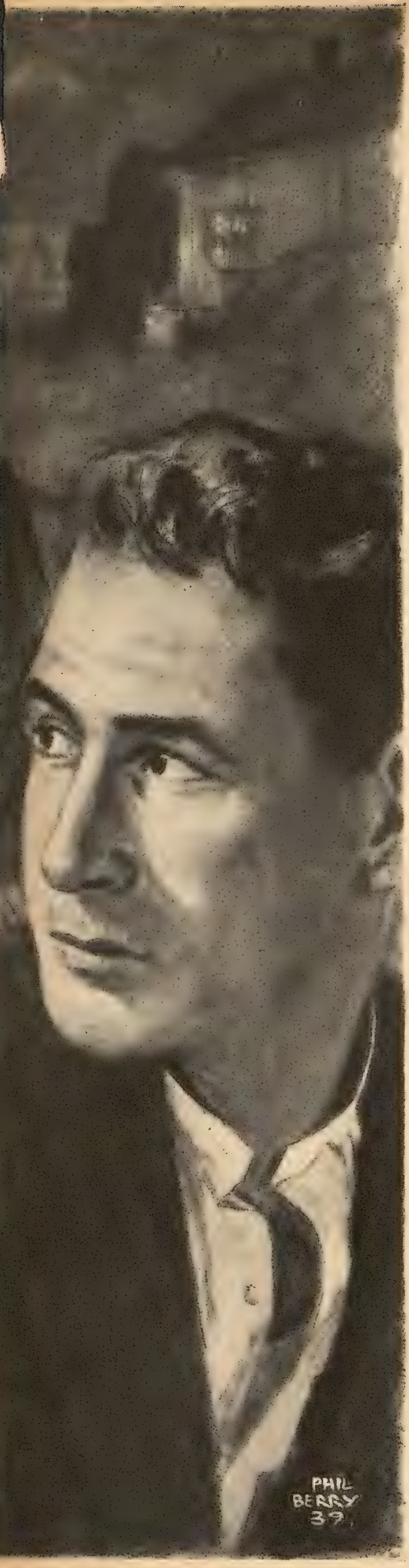
I couldn't tell her at first.

"Once upon a time," I said, "there

Strange courtship, hectic honeymoon— A romantic reporter learns about life

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL BERRY



I heard footsteps behind me. "Here's your hat," she said, holding it out. "And here's your collar."

was a young man who regarded himself as a sort of knight. Women were to him like angels. He was proud of his virtue. He married a beautiful princess. And she died."

I couldn't go on with it. Not like that.

"I guess I went crazy," I said.

"Women, Eddie?" She did not look at me.

"Yes."

"You were lonely, desolate, desperate. Don't be ashamed."

"I found out I wasn't any knight in shining armor. I was a phony. I couldn't take it. I went whining for sympathy, for pity, for anything a woman would give me. Ashamed? I feel like a louse."

"Is that what you meant about my being too nice a gal? Why you wouldn't speak to me for weeks?"

"Yeah. I guess so. I resented you. Because you made me see myself as I am. At first, that is. Now—"

"Why are you telling me all this, Eddie Doherty?"

"So I can go on looking at you and liking it. So I can feel sort of clean again—as I used to feel after confession."

"You can look at me all you like. A king can look at a cat. And you needn't feel any shame. Millions of men in your situation would do the same things you did—and think nothing of it. You haven't been untrue to any one but yourself," she said.

"Maybe not. And yet—suppose I asked some other girl to marry me some day. How could I swear I'd be true to her, knowing myself as I do now?"

"That wouldn't matter, if the girl loved you. If I ever marry—which I never will—I won't expect my husband to be true to me. I will expect him to be true to himself. I'll want him to be happy, no matter what the consequences to me. Can you understand that?"

"Not quite."

"I'm not being profound, Eddie. I'm being very simple. I must be true to myself. I must keep my own integrity of soul. If we are true to ourselves we will be happy. If we're jealous, or petty, or spiteful—if we hate where we should love—"

"If any man called you a scatterbrained idiot," I burst in on her, "he should apologize profusely. And does so."

She laughed. "That's only a pose. Men can't stand women who think. So I haven't a brain in my head."

"I can stand them," I said. "I can't do without them. May I take you to dinner and a show tonight?"

"I'd love it."

ON a night when Mildred had no time for me I sat in a curious poker game with a set of curious gentlemen. One was an old friend of my police-reporting days, a first-class burglar. Another was a former convict. The third was a barber who operated a handbook in his shop. The fourth I suspected of knowing all the tricks at cards. The fifth I had met once before, after he had shot it out with a cop.

Genial gentlemen, all of them. And all unfortunate that night. I began to win from the moment the first cards were dealt. And I kept winning all night long.

These crooks are trying to be kind to me, I thought. They're forcing me to win.

I didn't like it. I threw away aces and kings and queens and jacks. If I had a pat flush I drew one card, or two. But still I could not lose. If I discarded a straight, I drew a full house. If I threw away all but the lowest card in my hand, I came out of the draw with four of a kind.

There was more than $400 worth of chips in front of me when we decided to quit. I opened the last pot on a pair of jacks, split openers, and drew a pair of deuces.

"Bet a hundred," I said.

The gunman threw a roll of bills on the table.

"And a hundred," he said.

The others dropped out. I raised. He raised. I shoved the last of my chips into the pot.

"Call you," the gunman said.

I slid my cards, face downward, toward the discards; but the burglar turned them over.

"Two lousy deuces," he said. "He bet everything he had on them—knowing you'd drawn two cards."

"He wasn't bluffing," the gunman said. "He was just trying to be nice. Well, I can be nice, too. Doherty, how'd you like to work for the Chicago Tribune?"

"There's no chance of that. Only one man in history ever went back to that sheet. That was Floyd Gibbons."

"You'll go back. How much money would you ask?"

I laughed at the absurdity of it. “I'd ask for seventy-five. But I'd take anything they'd offer.”

It was a grand joke—until Perley Boone, the Tribune's new city editor, called me at the American office. The upshot was that I went to the Tribune for sixty dollars a week.

“You'd have got seventy-five if you'd held out another hour,” the gunman told me. “It was in the bag.”

“How did you do it?”

“How? I was a witness for the Tribune in a libel case. I helped them win. They owed me something. They asked me what I wanted. I told them all I wanted was a job for Eddie Doherty, at seventy-five a week.”

Mildred was the first one I told.

“So you're ditching us,” she said. “We won't be seeing much of you hereafter?”

“You'll see a lot of me,” I promised.

I reported at the Tribune office.

“I've got a bear of a yarn for you,” Perley told me. “I've found Norma Cook.”

Norma Cook's sweetheart, Billy Bradway, had been stabbed and the police had made an arrest. Norma had disappeared. She was wanted for questioning and half the cops in town and half the newspapermen were looking for her. Perley and I went to her apartment that evening. Norma was beautiful and gracious, and she talked to us for hours. When I wrote the story I went lyrical. E. S. “Teddy” Beck, then managing editor, read copy on it, smiling until the end. He added just one word. “The reporter said” became “the entranced reporter said.” He wrote my name across the top: By Edw. J. Doherty.

Bang! There I was. A banner head, a by-line, and a column on page one. At last I was a star!

MILDRED called me as soon as she'd read the yarn.

“It was wonderful, Eddie. It was grand! Eddie, are you in love with that girl?”

“Of course not.”

“You must be. You said her hair was the color of new rope. Oh, if you'd said that about me I'd be so proud!”

“I was thinking of you when I wrote that line,” I said.

“You're a lovely liar, Eddie.”

A few days later, quite by accident, I met her in the lobby of the Congress Hotel.

“Eddie, you are falling for that blonde, aren't you?”

“If you must know,” I said, “I'm falling for you. Can I see you tonight? I'll get off early.”

“Can you see me? Any time! Any place!”

“I'll call for you at the office.”

I did, and we had supper in a chile parlor before we took the El. Then we walked from the station toward her home. The pavement was covered with ice. She slipped. I caught her, picked her up in my arms, and walked with her thus for a block. I wanted to kiss her then. But I didn't.

I put her down in front of her door.

“I love you, Mildred,” I said. “Will you marry me?”

She clung to me a long moment, and I thought she was crying. “I was afraid you'd ask me that,” she whispered. “And I was afraid you wouldn't.”

“Will you—dear?”

“No, Eddie. You don't love me. You just think you do. You're just lonesome. You want some woman to take Marie's place. You want a mother for your boy. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Eddie. Because I turn to slush every time you look at me, every time I think of you.”

“Then, why—?”

“Because I'm not going to marry. I don't believe in marriage. Neither would you, if you covered the divorce courts, as I do. Or the morals court. I wouldn't marry anybody. But I'm so thrilled you asked me!”

“You love me but you won't marry me?”

“Yes, Eddie. That's the way it is. Just that. Please say good night now, darling. No. Don't take me in your arms. Please don't—even though I want you to. I'm afraid. Can't we be sweethearts without being lovers?”

“No.”

“Then let's say good-by, not good night.”

She fled from me into her father's house.

SHE wasn't in, after that, when I phoned. I haunted the Hearst Building by day and her home at night. I didn't see her again for a week or more. Then the Tribune sent me out of town on several stories. I wrote to her every day. I went to the Hearst Building as soon as I got back to Chicago, and waited for her to come out. When she came, I kissed her. It was then I gave her a new name: “Sunny.” Because she was so sunny.

That evening we sat at the edge of the lake, a few yards from her home. We sat on the cool sloping beach, the water lapping at our shoes.

“The lake is drunk with moonlight,” Mildred said.

“That isn't moonlight, Sunny. It's a bridal veil. When will you marry me, darling?”

“I'll never marry you. I couldn't do that to you. I wouldn't. Not to you.”

“That sounds ominous. What does it mean?”

She took my hand and placed it on the base of her spine.

“Feel that bone that sticks out there? When I was a little girl, skating in Lincoln Park, I fell on the ice. I was badly hurt. My father called a doctor. He performed some sort of operation. And I've suffered ever since. Every moment.

“I'm an invalid, Eddie. I'm a neurotic. I'd make your life a hell. That's why I won't marry you. Now feel my left shoulder—there, in back of the shoulder blade, near the spine. That hurts too. Night and day.”

“So that's why! For my sake!”

“Don't you see I'm a wreck? Sunny! I may be Sunny to you—but only in the daytime, when the sun is shining. I can mask myself in the daytime. I can laugh and joke. But at night I go crazy with pain.”

“God never made another woman like you,” I said. “Wreck or not, I want you.”

Emotion choked me. I whipped off my hat and tore off its brim and sailed it into the lake. I ripped off my collar, and tore out the neck button of my shirt. I picked her up and held her tightly to me.

“Don't touch me,” she said. “Have you gone mad?”

“Fighting mad,” I said. “Say you'll marry me, or you'll never see me again.”

“No, Eddie. No, Eddie. I'll never marry you.”

I TURNED and left her. But I hadn't gone half a block before I heard quick little footsteps behind me.

“Here's your hat,” she said, holding it out to me. It dripped water on the sidewalk. Her shoes and stockings and the hem of her skirt dripped too.

“And here's your collar.”

I took it from her.

We stood in the moonglow, glaring at each other. Then we locked tight in each other's arms and she was crying.

“What's the matter with us?” I asked. “Why did we quarrel?”

“Because we love each other so. And there's nothing we can do about it. Nothing.”

Suddenly she jerked her arms free of me.

“You don't love me. You never did. You never will.” She beat my chest with her fists. “It's Marie you love. Nobody could love a woman like me.”

She clung to me again, contrite and limp.

“Forgive me. I told you once there wasn't any jealousy in me. But there is. It hurts me worse than any spine or shoulder. I'm jealous of Marie, that poor little dead Marie. I'll always be jealous of her. Always.”

She wept and I patted her shoulder.

“Put your finger on that spot I showed you,” she begged. “Press. Press hard. Oh, harder than that. My shoulder's killing me tonight, and the only way I can fight it is with pain. There. That's it. Thanks. Now kiss me good-by, Eddie. And never come to see me again.”

In late June Pancho Villa tried to take Juarez, Mexico, across the river from El Paso, Texas. Boone sent me to the border. I had time to phone Mildred before I took the train. But I didn't. And all the time I was gone I didn't write her. Silence might work, I thought, where every other method had failed.

I wired her, telling her when to expect me back. She was at the train.

“I almost died without you,” she said. “What kept you so long? Why didn't you write? Have you been in danger? Have you stopped loving me?”

"I almost died too," I said. "Will you marry me now?"

"I'll ruin your life."

"Ruin it and welcome. When will you marry me?"

"The dam is broken," she said, her chin quivering and her eyes filling. "I'm lost, Eddie. I'm in the grip of the flood. I can't fight it. I'll marry you, damn you. Now. Any time. Anywhere. God help me, I can't help it."

We walked hand in hand up Michigan Boulevard.

"We'll have to live on thirty a week," I said.

"I could live on less than that with you and be happy and proud. I'd take in washing for you."

"I get sixty. Out of it I've got to take care of Mrs. Ryan and the baby."

"She knows you're going to marry me?"

"Yes. I told her so. A long time ago."

Mildred let go my hand. I grabbed it again. I flagged a taxi and put her into it.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To be married," I said. "You pick the parson."

"But we haven't a license!" she objected.

"Yes we have. I got it weeks ago."

"And the ring?"

"And the ring."

The sun was setting as we entered the minister's home. The sky was still blazing with crimson and gold as we walked down the street, man and wife. We said good night sitting on the beach near her home in Sheridan Road.

"This is the strangest bridal day any girl ever had," she whispered, "and the most wonderful."

I left her at her door and went home. The next afternoon I called her at her office.

"Go to an outside phone," I said, "and call me back."

We had agreed to keep our marriage secret for a time. We didn't trust office telephones.

"I'm going to Michigan on a story," I said when she called me. "Can you meet me at the station?"

"No. When will you come back?"

"I can't say."

"The next time I marry," she said, trying to laugh, "I'm going to marry a grocer, and we'll live over the store. Oh, darling, I wish you a lovely honeymoon."

AFTER I got back, we met whenever we could. Late at night. Early in the morning. On my day off. But I didn't have a day off for weeks. There was too much news.

One morning I woke to hear her voice, and her quick step coming up the stairs—coming for the first time into her home. But I couldn't believe it, not even after I saw her standing in the doorway with Mrs. Ryan.

"You don't have to introduce me," she said. "I did that downstairs. I came out here on a story, and just couldn't resist seeing you. Do you mind?"

Mrs. Ryan, trying to smile, hur-

SOCIALLY—
WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Have you ever walked into a room filled with people and felt the uncomfortable sensation of critical eyes on your hair?

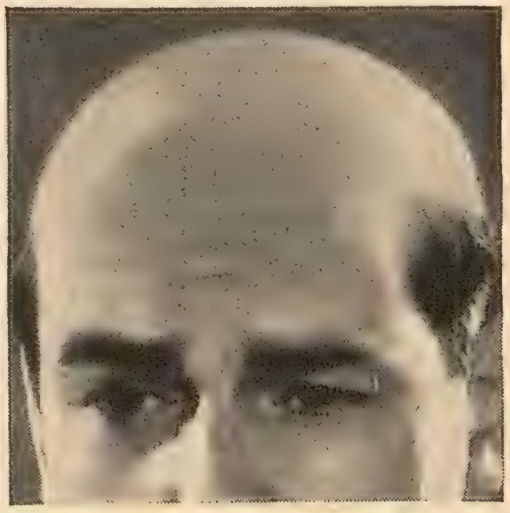
Has your wife ever suggested your hair might be neater, or that it's a bit too sticky or greasy?

Has she ever cautioned you about those ugly dandruff scales and hairs that litter your collar?

If the answer is "yes" to any or all of these questions, we hope to help you improve your score by suggesting the use of Kreml.

DO YOU DOPE your hair with heavy, greasy concoctions? Then see yourself as others see you. Why go on using sticky, shiny plasters that also tend to clog scalp pores? Try Kreml and see the attractive difference it makes.

DOES YOUR HAIR look like this to others? Stiff, wild, unmanageable? Then stop soaking your hair with water to comb it. Water is bad for hair. Dries out natural oils. Makes it hard to comb. Use Kreml and see how really nice your hair can look.



NO HOPE HERE, for hair once gone is gone forever. Use of Kreml, in time, will remove dandruff scales and check excessive loss of hair. Let this be the best advice: "Give the hair you have the finest care you can."

KREML CAN HELP DO THIS for you. Get a bottle today, use it every day, and prove to yourself how handsomely it keeps hair combed without a trace of grease. A marvelous tonic, too. Removes dandruff scales and checks excessive loss of hair.

KREML
REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

WOMEN TELL US that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier and last longer.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made with an 80 per cent olive oil base, it cleans hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

ried off, saying she thought the baby was "getting into mischief."

"Eddie, Eddie, Eddie!" Mildred cried. "I'm actually here. With you. In my own home. With my own husband. Darling, isn't it all a dream?"

It was then she saw pictures of Marie looking down at her from every wall. But—after a moment—she said, half aloud, "I love it. It's a happy room. I'm not jealous now. It's passed, Eddie. It's gone. We'll be happy here. I feel it."

Suddenly she was sobbing.

"Oh, Eddie, that beautiful baby! I love him so. And I've come between you and him. . . ."

I took the pictures down from the walls that day.

Sometime in the latter part of October or the beginning of November Mildred phoned me. "All is discovered," she said. "Mother's found out. I had to tell her. I'm with child. Get here as soon as you can."

Her voice sang with rapture.

Mrs. Frisby greeted me with a hug and a kiss and a spatter of tears. Bill Frisby, Mildred's father, wrung my hand. "I'm glad," he said. "I don't know how you did it. But you did. She always said she'd never marry anybody. And I'd begun to believe her."

MRS. RYAN moved to a little flat in Webster Avenue, taking the baby. Mildred quit the American and came to live in the house in Irving Park. Perley Boone put me on the rewrite desk. From 6 P. M. until 1 A. M.—or later. And he gave me a five-dollar raise.

The house was too big for Mildred. And too lonely at night. We hired a girl named Laverna, who ran out of the house every time she heard the fire engine leave its station, a block or so away. Mildred had dozens of funny stories to tell me about her every morning when I came home—or nearly every morning. Sometimes I found her lying on the floor, unconscious. One morning she was putting an overcoat over her nightgown. It was snowing. She was going downtown to a show, she said.

I called the doctor. He had been to see Mildred many times. Always he had said, "It's nothing serious, nothing but nerves; she's too highly strung; she has too much imagination." This time he said, "I'm afraid we'll have to take the baby from her. It's uremic poisoning."

Mildred leaped out of bed, screaming. "You'll not kill my baby, you murderer! I won't let you! You can kill me but not her! Eddie, tell him that. Tell him!"

"You heard her, doc," I said.

The doctor wrote a prescription and took up his hat. I went with him to the front door. "I'm afraid for her," he said. "Uremia isn't measles."

She sobbed in my arms for many minutes after he left. "I told you I was a wreck, Eddie Doherty. I told you I'd make your life a hell. I warned you not to marry me. Look what I've done to you. First I cost you little Eddie. Then I made a rewrite man of you—you who hate it so."

"I don't hate it. I love it."

"And now—and now— Oh, I can't bear it!"

I rocked her and massaged her shoulder and dug my fingers into it. After a time she said, without opening her eyes, "I feel like purring now. I feel akin to the trees, to the earth, to the seas, to all things that bring forth life. I'm teeming with life, creating life. I'm something like God. I may die, but I will give life to my baby."

Thereafter the doctor came to our house two or three times a day.

"You'll have to take her mind off dying," he warned me. "That vivid imagination of hers is doing her as much harm as the poison in her body."

LATE one evening in April she called me at the Tribune to say that our house was afire.

"Are you all alone?" I asked, making my voice sound as though I weren't at all excited.

"Yes. Mother's coming. But she isn't here yet. And Laverna's out somewhere. What'll I do?"

"You know where Johnny Dammann lives? The police lieutenant?"

"The house is burning and you ask me riddles! Are you made of ice, Eddie Doherty? What'll I do?"

"Let it burn. Get out of it. Don't stop to save anything. Johnny lives just across the street. Go over there and tell him about it."

A story was coming in jerks over the telephone and I was trying to get it in shape for the first edition.

Mrs. Frisby called a few minutes later.

"The baby's coming tonight," she said. "The fire brought it."

"How's Mildred?"

"I'm fine," said Mildred's voice. "I'm going to the hospital now. The fire wasn't so bad. The firemen got here before it had spread very far. When can you come to me, darling? I never felt better in my life!"

It was after three when I arrived at the hospital. I could hear Mildred's voice as I raced down the corridor.

"Of course I screamed," I heard her say. "And I'll scream again. As often as I want to. I'm not trying to be brave. I don't have to be brave. You'd scream too, if you were me. All doctors should be made to have a baby before they're allowed to deliver one. Where's Eddie? Where's my husband? What's keeping him?"

She held out her arms to me as I came in. "Thank God. I won't scream any more now. I can be brave now."

The baby was born at eight o'clock in the morning. A boy. "A bit premature," the doctor said, "but he'll live."

He was baptized in St. Viator's. He was christened John James, but we called him Jack Jim.

A few months later I hurried home with tremendous news. "Sunny, we're going to Mexico. We'll cure you in that hot climate."

"Why is the paper sending you there?"

"The paper has nothing to do with it. I've got a job there. A hundred bucks a week. I can make another hundred through correspondence. And, if we stay long enough, I can get a quarter interest in the paper there, to be paid for out of the paper's earnings. That means five hundred more a week. Altogether it's seven hundred a week."

"Darling, you haven't been drinking?"

"No. I met an old pal, Hunter Anderson. His brother Charley runs this sheet—the Tampico Tribune. A weekly. It's the only English paper in all Mexico. It makes two thousand a week net profit. There's an oil boom in Tampico. Everybody's lousy with money."

After a time, a long, long time, we found our excitement cooling.

"We can't take the baby to Mexico. The milk's no good."

"Hunter says it's all right."

"We'll have to sell the house. I don't want to sell it, Eddie."

"Neither do I. But what's a house compared to a shoulder that doesn't hurt all the time?"

"Marry Eddie Doherty and see Mexico!" Mildred cried, laughing.

"And the rest of the world, too," I added. "Will you come?"

"You're the boss, darling. Whatever you say goes."

We sold the house, at a profit of nearly two thousand dollars, and I arranged to leave for Tampico the following week. But I had to ask Anderson for more time. Before the week had passed I was promoting a school of journalism.

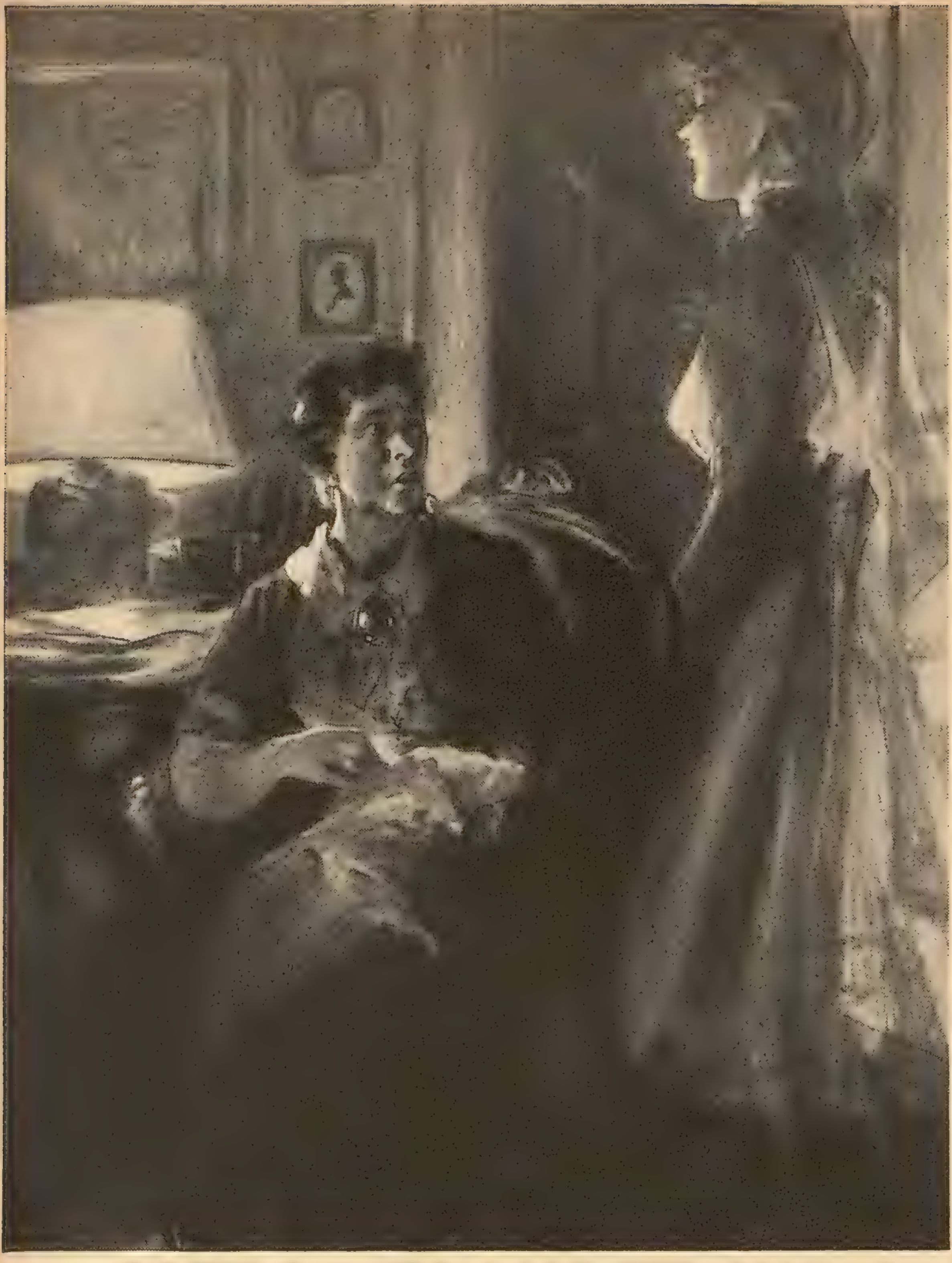
THE idea for such a school came to me as I was in the garden, pulling weeds. The windows were open, and I could see Mildred and her young nephew, "Little Jack" Frisby, and hear every word they said. Mildred was tutoring him in algebra and Latin. I realized that a little more academic education than I'd had wouldn't hurt me, either. I thought of reporters who had never written a line of copy, who never would. I thought of police reporters who would never make more than thirty or forty dollars a week; of copyreaders who would stay on a desk until they died.

Department stores had schools for their clerks. Many big corporations had begun training their employees for better jobs. Why couldn't the Chicago Tribune start a school for its reporters?

That night I wrote a note to J. M. Patterson, suggesting he create such a school. He answered immediately:

> Dear Mr. Doherty. Regarding your idea of a school of journalism for Chicago Tribune men. Go and do it.

A school, a bonus—and Mexico! In next week's vivid installment Eddie and Mildred Doherty taste life in a booming oil town, Tampico, only to flee at last from a ghastly horror!



"Dolores appeared and stood by my side. 'Mother,' she said, 'Richard killed me.'"

Amazing, but true—How would you interpret these weird stories from life?

DREAMS THAT CLEARED UP MURDER

BY H. G. HARGRAVE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DID you ever have a premonitory dream—a warning of some calamity yet to occur which was later fulfilled? Such dreams are not uncommon, and science has thus far failed to find an adequate explanation for them.

Less common—and also unexplainable—are the dreams that have led to the solution of mysterious murders. Take the strange case of Dolores Gladden for instance.

"Dolores died last night; come at once," Richard H. Gladden of Frankfort, Indiana, wired his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dorothy Titsworth, in Kansas City, Missouri, on the night of February 1, 1932.

The death of his beautiful young wife had been caused by carbon-monoxide fumes, Gladden told police. They had driven out on the Maish road, he said, and parked.

"I turned the heater on, and after awhile we both fell asleep," Gladden continued. "When I awoke, Dolores was slumped against the door and I couldn't rouse her."

The autopsy established the fact that the young woman was a victim of carbon-monoxide gas.

Mrs. Titsworth, mother of Dolores, arrived in Frankfort the next day. While there was no open friction, it was evident that she didn't entertain a very high opinion of her son-in-law. She left for her home with the body, and nothing more would have been heard about the death except for a peculiar circumstance.

A few nights after Dolores had been laid to rest, Mrs. Titsworth had a strange dream that sent her back to Frankfort to confer with the Clinton County prosecutor, Millard C. Morrison.

For years, she told him, she had felt intuitively that if anything occurred which resulted fatally to her daughter, Dolores would come back and tell her.

"One night recently," she related, "Dolores appeared and stood by my side. 'Mother,' she said, 'Richard killed me.' In my dream she said that Richard got out of the car while it was parked, saying he had to fix something in the rear. Then, with a piece of rubber hose, he piped the exhaust gas into the car through the rear window. 'When I became unconscious,' Dolores said, 'he choked me to death.'

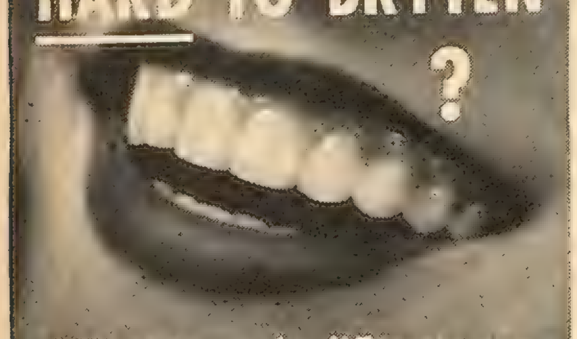
"I called to my husband," Mrs. Titsworth went on, but her voice suddenly ceased. The vision, or whatever it may have been, vanished. . . . "I want you to investigate this case, for I know my daughter was murdered."

Despite his incredulity, Morrison was impressed. He ordered an investigation.

Faint marks on the throat of the victim indicated that she might have been choked. In addition, a section of garden hose was traced to Gladden. It had been given him by a garage mechanic. One end of this hose had been stretched as though it had been used to fit over the exhaust pipe which had been twisted slightly upward.

Gladden was tried for first-degree murder. The motive alleged by the State was that he had been carrying on a clandestine affair with a nineteen-year-old girl, Voneta Taylor, and

ARE YOUR *Teeth* HARD TO BRYTEN ?



● Want to see the difference one week's time can make in the appearance of your teeth? Want to see a flash and sparkle in place of that old dingy look? Then brush your teeth with Iodent No. 2. At the end of seven days—you be the judge. See your teeth gleam bryter or your money back. Iodent No. 2 is a *special* dentifrice—especially made for hard-to-bryten teeth. Iodent is *safe.* Made by a Dentist. Change to minty Iodent tooth paste or powder *today.*

IODENT

TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

wanted to get rid of his wife. Witnesses testified to meetings between Gladden and the girl.

He was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

AMONG the reports of criminal trials filed in the old courthouse at St. Albans, Vermont, is recorded the strange dream of Abigail Marvin, a dream which resulted in the sentencing of a man to be hanged. Here is the story:

In the fall of 1840 a man conspicuous for his military bearing came to the town of Fairfield, Vermont. He said he was Eugene Clifford, thirty-five, late of Her Majesty's Service (Queen Victoria's).

It was not long before several spinsters were setting their caps for the fascinating stranger. Clifford, however, exhibited a preference for Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmore, an attractive widow of thirty who owned a productive farm. In a few months they were married.

Clifford's one tangible asset was an exquisite Spanish shawl, and this he presented to Elizabeth.

Two years after the marriage Elizabeth gave birth to a boy. At about this time town gossip began crediting Clifford with having become enamored of one of the village belles, with the result that he was neglecting his wife and son.

In the early twilight of October 16, 1842, Clifford suggested to his wife that they go out on the pond in their canoe. Elizabeth agreed and took along the baby, wrapped in the delicate Spanish shawl.

From that canoe trip Eugene Clifford returned alone. Apparently overcome by grief, he told of a tragedy which he said he had been powerless to prevent. Elizabeth, in rearranging the shawl about the infant, had upset the canoe and all three had fallen into the pond. Neither she nor Clifford could swim and he had narrowly escaped drowning. The bodies of Elizabeth and the baby were recovered. No one questioned Clifford's story.

Then Mrs. Abigail Marvin, close friend of Elizabeth, had a mysterious dream. "I dreamed I was walking in the woods near Fairfield Pond," she told her husband, "on the path leading to Clifford's dock. As I got near the water something told me to start digging. A little below the surface I found Elizabeth's shawl."

Her husband seemed unimpressed.

"Don't you see what it means?" she asked excitedly. "Clifford said the canoe tipped over when Elizabeth was fixing the shawl around the baby. Why didn't they find the shawl? It would have floated if it wasn't on the child."

A sheriff's posse uncovered the shawl on the spot revealed in Abigail's dream and Clifford was indicted for the murder of his wife and baby.

Abigail not only related her dream to the jury but told her version of the crime. "Clifford tricked his wife into standing up and then pushed her into the water," she said. "To make the story plausible, he jumped in himself, tipped over the canoe, and then righted it."

Clifford denied everything, but the buried shawl was too strong evidence for the jury to disregard. The verdict was "Guilty," and he was sentenced to be hanged.

JIM is dead. I saw him in a dream. He was floating in the river, and his face was all bloody."

It was shortly after midnight on August 15, 1937, that B. O. Revels in his home in Chattanooga, Tennessee, aroused his wife from sleep with his cries.

"There, there! Jim is all right," soothed Mrs. Revels. "He went to see Ruby." (Jim was the Revelses' son and Ruby Weathers their married daughter who lived in Georgia.)

About ten o'clock in the morning County Detective Charles Taylor called at the Revels home. The old man, trembling, met him at the door.

"I have some bad news for you, Mr. Revels," the detective said. "Your sedan was burned last night on the Glass Street extension."

"And Jim?" asked Revels.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess," responded the detective carelessly. "There was no one in the car."

The old man shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I had a terrible dream about him. I telephoned my daughter this morning and found that he started for home soon after nine o'clock last night. He's been murdered. You'll find his body in the river somewhere."

On Wednesday the bloated body of young Jim Revels was found in Chickamauga Creek in the Chickamauga National Park, a government reservation in Georgia. A gash in the throat had nearly decapitated him.

Because the body had been found on government property, the G-men assumed charge of the investigation, aided by the local police. When Special Agent Farley heard of the weird dream of the father of the victim, he said to Sheriff Moreland of Catoosa County, Georgia:

"I believe that Revels, for some reason, was worried over conditions surrounding his boy and feared he might be killed. The terrifying dream was the natural result."

He questioned the old man.

"Jim was a good boy," Revels said. "The only thing I ever chided him about was his running around with the girls so much."

"Running around with the girls." Farley acted on this tip. It didn't take him long to find out that Jim had been intimate with Virgie Weathers, wife of Roy Weathers, brother-in-law of Jim's sister Ruby.

For good and sufficient reason, Virgie's love had changed to hate. After a grilling, she and Roy confessed that they had jointly committed the murder.

More dreams that cleared up murder are coming in an early issue.

ENTER NOW AND WIN $2,000 CASH PRIZE

GAME OF

WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APP'LD FOR

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DIAGRAM NO. 2. Total..........

THE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters: the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnall's New Unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word, i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, Each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

HOW TO SCORE

							TOTAL
1 A	1 N	1 T	1 I	1 C			5
2 C	1 O	1 M	2 M	1 E	2 N	2 T	11

The two horizontal lines above represent the first two lines of Diagram No. 1 below. The filled-in words show how the score should be computed. In this example the total score is 16 points. You can undoubtedly fill in the diagram with words that have a much higher scoring value. This is simply an illustration.

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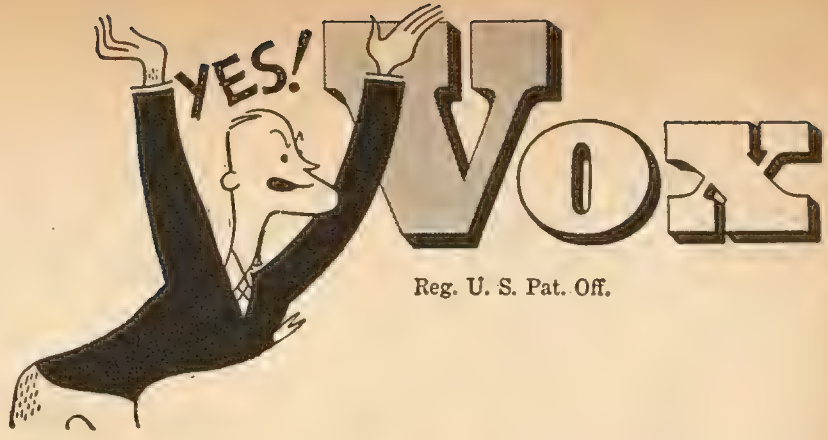
Start Today Toward a Prize! Your Chance for Big Money Is Excellent!

YOU still have time to enter the game of Words Within Words with an excellent chance of capturing one of the major awards! Get busy right now. The Rules tell exactly how to win. In summary, words of not more than eight letters are to be formed from the letters appearing in the key word at the left. A letter may be used in each horizontal word only as many times as it appears in the key word. Each time a letter is used in the diagram it increases one point in value, including the key word. Obviously the more times a letter is used, the higher your final score will be. Provision is made for the score for each horizontal word and the total for the entire diagram. Save all diagrams until the end of the contest.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed Diagram No. 1 last week you can obtain a reprint upon written request to the contest address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DID CECIL RHODES LEAVE SUCH A BEQUEST?

TIFFIN, OHIO—Lord Lothian Comes to Washington, by René Kraus (August 26 Liberty), is a clever bit of writing on behalf of the British-American Union scheme. It is genuine good British-American Union propaganda.

On the surface this article rings with sincerity and sympathetic understanding of the American viewpoint concerning foreign entanglements. However, it has a number of suggestive "plants" in its paragraphs which guide the mind of the average "American" reader into believing that if "democracy" as known in America is to be preserved, an ultimate and complete uniting with Great Britain would not only be necessary but urgent. The article also does a splendid job of neutralizing the American mind steeped in traditional antagonisms toward anything British.

When America entered the World War, the British-American scheme was given its greatest impetus toward its goal. Lord Lothian, having been secretary to David Lloyd George from 1916 to 1921, is undoubtedly well trained in the diplomatic methods of promoting the British-American Union.

One wonders if Liberty, by publishing this article, is willing that America should come back under the British crown and is secretly sponsoring this movement. If so, it is an outward expression of contempt for the sacrifices of our forefathers who made this a "free and independent" nation. And where does Liberty stand on the "war debt" which Great Britain owes the people of the United States? Observe that Lord Lothian's silence on this point is so loud it hurts one's ears. If the British-American Union should become a complete success, what would become of these debts? The answer should be obvious, and any one who cannot detect a hand dealt from the bottom of the deck is indeed stupid. Perhaps Liberty is not aware that on September 19, 1877, Mr. Cecil Rhodes devised by will a fund *"to and for the establishment, promotion and development of a secret society, the true aim of which, and object whereof, shall be the extension of British rule throughout the world, and especially the recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire"*—or does Liberty know this?

The need for a complete success of the British-American Union is now urgent—for Great Britain. The British lion roars, and Americans must be persuaded into the belief that Great Britain needs the full and united backing of the United States if "democracy" is to be preserved. This would add impetus to the progress of the British-American schemers toward their coveted goal.

But that Liberty, which purports to be an all-American publication, should publish such articles—tch, tch!—*Carl J. Miller.*

CARL CROW'S TOOTHBRUSH

CRESCENT, N. Y.—Mr. Carl Crow tells us in his China reminiscences (September 2 Liberty), "I was up very early, brushing my teeth on the marble balustrade." Are we to assume his teeth were so hard to clean, or is it a recommendation for the work of his dentist?—*Charles M. Chase.*

TONGUE-LOOSENING DRUG

SHELBYVILLE, IND. — Scopolamine does not deserve the label of unreliability given to it in G-Woman (July 15 Liberty), especially inasmuch as *all* the evidence of its use in the story itself clearly shows how reliably the drug aided the solution of the crimes. If scopolamine had not been used, Mr. Doherty would have necessarily written G-Woman as an unsolved mystery instead of as a closed case with facts revealed. The tongue-loosening drug does deserve the credit. — *Carl Schurz Lowden.*

OUT FOR A MILLION!

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — In April 23, 1938, Liberty there was an article entitled 32 Ways to Make a Million Dollars, by Raymond F. Yates. In this article there was a paragraph which read as follows: "Did you ever try standing on your head to insert an electric plug in a floor-lamp outlet located in a dark corner back of a chair or divan? It's a cute little game of stabbing in the dark. Can't we have a plug and outlet that will be easy to shoot at? The inventor can write his own ticket for the right answer."

After thinking for a while I devised a plug and outlet that would overcome most of these difficulties. I tried sketching it out. The more I thought about it the better the idea seemed. I then made a wooden model of my plug and outlet and showed it to a few friends, who all encouraged me to get a patent on it. I applied for this patent on June 27, 1938, and am happy to say my patent was granted on July 18 of this year. I want to take this opportunity to say this patent is entirely due to the article mentioned above and I want to thank Liberty and Mr. Yates.

And I'm hoping for one of the million dollars.—*George H. Wagar, Sr.*

BOOK OF EDITORIALS

TRENTON, N. J.—Just finished reading Mr. Macfadden's excellent editorial in September 2 Liberty on the subject of diet. (Fishbein should be hanged!)

Ever consider the idea of publishing past editorials in book form? They should prove very interesting in the light of events which have transpired.—*F. J. Wolff.*

HOW PRIZES ARE AWARDED

CORNISH, ME. — Why did you not publish the list of correct answers in the list of winners in the Jumbled Resorts contest? I am sure that there must be many of your readers who, like myself, would be interested in checking the answers. Can it possibly be that the reason for the omission is that a list of answers is much more easily checked than a list of names?

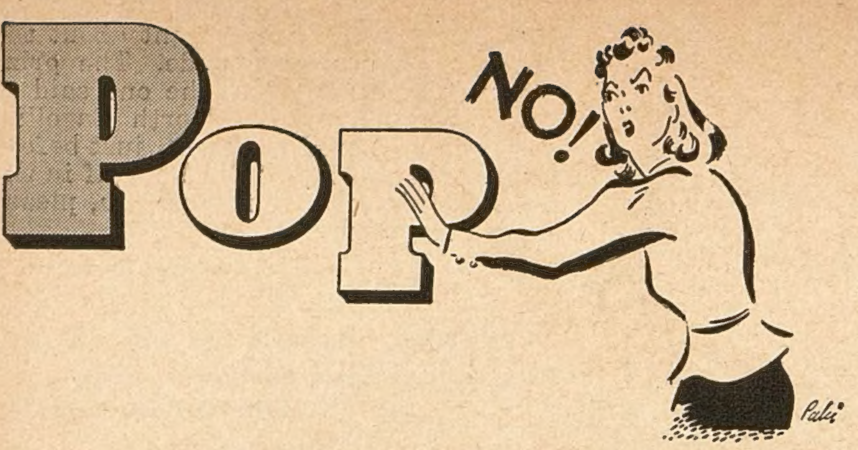
Then: Did *each* of the twenty winners solve *all* the jumbles? If not, how did you arrive at a fair division of the prizes?

Also: Is it simply a coincidence that only one of the prizes was won in a community of less than 9,000 population, and eleven went to places of 100,000 and over? I know the chances are that there were more entries from the larger centers, but still I'm unconvinced.—*William T. Bennett.*

[Due to scarcity of space, we make no attempt to publish the answers to Liberty contests in the magazine, but we always reproduce them and mail them to all persons requesting. From time to time we announce this fact in Vox Pop. The last issue in which such an announcement was made was Liberty dated August 19, 1939.

Not only were all of the twenty prize-winning entries entirely correct but several hundreds of others had all jumbles solved correctly, and accordingly the prizes were awarded from among the all correct ones on the basis of the accompanying letters, as specified in the contest rules.

In judging, no attention is given to geography. The populations of the cities in which the winners live is entirely coincidental. When judging is completed, the judges look to see what the geographic spread is, but purely as a matter of general interest. No prize has ever been awarded because of geographical location. All that counts is quality of entry.—CONTEST EDITORS.]



WATCH THAT CIGARETTE! PREVENT THAT FIRE!

A man went to sleep in a New York roominghouse with a lighted cigarette in his hand. He burned down the house and was badly injured himself. But he got little sympathy. He was held on a charge of manslaughter. Three women, a man, and a baby died in the flames.

In Cincinnati one Jacob Brand failed to obey an order issued by the Fire Department demanding the removal of rubbish and compliance with other fire-prevention ordinances. There was quite a fire in Brand's place, but no one felt sorry for him. He was haled to court by the Fire Department. The judge fined him $600. In addition, he had to pay the city $500 for expenses incurred in putting out the fire.

These are only two samples from a list of court decisions compiled by the National Fire Protection Association to show the changing attitude toward carelessness. Persons who start preventable fires should be penalized, the Association believes.

"The subject of individual liability for fires due to carelessness or neglect has not been exploited by the press," says Percy Bugbee, general manager of the Association. "It seems to me it should be, especially at this time, when all over America communities, big and little, are observing National Fire Prevention Week from October 8 to October 14."

Here is something to think about when you start to toss that still lighted match out of your car window toward the dry brush at the side of the road, or when you carelessly allow a cigarette to smolder on the edge of an ash tray or table.

WALLY BLAKE'S KISS

HOUSTON, TEX.—Two impressionable young men, very much intrigued by Margaret E. Sangster's description of Wally Blake's kiss in Death Looks for Cinderella, would be interested in knowing what brand of after-shave has the lasting qualities of a day's drive in a convertible. Really, it's remarkable, the freshness of these fiction heroes.—*Ed and Jerry.*

POWDER RIVER PROTEST

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Once is enough but twice is too many. As a former resident of Montana I want to protest. In Twenty Questions a few months ago you asked for the name of a river known as a mile wide and an inch deep, giving the answer as the Platte.

Just recently, in an article, the Powder River was referred to as being in Wyoming. Get this: The famous Powder River Division during the World War came from Montana, and its battle cry after a little stimulation was: "Powder River! It's an inch deep and a mile wide and full of caterpillars!"

Please don't do this again. —*Leland S. Conness.*

DUTIES OF EDITORS

FORT SILL, OKLA.—May I compliment you on publishing two items fit for the modern generation? Shane's Cockeyed Crosswords could not injure an individual's mind, provided the person is not wearing a strait jacket; and we have Hell's Bargainers (August 5 Liberty). This is truly accomplishing, in a mild way, the duties of the editors of any national magazine.—*Oscar A. Giese.*

CHARLEY McCARTHY'S TOPPER IS IN THE RING

BYESVILLE, OHIO—Feeling the desperate need of the Republican Party for a suitable candidate for President, one that obviously would follow ultraconservative advice, allow me to throw into the ring of candidates the topper of the widely known and much admired Charley McCarthy. —*Howard B. Potts.*

"WE, THE PEOPLE—"

BONHAM, TEX.—Will Mr. Macfadden please accept this subject for one of his enlightening editorials?

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

For, if you ask the next twenty people you meet if they know what the Preamble to the Constitution is, I am sure that most of them will say, "I don't know."—*Choice Moore.*

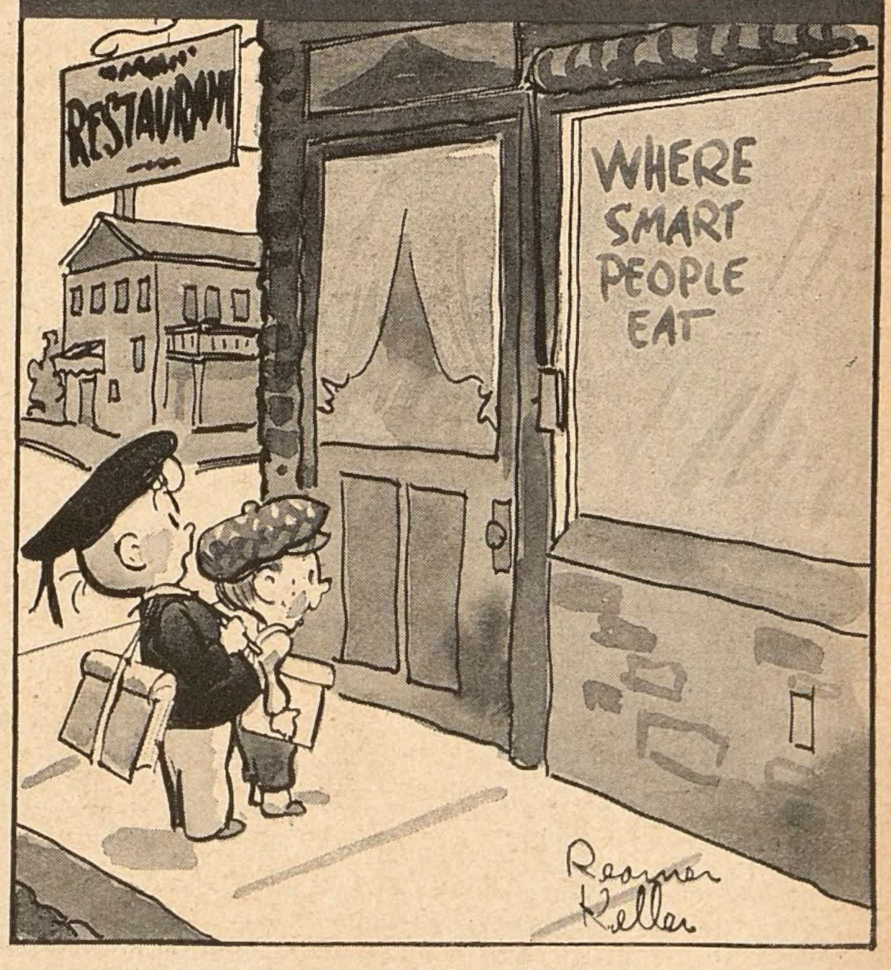
JAPANESE IN HAWAII

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—There appears to be a great discrepancy in the percentage of Orientals in Hawaii mentioned by Admiral Stirling in Can We Trust Hawaii? (June 17 Liberty) and the answer by Hawaii's Delegate Samuel W. King and former Governor Lawrence M. Judd, entitled Hawaii Strikes Back (September 2 Liberty). But this discrepancy disappears when one considers the Japanese laws affecting Japanese nationals in foreign lands.

Every child born in Hawaii of Japanese parents is a subject of the Emperor of Japan. This child must be registered at the Japanese consulate in Honolulu. Although an American-born citizen, he can be called for military duty in Japan, and, should he visit the land of his ancestors, would be subject to conscription into the Japanese army.

Newspapers report that these men of dual nationality have been elected to Hawaii's Legislature, have helped frame its laws. The trustworthiness of this type of citizen must be doubted.—*H. V. LaBombard.*

"HARDTACK"



"I guess this will be all right unless they ask to see our report cards."

Thank You, Governor Stark!

FULTON OURSLER

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MOST OF OUR readers remember our series of articles, Thunder Over Kansas City, and the explosion of civic wrath against political malefactors that soon followed their publication. We are proud to reproduce here a letter just received from Lloyd C. Stark, Governor of Missouri:

"Dear Mr. Oursler:

"I appreciate more than I can say your letter of June 29th. As you are fully aware, it has been most difficult and, at times, an apparently hopeless task to help give Missouri's government back to the people. I, too, hope with you that Missouri's example will be a new incentive to all patriotic American citizens.

"I remember most vividly your series of articles, Thunder Over Kansas City. They were most revealing and of tremendous assistance, both in creating public opinion and in furnishing information that enabled us to restore law and order.

"I am most happy to have the good word you have for Mr. Merle A. Gill, and to learn that he is the man who originally suggested the Liberty Magazine articles to you. That was a great service to Kansas City, to Missouri and to the Nation.

"I do hope you will give me the pleasure of having you to luncheon or entertaining you here in the Governor's Mansion any time you are in Missouri.

"With my personal regards and best wishes, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"LLOYD C. STARK."

LOS ANGELES IS NEXT. Shortly, we shall begin a new series of articles dealing with vice and political corruption in one of the largest and most beautiful of American cities—Los Angeles! These articles have been prepared with the utmost care, after a thorough and searching investigation. The author will be Mr. Fred Allhoff, who wrote the series about Kansas City. Meanwhile, we recommend with satisfaction the table of contents of next week's issue. There is an interview between Bernarr Macfadden and Henry Ford that will certainly interest every American. Here are two rugged individualists, blithe and unashamed of that characterization; two self-made men, typical examples of the Horatio Alger legend of the poor boy who makes good. Together, in an irresistibly interesting article, Mr. Ford and Mr. Macfadden talk over the state of the nation, under the title of Spirit of 76. Another article that will also interest you highly is called New Roads to Flanders Fields, by Senator Arthur Capper; and still another is Mickey Mouse—Supported by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, by John Erskine. This is the first in a series of articles that Dr. Erskine is preparing for Liberty after an extended stay in Hollywood. I sincerely believe his articles will prove to be the most distinguished writing yet to treat of the moving-picture town. There will be another great story from the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation by Frederick L. Collins; more about the Mind Poisoners, by Will Irwin; and generous installments of all the serials. On top of all that, two of the finest short stories we have found this year: Perilous Honeymoon, by Oscar Schisgall, and Romance for Three, by Oscar Graeve.

CHATTER BY THE WAY: Captain H. A. Pickert, Commissioner of Police for the City of Detroit, sends us a booklet, written by himself, called Your Security. It makes practical suggestions for improving public opinion of our police forces. One way to do this is to get politics out of our police departments. Do that, and the rest will be easy, captain. . . . Incidentally, some one called the captain's piece "a little booklet." There is no such thing as a big booklet. . . . If booklet means little book, does pamphlet mean little pamph? . . . Listening at our radio on a recent gruesome Sunday were Dora Miller, who used to cable Liberty those fashion flashes (Dora is going back to be an ambulance nurse); Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who had just reached America two days after the sinking of the Athenia; and Clayland Morgan, head of the Public Relations Department of the National Broadcasting Company. . . . One and all agreed upon being ashamed of the human race. . . . W. Orton Tewson, eminent literary critic, who conducts the splendid syndicated column, An Attic Salt Shaker, writes about Walter de la Mare's appropriation of our novel's title, Behold This Dreamer, "This is sacrilege!" Thanks! And may Mr. Alfred Knopf please notice!

FROM LIBERTY'S WRITERS ABROAD come amazing letters of personal hazards and fortunate scoops. Almost as soon as you read these words, you will be reading articles from Edward Doherty, René Kraus, André Maurois, Vincent Sheean, and many others. . . . On the other hand, let me make it clear here and now that we do not expect to weigh you down with an intolerable burden of more war and mostly war in these pages. You will get enough and more than too much in your newspapers and radio. We have defined for ourselves a clear policy of confining ourselves largely, although not exclusively, to the problems of the United States as they are affected by the war in Europe. Examples are, I Joined the Bund, which has already appeared, and How Foreign Nations Poison Our Minds, running in Liberty now.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE were talking the other night about the shortest prayer ever made. The prize was finally awarded to the one said to have been made by a North Carolina darky in a colored regiment, just before going over the top: "Oh, Lord, if in the heat of this scrap I forget You, please don't forget me!"

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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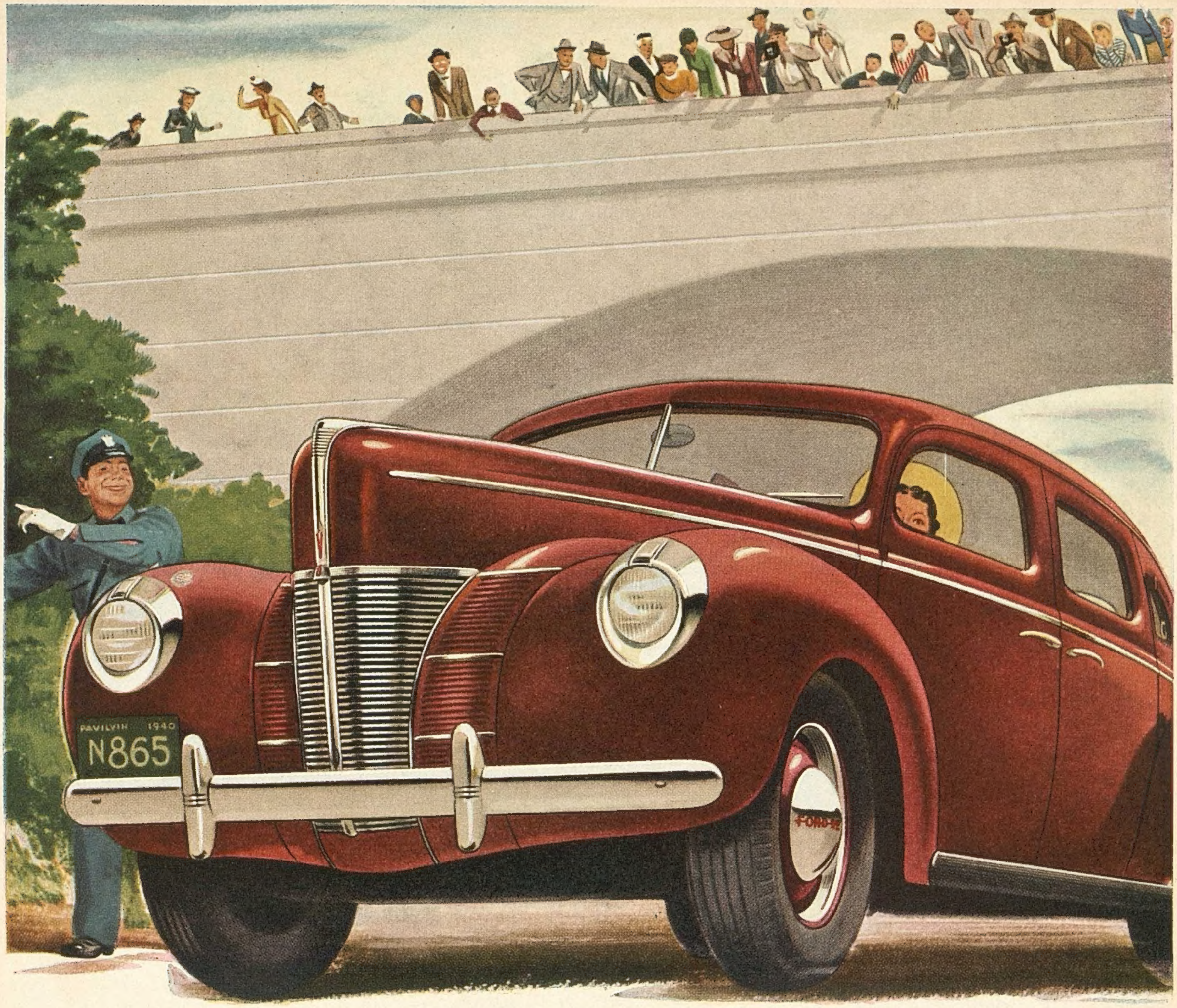
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ROBERT REID



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